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ENGLISH AS AGAINST FRENCH LITERATURE.

I.

The French have had hospitable reception from us of late years; their books have been read with diligence, their novels have strewn ladies' tables, their ideas have inspired our men of letters. "Englished," "done into English," translated, converted, transfused into English, French literature furnishes forth our young ladies with conversation and our young gentlemen with cosmopolitanism, until the crushed worm of national prejudice begins to squirm and turn. Flaubert the high aspiring, Maupassant the cunning craftsman, Bourget the puppet-shifter, Zola the zealot, have had their innings; their side is out; the fiery bowling of Mr. Kipling has taken their last wicket, and those of us who have been born and bred in prejudice and provincialism may return to our English-American ways with a fair measure of jauntiness. We are no longer ashamed to lose interest when we hear of an "inevitable" catastrophe or of an "impeccable" style; we yawn openly over "bitterly modern spiritual complexities." Let us have done with raw admiration of foreigners; let us no more heed Ibsen and Zola,

> "Or what the *Norse* intends, or what the French."

Let us speak out our prejudices; let us uncover our honest thoughts and our real affections. Let us openly like what nature has commanded us to like, and not what we should were we colossi spanning the chasm between nations.

Cosmopolitanism spreads out its syllables as if it were the royal city of humanity, but if, whenever its praises are sung, the context be regarded, the term is found to be only a polysyllabic equivalent for Paris and things Parisian; it means preference of French ideas and ways to English. We are not cosmopolitan; we learned our French history from Shakespeare, Marryat, and Punch, and from a like vantage-ground of literary simplicity we survey the courses of English and French literatures, and with the definiteness of the unskeptical we believe that in novel and story, in drama and epic, in sermon and essay, in ballad and song, the English have overmatched the French.

The heart of all literature is poetry. The vitality of play, story, sermon, essay, of whatever there is best in prose, is the poetic essence in it. English prose is better than French prose, because of the poetry in it. We do not mean prose as a vehicle for useful information, but prose put to use in literature. English prose gets emotional capacity from English poetry, not only from the spirit of it, but also by adopting its words. English prose has thus a great poetical vocabulary open to it, and a large and generous freedom from conventional grammar. It draws its nourishment from English blank verse, and thus strengthened strides onward like a bridegroom. If you are a physician inditing a prescription, or a lawyer drawing a will, or a civil engineer putting down logarithmic matter,

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write in French prose: your patient will die, his testament be sustained, or an Eiffel Tower be erected to his memory in the correctest and clearest manner possible. But when you write a prayer, or exhort a forlorn hope, or put into words any of those emotions that give life its dignity, let your speech be English, that your reader shall feel emotional elevation, his heart lifted up within him, while his intellect peers at what is beyond his reach.

If a man admits that for him poetry is the chief part of literature, he must concede that French prose cannot awaken in him those feelings which he has on reading the English Bible, Milton, Ruskin, Carlyle, or Emerson. It is the alliance of our prose with our poetry that makes it so noble. What English-speaking person in his heart thinks that any French poet is worthy to loose one shoe-latchet in the poets' corner of English shoes?

> "The man that loves another
> As much as his mother tongue,
> Can either have had no mother,
> Or that mother no mother's tongue."

We have shown too much deference to this inmate of clubs and weekly newspapers, this international Frankenstein of literary cosmopolitanism. English poetry is the greatest achievement in the world; we think so, why then do we make broad our phylacteries and say that we do not? Ben Jonson says, "There is a necessity that all men should love their country; he that professeth the contrary may be delighted with his words, but his heart is not there." But we here concern ourselves with another matter. We desire to praise the two chief qualities that have combined to make English literature so great: they are common sense and audacity, and their combined work is commonly called, for lack of a better name, romance.

Younger brother to English poetry is English romance, which of all strange things in this world is most to be wondered at. Brother to poetry, cousin to greed, neighbor to idealism, friend to curiosity, English romance in deed and word is the riches of the English race. Its heroes march down the rolls of history like a procession of kings: Raleigh and Spenser, Drake and Sidney, Bunyan and Harry Vane, Hastings and Burns, Nelson and Sir Walter Scott, Gordon and Kipling. Strange as English romance is, if a man would learn its two constituent qualities in little space, he need only take from the library shelf The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland, compiled by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher. Here we perceive the bond between romance, greed, idealism, and curiosity; here we see how the British Empire plants its feet of clay upon the love of gain. Trade, trade, trade, with Russians, Tartars, Turks, with Hindoos, Hottentots, and Bushmen, with Eskimo, Indian, and South Sea Islander; and yet hand in hand with greed go curiosity, love of adventure, and search for some ideal good. A wonderful people are the English so faithfully to serve both God and Mammon, and so sturdily to put their great qualities to building both an empire and a literature.

II.

Who is not pricked by curiosity upon seeing "certeine bookes of Cosmographie with an universalle Mappe"? Who is not splendidly content, of a winter evening, his oblivious boots upon the fender, his elbows propped on the arms of his chair, to read Mr. Preacher Hakluyt's Voyages? Who does not feel himself disposed "to wade on farther and farther in the sweet study of Cosmographie"? Let us leave gallicized gallants, literary cosmopolites, their adherents and accomplices, and read old Hakluyt.

What quicker can attune the reader's attention to the valiant explorations that are to follow than to read that "when the Emperour's sister, the spouse of Spaine,

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with a Fleete of 130 sailes, stoutly and proudly passed the narrow Seas, Lord William Howard of Effingham, accompanied with ten ships onely of Her Majestie's Navie Roiall, environed their Fleete in most strange and warrelike sorte, enforced them to stoope gallant, and to vaile their bonets for the Queene of England"!

On the 9th of May, 1553, the ordinances of M. Sebastian Cabota, Esquier, Governour of the Mysterie and Companie of Marchants Adventurers, were all drawn up. The merchants aboard the ships were duly warned "in countenance not to shew much to desire the forren commodities; nevertheless to take them as for friendship;" and Sir Hugh Willoughby, Knight, Richard Chancellor, their officers, mariners, and company, set sail down the Thames in the Edward Bonaventure, the Bona Speranza, and the Confidencia, on their way by the northeast passage to Cathay. Before they had gone far, Thomas Nash, cook's mate on the Bona Speranza, was ducked at the yard's-arm for pickerie. The ships sailed up the North Sea, past Scandinavia, and into the Arctic Ocean, where Sir Hugh Willoughby and his two ships were lost, but Chancellor entered the White Sea, and landed in Russia. He then drove on sledges to Moscow, where he was received most graciously by his Majesty Ivan the Terrible. Chancellor wrote a description of the Russians, in which he tells their ways and customs. Although Chancellor could remember very well the days of Henry VIII. and the seizure of Church lands, yet he remarks that when a rich Russian grows old "he shall be called before the Duke, and it shall be sayd unto him, Friend, you have too much living, and are unserviceable to your Prince, lesse will serve you, and the rest will serve other men that are more able to serve, whereupon immediately his living shall be taken away from him saving a little to find himselfe and his wife on; and he may not once repine thereat, but for answere he will say, that he hath nothing, but it is God's and the Duke's graces, and cannot say, as we the common people in England say, if wee have anything; that it is God's and our owne. Men may say that these men are in wonderful great awe and obedience, that thus one must give and grant his goods which he hath bene scraping and scratching for all his life, to be at his Prince's pleasure and commandement."

Coming back from his second voyage, Chancellor brought an ambassador from Ivan Vasilivich, Emperour of all Russia, Great Duke of Smolenski, Tuerskie, Yowgoriskie, Permskie, Viatskie, Bolgarskie and Sibierskie, Emperour of Chernigoskie, Rezanskie, Polodskie, Rezewskie, Bielskie, Rostoskie, Yeraslaveskie, Bealozarskie, Oudarskie, Obdorskie, Condenskie, and manie other countries, to the most famous and excellent Princes Philip and Mary. (This patent inferiority of designation was the cause of much diplomatic correspondence.) Chancellor sailed out of the White Sea through the Arctic Ocean; for the Russians had no access to the Baltic, as they had granted exclusive privileges to the Flemings. Storms overtook him on the Scottish coast: Chancellor and most of the men were drowned; only "the noble personage of the Ambassadour" was saved.

In 1557 Master Anthonie Jenkinson in the Primerose, the Admirall, with three other tall ships, took this ambassador back to Russia by the same northern way, seven hundred and fifty leagues. Jenkinson sailed up the river Dwina in a little boat, lodging in the wilderness by the riverside at night; and "he that will travell those wayes, must carie with him an hatchet, a tinderboxe, and a kettle, to make fire and seethe meate, when he hath it; for there is small succour in those parts, unless it be in townes." He was graciously received in Moscow by the Emperor about Christmas time, and

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witnessed the court ceremonies. At their Twelftide, the Emperor with his crown of Tartarian fashion upon his head, and the Metropolitan attended by divers bishops and nobles and a great concourse of people, went in long procession to the river, which was completely frozen over. A hole was cut in the ice, and the Metropolitan hallowed the water with great solemnity, and did cast of the water upon the Emperor's son and upon the nobility. "That done, the people with great thronging filled pots of the said water to carie home to their houses, and divers children were throwen in, and sicke people, and plucked out quickly again, and divers Tartars christened. Also there were brought the Emperour's best horses to drink of the sayd hallowed water, and likewise many other men brought their horses thither to drinke, and by that means they make their horses as holy as themselves."

The English merchants were now well established in Muscovy, and sent home frequent reports about the manners and customs of Russians. They noticed the Russian custom "every yere against Easter to die or colour red with Brazell a great number of egs; the common people use to carie in their hands one of their red egs, not onely upon Easter day, but also three or foure days after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen have egs gilded which they cary in like maner. When two friends meete, the one of them sayth, the Lord is risen, the other answereth, it is so of a truth, and then they kisse and exchange their egs both men and women, continuing in kissing 4 dayes together."

One of the agents of the company in Moscow, Master Henrie Lane, had a controversy with one Sheray Costromitskey concerning the amount of a debt due from the English merchants. Lane proffered six hundred rubles, but the Russians demanded double the sum, and not agreeing they had recourse to law. For trial by combat Master Lane was provided with a strong, willing Englishman, one of the company servants; but the Russian champion was not willing to meet him, and the case was brought to trial before two chief judges. The English party were taken within the bar, and their adversaries placed outside. "Both parties were first perswaded with great curtesie, to wit, I to enlarge mine offer, and the Russes to mitigate their challenge. Notwithstanding that I protested my conscience to be cleere, and their gaine by accompt to bee sufficient, yet of gentlenes at the magistrate's request I make proffer of 100 robles more; which was openly commended, but of the plaintifes not accepted. Then sentence passed with our names in two equall balles of waxe made and holden up by the Judges, their sleeves stripped up. Then with standing up and wishing well to the trueth attributed to him that should be first drawen, by both consents from among the multitude they called a tall gentleman, saying: Thou with such a coate or cap, come up: where roome with speede was made. He was commanded to hold his cappe (wherein they put the balles) by the crown, upright in sight, his arme not abasing. With like circumspection they called at adventure another tall gentleman, commanding him to strip up his right sleeve, and willed him with his bare arme to reach up, and in God's name severally to take out the two balles; which he did delivering to either Judge one. Then with great admiration the lotte in ball first taken out was mine: which was by open sentence so pronounced before all the people, and to be the right and true parte. I was willed forthwith to pay the plaintifes the sum by me appointed. Out of which, for their wrong or sinne, as it was termed, they payd tenne in the hundred to the Emperour. Many dayes after, as their maner is, the people took our nation to be true and upright dealers, and talked of this judgement to our great credite."

Thus, with daring, good sense, and

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good luck, English commerce laid the foundation-stones of the English Empire. But the reader must read for himself how these merchants flew the English flag for the first time across the Caspian Sea, and made their way to Persia in the teeth of danger. Or if the reader would learn more of English courage, let him read that volume in which Raleigh describes how Sir Richard Grenville fought the Revenge.

We wish only to call attention to the union of boldness and prudence in these English traders at the budding time of Elizabethan literature.

III.

Commerce is like colonizing: it demands manly virtue, forethought, audacity, quickness to advance, slowness to yield; it requires diplomacy, flattery, lies, and buffets. Misadventure may follow misadventure, yet the money-bags of England continue to propel new adventurers over the globe. Merchant adventurers do not seek Utopias, — let a man plan a Utopia, and the English cut his head off; they seek a gay and gallant market, where black, red, or yellow men will barter taffeta and furs for English homespun, English glass, and English steel; or, better yet, will give England a kingdom for "a cherry or a fig." The money-getting English are no misers. Their gold-bags breed audacity. Nobles of Devon, franklins of Kent, burghers of London, make many companies of merchant adventurers, and delight to risk their possessions for the sake of great returns. Half the famous ships that beat the Spanish Armada — the Bull, the Bear, the Dreadnaught, the Arkraleigh — were built for the commercial enterprise of piracy on the Spanish Main. Elizabeth and her nobles drew their ten per centum per mensem from such investments.

Money searched for cheap routes to Cathay, and opened up trade with Russia, Tartary, and Persia. Hope of gain sent colonists westward to Virginia, lured by the description of land "which will not onely serve the ordinary turnes of you which are and shall bee, planters and inhabitants, but such an overplus sufficiently to be yielded, as by way of traffícke and exchaunge will enrich yourselves the providers, and greatly profit our owne countrymen." The swelling money-bags of England set Clive and Hastings over India, took the Cape of Good Hope, and sought twentyfold increase in Australia.

English commerce is no headstrong fool. It looks first, and leaps afterward. Like a wary captain, it takes its reckoning by compass and sextant, and then spreads all sail. It acts with the self-confidence of common sense. Commerce is as prudent as Cecil and as bold as Drake; but prudence is the controlling spirit. Common sense, also, is the characteristic of English literature which has exalted it so far beyond its modern rivals. Powerful as have been its fantastic, monstrous, and metaphysical elements, disturbing as have been affectation and demagogy, these influences have been but little eddies whirling round in the strong, steady current of common sense that has carried English literature on its flood. Common sense unconsciously recognizes that men are human; that imagination must play round the facts of daily life; that poetry and prose must be wrought out of the dust of the earth, and not out of some heavenly essence. Common sense acts upon instant needs, and meets the dangers of the hour; it is not diverted from its path by fears or allurements of the distant future; it climbs like a child, clinging to one baluster and then another, till it plants its steps securely. There is a world of difference between it and "une certaine habitude raisonnable qui est le propre de la race française en poésie," according to Sainte-Beuve. One is bred in the closet by meditation; the other comes from living.

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The good sense of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Defoe, Pope, Fielding, Walter Scott, Tennyson, George Eliot, and others walls in English literature, so that it can stand the push of unruly genius in a Marlowe or a Shelley. Against this dominating common sense allegory rises in vain; passion cannot overtopple it; too subtle thought is sloughed off by it; dreams serve but to ornament; desires are tamed; parlor rhymesters are tossed aside. Common sense, with its trust in common humanity, has made English literature. The same solid wisdom which makes English money ballasts English verse and prose. There is an impress as of pounds, shillings, and pence on most of their pages; not vulgar and rude, as these words suggest, but like images on antique coins, stamped by conservatism, by precious things accumulated, by tradition and authority.

There is a certain melancholy about prudence; it bears witness to innumerable punishments suffered by ignorance and rashness, which must have been heaped up to a monstrous mass in order to create prudence as an instinct. But most of the punishments were accomplished before prudence appeared, and she reaps the harvest. There is something pathetic in the lives of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Chatterton, Byron, Shelley, and Poe, who suffered, and in that wiser men had advantage therefrom. But after this manner runs the world away. English literature has been nourished by such sufferings, and the English Empire has also received from individuals all that they had to give. There is pathos in the reports sent by Hakluyt's traders to the home company. The investors dangle round Hampton Court, or sit in their counting-rooms in the city, while the adventurers leave England for years, brave hardships, risk disease and death, and send their duties back with humble hopes that their good masters in London may be content with what they do.

"Coastwise — cross-seas — round the world and back again,
Whither the flaw shall fail us, or the Trades drive down:
Plain-sail — storm-sail — lay your board and tack again —
And all to bring a cargo up to London town!"

IV.

Nevertheless, the desire to make money is not of itself capable of great action. It can put its livery upon a number of needy fellows who care not what they do, — who will trap beavers in Alaska, dig diamonds in Brazil, carry Hampshire kerseys to Tartars; but its main function is to be the utensil for the true adventurer: if he will sail, it builds a ship; if he will plant, it gives him seed; if he will rob, it loads him with powder and shot; it is the pack-mule that shall carry him and his equipment over the Alps of enterprise. The real strength of money lies in the wild spirits that will use it. Curiosity seeking the secrets of the world, daring looking for giant obstacles, conquerors in search of possessions whereto their courage shall be their title-deeds, — these must have money-getters. They publish abroad their needs that are to be, and farmers, miners, weavers, spinners, millers, smiths, and all grubbers spare and save, sweating to serve romantic adventurers.

The spirit of romance has flung its boldness into English literature. It plunders what it can from Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. It ramps over the world: it dashes to Venice, to Malta, to Constantinople, to the Garden of Eden, to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to Lilliput, to desert islands, to Norman baron and Burgundian noble, to Virginia, to Florence, to India, to the South Sea, to Africa, and fetches home to England foreign wealth by land and sea. How boldly it sails east, west, south, and north, and by its shining wake shows that it is the same spirit of romance that has voyaged from Arthurian legend to Mr. Kipling!

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French men of letters have not had enough of this audacious spirit. They troop to Paris, where they have been accustomed to sit on their classical benches since Paris became the centre of France. The romance of Villon is the romance of a Parisian thief; the romance of Ronsard is the romance of the Parisian salon. Montaigne strolls about his seigniory while England is topsy-turvy with excitement of new knowledge and new feeling. Corneille has the nobleness of a *jeune fille*. You can measure them all by their ability to plant a colony. Wreck them on a desert island, Villon will pick blackberries, Ronsard will skip stones, Montaigne whittle, Corneille look like a gentleman, and the empire of France will not increase by a hand's-breath. Take a handful of Elizabethan poets, and Sidney chops, Shakespeare cooks, Jonson digs, Bacon snares, Marlowe catches a wild ass: in twenty-four hours they have a log fort, a score of savage slaves, a windmill, a pinnace, and the cross of St. George flying from the tallest tree.

It is the adventurous capacity in English men of letters that has outdone the French. They lay hold of words and sentences and beat them to their needs. They busy themselves with thoughts and sentiments as if they were boarding pirates, going the nearest way. They do not stop to put on uniforms; whereas in France the three famous literary periods of the Pléiade, the Classicists, and the Romanticists have been three struggles over form, — quarrels to expel or admit some few score words, questions of rubric and vestments. The English have never balked at means after this fashion. Fénelon says of the French language "qu'elle n'est ni variée, ni libre, ni hardie, ni propre à donner de l'essor."

It is not fanciful to find this common element of daring in both English trade and poetry. English adventurers have sailed eastward and westward, seeking new homes for the extravagant spirits that find the veil of familiarity hang too thick over their native fields and cottages. Turn to the French: their merchants ply to Canada and India in vain. What sails belly out before the poetry of Ronsard or Malherbe? Into what silent sea is French imagination the first to break? The Elizabethan poets are a crew of mariners, rough, rude, bold, truculent, boyish, and reverent. How yarely they unfurl the great sails of English literature and put to open sea! The poor French poets huddle together with plummet in their hands, lest they get beyond their soundings.

No man can hold cheap the brilliant valor of the French. From Roncesvalles to the siege of Paris French soldiers have shown headlong courage. Nothing else in military history is so wonderful as the French soldiers from the 10th of August to Waterloo. Their dash and enterprise are splendid, but they do not take their ease in desperate fortune as if it were their own inn, as Englishmen do. They have not the shiftiness and cunning that can dodge difficulties. They cannot turn their bayonets into reaping-hooks, their knapsacks into bushels, their cannon to keels, their flags to canvas. They have not the prehensile hands of the English that lay hold, and do not let loose.

English courage owes its success to its union with common sense. The French could send forty Light Brigades to instant death; French guards are wont to die as if they went a-wooing; but the French have not the versatile absorption in the business at hand of the English. The same distinction shows in the two literatures. Nothing could be more brilliant than Victor Hugo in 1830. His verse flashes like the white plume of Navarre. His was the most famous charge in literature. Hernani and Ruy Blas have prodigious brilliancy and courage, but they lack common sense. They conquer, win deafening applause, bewilder men with excitement; but, vic-

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tory won, they have not the aptitude for settling down. They are like soldiers who know not how to go back to plough and smithy. The great French literature of the Romantic period did not dig foundation, slap on mortar, or lay arches in the cellar of its house, after the English fashion. Next to Victor Hugo, not counting Goethe, the greatest man of letters in Europe, of this century, is Sir Walter Scott. Mark the difference between him and Hugo. Scott's poetry and novels have a vigorous vitality from his common sense, and therefore they are ingrained in the trunk of English literature; the fresh sap of their romance quickens every root and adds greenery to every bough. Victor Hugo is passionate, imaginative, majestic, powerful, eloquent, demagogical, but he does not stand the hard test of squaring with the experience of common men.

Consider M. Zola, the greatest of living French novelists, and we find the same lack in him. His strong, sturdy talents have fought a brilliant and victorious fight; but the brilliancy of his victory serves merely as a light to rally his enemies; he has offended against the abiding laws of the common knowledge of common men, and his books have already passed the zenith of their glory. There is hardly a famous man who does not point the same moral. Michelet records the introduction of tobacco. "Dès le début de cette drogue, on put prévoir son effet. Elle a supprimé le baiser. Ceci en 1610. Date fatale qui ouvre les routes où l'homme et la femme iront divergents." Read Renan's chapters upon King David. Take Racine, of whom Voltaire says "que personne n'a jamais porté l'art de la parole à un plus haut point, ni donné plus de charme à la langue française." He is noble, and appeals to the deepest feelings in men, love, religion, heroism. By virtue of his spiritual nature he deserves great reverence, but he does not touch the understanding of common men. Ronsard, du Bellay, Clément Marot, have the same fault; they are witty, epigrammatic, musical, but they have not the one essential element. The two most successful French men of letters are the two possessing most common sense, Molière and Balzac.

Common sense is difficult to define, and suffers from a vulgar notion that it is totally separate and distinct from high virtues. It is Sancho Panza, but Sancho learned to appreciate Don Quixote. Common sense knows that it must be squire to the hero until the hero shall recognize his own dependence upon the squire. The wise and witty Voltaire failed in this respect, for he did not understand the daily need of idealism. Common sense sees the immediate obstacle which is to be overcome; in order to sharpen a pencil, instead of Durandal or Excalibur, it uses a penknife. Common sense trims its sails to catch the breeze, be it a cat's-paw, but it does not avoid the hurricanes of passion. Common sense uses common words; it husbands; it practices petty economies, so that the means of the hero shall be ample to his great enterprise. Of itself it can do little, but it makes straight the path for great achievement.

Jowett was fond of repeating Coleridge's remark that "the only common sense worth having is based on metaphysics." This saying is in part true, and it would not be over-curious to trace the indirect influence of metaphysics on the English Empire and on English literature.

V.

There is no profit, however, in attempting to lug reason into this matter of the preference of English literature over French. There is no justification here except by faith. There is none to hold the scales, while we heap English books into one to outweigh French books in the other. Men who have thrown off the bias of nationality have disqualified themselves for the task, for they have

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cut off all those prime feelings and blind, indistinct sentiments that must be the judges of last resort, and have set up in their stead reason propped on crutches of grammar, syntax, style, and euphony. In fundamental matters, the intellect must take counsel of the heart. Every man's memory has stored in some odd corner the earliest sounds of his mother's voice saying the Lord's Prayer; it remembers the simple words that first distinguished the sun and the moon, buttercup and dandelion, Kai the bull terrier and Sally the cat. No cultivation, no sojourning in foreign lands, no mastery of many books, can erase these recollections. Some men there are whose conception of human relations is so large and generous that to them the differences between peoples are slight, when matched with the resemblances. Such men are noble and lovable, but they are not qualified to pronounce upon the merits of two languages. Native language is restricting and confining so far as concerns peoples in international affairs, but it ennobles and enlarges fellow countrymen. Out of our native language are made our home and our country. The sweet sounds of speech heard only at home create our fundamental affections. The separation of nation from nation is a cheap price to pay for the great benefit which we of one people have received from the bond of common speech.

That which is true of language is true of literature. The great books for us are the books which we read when we were young; they bewitched us with our own language, they brought to us our English thoughts. The power of the English Bible is not the reward of merit only, — merit has never enjoyed such measure of success; it exists because we read it and re-read it when we were little boys. This early language of our mother and of our books is part of the "trailing clouds of glory" that came with us from the East. Love of it is a simple animal instinct, and the man who can proclaim himself free from it does not comprehend the riches of language or the great passions of life. We would alter a line of Wordsworth to fit this case: —

> We must be *bond* who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake.

We cannot throw off the strong shackles that Shakespeare, the Bible, and all our English inheritance have put upon us; we are barred and bolted in this English tongue; only he who does not feel the multitudinous touch of these spiritual hands of the great English dead can stand up and say that the English and French languages are equal.

Mr. Matthew Arnold used to instruct us — as a professor of Hellenism was bound to do — that we must divest ourselves of national prejudices. We all admired him, and meant to mend our ways. He borrowed the word "saugrenu" from the French to tell us more exactly what manner of behavior was ours; but faster than his prose pushed us on to international impartiality his poetry charmed us back. Mr. Arnold's poetry is essentially English; it is the poetry of an English Englishman. He is a descendant in direct line from Sidney, Herbert, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth. He appeals to our native emotion; he has English morals, English sentiment, English beliefs and disbeliefs; his character is doubly emphasized by his occasional imitation of Greek forms. He has about him the atmosphere of the Anglican Church, — love of form, fondness for those emotions which are afraid to acknowledge instinct as their father, and yet shudder at logic. Mr. Arnold is an English poet, and for that reason we love him, and disregard his entreaties for cosmopolitan standards.

We are intolerant; we are among those persons from whom bigots successfully seek recruits; we have little respect, and rightly enough, for the free play of our reason; we follow the capricious humor of our affections. We like old trodden paths, on whose rude bottoms we can still discern the prints of our fathers' feet.

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We are yeomen of the mind, as ready to throw our intellectual caps in the air for a Henry VIII. as for Hampden and liberty. We have the dye of conservatism; we cannot hide it for more than a few sentences, and then only upon forewarning. We have just cause to fear that our behavior is bad in the presence of the sonnets of M. José Maria de Heredia; we make faces when we read Verlaine. We cannot take those gentlemen as poets. They look to us like masqueraders, harlequins, unfairly brought from the darkness of the stage into the light of the sun. Nevertheless, at the opening of the summer vacation, when idleness looks eternal, under the boughs of a protecting pine, the needles dry beneath, a ripe apple odorous in our pocket, we read with regularity an essay by M. Brunetière, a poem by M. Sully Prudhomme, and some French novel of the year. All is in vain; we must accept that condition of the mind to which it has pleased God to call us.

What a pleasure, after reading those books, to go back to old Hakluyt, and read aloud the lists of merchandise sent abroad or fetched home: item, good velvets, crimosins, purples and blacks, with some light watchet colours; item, ten or twelve pieces of westerne karsies, thicked well and close shut in the weaving and died into scarlet; item, one hundred brushes for garments (none made of swine's hair); item, forty pieces of fine holland. What breaking of fences, what smashing of locks, what air, what comradeship, what a sense of poetry! Surely, there is more poetry in the making of the English Empire than was ever printed in France.

Let us open wide the doors of our minds and give hospitable reception to foreign literature whence soever it may come, but let us not forget that it only comes as a friend to our intelligence, and can never be own brother to our affections.

"A health to the native-born!"

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

ENGLAND'S ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL CRISIS.

Historic England (inclusive of all Britain) is easily first among the great nations that have yet arisen. It is above ancient Greece both in character and in solidity of genius; it has surpassed Rome in dominion, and even in the impression of its influence on the world. But what of the England that now is? And what of its living people? Nature has made their island very beautiful to the eye; thirty generations or more of the Englishmen who sleep in church tombs and churchyards, or on remote battlefields, or in the depths of many seas, have filled it with impressive monuments and memories; Time, the great artist, has touched the work of both with shades and tones that move imagination profoundly. But if we resist imagination, and scan them in a critical mood, what stuff shall we find in the English of our own day? Do they uphold the greatness of their heritage? Do they keep their nation to the level of its old renown?

I am not satisfied to take for answer the morning beat of British drums, which rattle their reveille farther, year by year, and more noisily, up and down every meridian of the globe. For of nations, as of men, it is true that vigor may decline while progeny increases, and the conquests and colonies of Great Britain are no sure measure of the strength that stays in the loins from which they sprang. It must be within the island

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that surrounds her throne, among the people whom she summons to her parliaments and who bear the cost of her armies and her fleets, that the power of the empire of Queen Victoria has its springs. Let us search those sources to see whether they show signs of failing, or are flowing with full potency yet!

Race and circumstance, the prime factors in human history, are to be weighed both with and against each other, when we try to understand a nation and its career. Originally, no doubt, racial qualities are mostly, if not wholly, the product of circumstances; the product, that is, of conditions and of happenings that those affected by them did not control. But the birth-history of tribes and races is hidden from our knowledge in the densest darkness of prehistoric time. As they emerge into the dim light of tradition and legend, the differing races, the differing branches of each race, and the differing tribes in each branch are equipped in different modes and degrees for a certain independence and defiance of outward conditions. When we get our first glimpses of them, they have passed, almost invariably, out of old into new environments, and are less plastic in the new than they must have been in the old. They have acquired some power to react, more or less, on their surroundings, and to shape circumstances, in a measure, as well as to be shaped by them. That is the racial quality, the potential stuff, in each people, of which we have to make a just reckoning if we would understand their history. The natural, egotistic inclination of our minds is to overvalue it in the reckoning, — ascribing too much to the human agency in events, and too little to the circumstance that helps or hinders it. Nevertheless, it is possible, I think, to judge impartially between the two.

Remembering how closely akin the English are in blood to the Dutch and the Danes, and generally to the Low Germanic peoples of the Continent, one cannot reasonably maintain that their distinction in history is principally explained by a superiority inherent in themselves. On the other hand, it would be foolish to suppose that if English and Dutch had exchanged countries, say twelve centuries ago, — the English carrying with them such leaven of Celtic blood as they took from the conquered Britons, and the Dutch preserving their racial purity in the island as they have preserved it behind their dikes, — the history of the two lands would have followed lines unaltered by the exchange. There cannot be a doubt that racial qualities which Angles, Jutes, and Saxons brought with them from their older home were modified by Celtic intermixtures as well as by changed conditions, more especially in the west and north of the island of Great Britain, and that there was a resultant national character and spirit distinctively English, or British, and clearly to be reckoned with as a potent factor in English history.

But when we have made all the concession that is possible to inherent forces in English mind or English temper, and then glance at the independent circumstances that have favored and forwarded the working of them, through all the centuries from King Alfred to Queen Victoria, we have to recognize that the latter are much the weightier of the two in their influence on the great career of the English nation. I think, indeed, that no other notable people have owed so much to favoring circumstances and fortunate events, — to incidents that, in the teleological view, are markings of the providential hand. But even more of Heaven's favors might easily have been wasted on a weaker race.

The fundamental circumstance, which seems in itself to half explain English history, is, of course, the insularity of the nation. No fact has been more considered, has received more comment; let us remind ourselves now of its significance.

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We may safely believe that the institutions which have made England the political teacher of the world could not have been originally worked out, by the same people or by any other people, under conditions that have prevailed hitherto in any continental European state. The shelter of the island from foreign interference and surrounding perturbations was necessary to the evolution of the representative system of government, with supremacy in Parliament, responsibility in administration, security of just independence in courts; and not less necessary to a persisting growth of the industries, the trade, and the resulting wealth, upon which the empire of Great Britain depends. In their

> "fortress, built by Nature for herself,
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> . . . set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands,"

the English have rejoiced in many and great advantages over every neighbor, and have used them with a capability that has wasted none. Protection from invasion is not more than half the blessed service their insulating sea has done them. It has put a happy curb on greedy ambitions in their kings and ministers; kept them for nearly five hundred years from aggressive continental wars; moderated their share in the frictions, jealousies, neighborhood rivalries, dynastic entanglements, of European politics. By effect of this, it has turned the energies of their ambition more profitably to remoter fields of commerce and colonization. At the same time, by shutting out many distractions, it has held their more careful attention to domestic affairs. It has fostered self-reliance in the national spirit, and unity of belief among Englishmen in one another. If it has fostered, too, some narrow self-sufficiency and unteachable contentment with English things and English ways, even those may have had value to the nation in times past, though losing their value now. By standing a little at one side of the movements of thought and feeling in continental Europe, the English people have experienced a more independent development of character and mind, tending sometimes toward narrowness, but oftener to the broadening of lines. In literature, there has been a fruitage not equaled in any other tongue; in morals, there is an outcome of doctrine that has pointed, and of sentiment that has led, almost every practical reform in the modern world.

By more, too, than the sheltering and inwrapping of the sea, the island of the English has been a physically favored land. If nature had denied to it her remarkable gift of iron and coal, how different would have been the industrial career of its people, how different their economic state, how different their power and position in the world! Its climate, moreover, has singularly fitted the needs of a strong, deep-natured, and well-balanced race. The perfection of temperateness is in its summer and winter airs, gently and most equably warmed by the unfailing ocean stream from the south, and scarcely flushed by the mild radiance of a sun that stays low in the sky. The very steaminess of humidity that hangs about the land is the tenderest emollient ever mixed for nerves and brains, and counts among the reasons for strength and steadiness and a certain measure of sometimes helpful stolidity in English character.

If physical and geographical conditions have thus been potent factors in the extraordinary career of the British nation, events arriving accidentally, so to speak, in their history have been not less so. The first of such events in time, and possibly the most important, was the Norman Conquest. At the coming of the Conqueror, England was being feudalized according to the anarchical pattern set in Germany and France. The authority of the crown was waning, the

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independence of the great nobles increasing, and a process of decentralization going on that threatened to destroy the integrity of the kingdom, as the integrity of the old Germanic kingdom had already been destroyed. By the Conquest that process was summarily and lastingly checked. The deliberately reconstructed feudalism which the Conqueror then introduced was something very different from the natural growth of the feudal scheme. It was feudalism perfected in its forms as a land system, and throttled in spirit as a political organization of the realm. All its obligations were centred in the king. The royal courts were broadened in jurisdiction, and the royal functionaries armed with effective powers. The reins of government were masterfully gathered into the sovereign hand. As a consequence of this revolutionary change, the movements of political evolution in England were happily turned to a course exactly contrary to the direction in which they worked unhappily in France. In the latter country, king and commons were pushed together into combinations against the nobles. The king chartered communes in the towns, and used them as allies and supports until the royal power had won supremacy. Then all fell together in subjection to an absolutism with which neither barons nor burghers could cope alone. In England, on the contrary, the primary masterfulness of royalty, after the Norman Conquest, produced an early confederation of lords and commons against the crown, which proved to be a more fortunate arrangement of the contending forces. Absolutism was checked by a resistance that brought all the considerable interests and energies of English society into play and kept them in well-balanced action. The extorting of Magna Carta was the beginning of what may rightly enough be called a process of social nationalization in English politics, which has persisted to this day, and as the consequence of which the government of England became representative and responsible.

Where the stuff of English character really shows itself is in the grip with which the people have held political rights once acquired. Circumstances, brought about in the main by the Norman Conquest, gave the burghers of certain prosperous towns and the lesser landholders of the shires a voice with barons and prelates in asserting common liberties and rights and in parleying on great public affairs with the king. It was never possible afterward to silence that voice. Helpful circumstances continued to arise, but it was the temper of the people which made the most of them. The kings involved themselves in foreign wars, and their sovereign pretensions were lowered by their needs. Their subjects who had purses held fast to the strings, and by keeping the power to open their purses for the public treasury on agreement alone, and not on command, they kept a share and part in the government. From occasional participation, this became, after a time, systematic and regular. Out of the wreck of the old English kingdom that fell at Senlac, the English commons had preserved, in local matters, not a few of their primitive Germanic institutions. Among them was the shire moot, or county court, which grew partly into the form of a representative body, to which township delegates were sent. The king having learned that his subjects represented in the shire court had something to say on questions of taxation which he must listen to, it seems natural that the idea of summoning delegates from the shire courts to meet with barons and clergy, when such questions were discussed, should arise. Thus "knights of the shire" began to appear, occasionally at first, then always, in national councils or parliaments, and a representative legislature, that greatest political invention of the modern world, came into being.

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By the civil Wars of the Roses, the nobles of England were so seriously weakened, and the royal power was so greatly enlarged in the end, that absolutism would probably have won its will, even then, if the footing of the commons, as the most substantial estate of the realm, had not been firmly secured. With all their arrogance, the willful Tudors could never quite shake off dependence, from time to time, on a representative parliament of the nation, to grant supplies to their treasury and assent to their acts.

Then came a second series of those important casual happenings by which the evolution of parliamentary government in England has been so singularly promoted. The change of dynasty — the arrival on the throne of a ridiculous sort of king out of Scotland, with an offensive crowd of Scottish favorites at his back — put a strain on the sentiment of loyalty that weakened it greatly. It might have recovered from the half contempt inspired by the first of the Stuarts, if the second had not put even harder trials on it by his perfidy and insolence. The completeness with which it was broken down, within one generation after Queen Elizabeth, could not have occurred if Elizabeth's crown had passed to a native English line of successors. In the revolt that ensued there were success and failure. Monarchy was overturned, but only to demonstrate that Englishmen were unprepared to dispense with it. If the fatuous Stuarts, then brought back to a restored throne, had possessed any kind of kingly excellence, the reaction in their favor might almost have planted absolutism anew; but their folly and their falsity persisted in making any revival of the old-time reverence for royalty impossible. By nothing less than the threatening of the Protestantism of England could they have provoked the nation so soon to a second revolt. In that remarkable rising of 1688–89 religious and political feelings were wonderfully joined, and acted to a revolutionary conclusion the most unanimous and the most perfect that appears in the annals of any nation.

But the favor of circumstances in the evolution of responsible government for England was not yet exhausted. The liberties of subjects, the franchises of citizens, the prerogatives of Parliament, had been rigorously guaranteed; the hereditary transmission of the crown had practically been subjected to parliamentary regulation and consent; and yet it might be possible for an able and artful prince to trouble the kingdom. Events were soon to erase even that possibility. Another change of dynasty brought a family of German dukes to the throne. They were utterly foreign and strange; they were heavy and dull in intellect; they were helplessly ignorant of everything English, including the English tongue. Under such circumstances, with Parliament possessing an ascendency already won, it was inevitable that a ministry representing the Parliament should actually and fully take the reins of executive government into its hands; that the nominal sovereign should slip insensibly to a dependent and fictitious place, retaining little more than the regalia of his office, and employed for little more than ceremony and show on the stage of British politics. That came about first as a practical situation, and then it was legitimated as a constitutional fact. The evolution of *responsible* government in England was complete.

But *popular* government was still to come. So far it had only been prepared for, conditions arranged for it, — nothing more. In no just sense of the term was there anything democratic in the English political system until the present century had run a third of its course. It had exhibited the most admirable example of an aristocratic constitution topped with monarchy that ever took shape in the world. Its so-called commons were but an untitled or a lower-titled division of a political constituency that was thor-

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oughly aristocratic throughout. Its representative Parliament, of the evolution of which I have been speaking, was elected in the later years of George III. by not more than 450,000 voters, out of a population in Great Britain and Ireland of about 22,000,000. Therefore it represented about one in fifty of the British nation, or one in ten of the grown men of the nation. Those 450,000 formed a political aristocracy a little more extensive than the social aristocracy of lords and gentry, but still excluding the vast majority of the people. Nevertheless, it was a broader aristocracy than ever had growth before in any country that gave political power to a class. Its bases were sunk to a small depth, at least, into the popular mass. It was in touch with the real commonalty of the nation at many points. Except in one direction it was not class-bound in its views, but was moved, for the most part, by a spirit really national and broad. The civil rights it had won were fairly shared with all its fellows. The disfranchised multitude were made as safe as its own members, in property and person, under the protection of the laws that its Parliament enacted, and of the courts that its disposition inspired. This feeling for civic equality, little corrupted by social and political inequalities, has been one of the marked distinctions of the English people. It is part of a moral sense in the race, which accounts for much in its history that is often credited to superior political genius. It explains, too, the long quietness with which political inequalities were submitted to. The one direction in which the class in power dealt unfairly with the politically powerless was the direction pointed by its landholding interests; and not until a great industry in manufactures grew up, with interests of its own, did political discontent become serious. Then a new movement of evolution set in, which gradually has been substituting democracy for aristocracy in the political system.

The old aristocratic rule was admirable in many ways, while it lasted. It gave an efficiency and a tone to government that democracy cannot equal without long training. The blue blood and the wealth that controlled it were very far from giving cultivation or intelligence or high-mindedness to all their possessors; but the average of culture and of high-minded intelligence in a small constituency selected by such advantages of fortune was sure to be higher than a like average in the general mass. It yielded more readily the lead in public affairs to men of superior talent and experience, and it supported them by an opinion better instructed, in the main. It maintained a higher standard of character and trained capacity in the public service. The national policy was thus directed and national business conducted with more wisdom, more steadiness, and more integrity, on the whole, than would probably have been the case under a government broadly popularized.

The intelligence in the old aristocratic constituency of Parliament produced a party in its ranks that grew strong enough to accomplish, in 1832, the first great extension of suffrage, by which the movement toward democracy in England was begun. A second step in the same direction was taken in 1867, and a third in 1885. One in seven of the total population of the kingdom, it is now computed, is in possession of the electoral franchise. Universal manhood suffrage — already in demand — would reach about one in five. Therefore, England is at present very nearly as democratic as the United States, and sure to become quite as democratic in the near future.

Now, this stupendous political change from an aristocratic to a democratic constitution, accomplished at three great leaps within sixty-five years, brings new conditions, from which England has yet to realize the most hazardous effects. So far, the old forms, feelings, opinions, of the aristocratic régime have lingered in

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existence and influence, with the curious vitality that English conservatism gives to everything old. Habits of deference, rooted by ages of transmission in the minds of tenants, tradesmen, and servitors of every order, have thus far been keeping a great mass of the newer voters under an influence from the "gentry" that is not known in America. Political parties have been generally controlled and manipulated by men of the old ruling class. Not much discredit has fallen as yet upon the name and character of the "politician." His work has been usually done with more decorum and dignity than in the United States, with somewhat less soiling of hands, and it offers a career more inviting to gentlemen in the proper sense of the word. The political mass is still quite inert. It has hardly acquired enough mobility for the free working in it of those perilous fermentations of democracy that are not to be escaped from, and that may bring, we dare hope, some great clarifying in the end. But the processes of mobilization are steadily going on, and the inevitable fermentations are not far away. For England the anxious moment of them is still to come. The slow democratic mass is already being stirred by influences from within itself; it will presently have learned independent motions of its own, and parties will be officered with fewer Oxford and Cambridge degrees. The "caucus," even now under experiment, will have assumed some dominating form; one by one all the parts of the American political "machine" will have been imported and set up, and the arts that operate it will have been acquired. For these things are not distinctively American; they belong rather to a stage in the development of the motive forces and the working mechanism of democratic government that we are passing through, and that Great Britain is approaching.

But when England arrives at that stage, the situation is likely to be more serious for her than it is for us, because she is less prepared for it, and less willing to prepare. The firmest believer in democracy does not shut his eyes to its weaknesses, its vices, its perils. He only believes that its weaknesses may be strengthened, its vices diminished, its perils lessened, by popular education, and by time slowly ripening the fruits of it. Here in America he finds a justification for his faith, in the cheerful energy and substantial unanimity with which popular education is supported and urged. In England he is discouraged by a lack of earnestness and a want of agreement in that saving work. The spirit of the undertaking has been half paralyzed from the beginning by the attitude of the English Church. Down to 1870 the Church had successfully disputed the right of the national government to assume any duty or responsibility connected with the maintenance or management of elementary schools. In that year, despite its opposition, there was passed through Parliament an act that divided both the duty and the responsibility between the Church and the State; or rather, it asserted, on the part of the State, a right to pick up and assume such remainder of duty in the matter of providing elementary schools as the Church might neglect. Wherever a school, sufficient for the needs of the locality and satisfactory to inspectors appointed by the education committee of the Privy Council, was voluntarily maintained, by Church organizations or otherwise, with its pupils free to attend or not to attend religious exercises or instruction, the government would contribute annually to its support a certain sum per pupil. Where any borough, town, parish, or rural district lacked such sufficient and satisfactory school or schools, the government would order the election of a local school board, and the collection of a school rate for the partial maintenance

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of the needed school, and would likewise grant aid to it from the national fund. This produced two very distinct and quite conflicting school systems, namely, the system of the "voluntary schools," so called, and that of the "board schools," between the partisans of which there has been an antagonism that shows no sign of disappearing, and that does most obviously weaken the zeal and impair the efficiency with which common teaching for the multitude is carried on.

An American visitor to England, who spends some little time in the country, can hardly fail to become conscious of three serious facts: (1) that there is a strong class feeling against much education for those who are looked on as underlings and servants, — a feeling more prevalent and more pronounced than the shamefaced sentiment of like meanness that is whispered in some snobbish American circles; (2) that the "school rate" seems to be the most begrudged of English taxes, the most sharply criticised, the most grumbled at, — and this to a degree for which there appears nothing comparable in America; (3) that the opposition to secular schools, fostered by the Church and ostensibly actuated by a desire for religious instruction in the schools, is largely supported in reality by the two sentiments indicated above. The party at the back of the voluntary schools appears, in fact, to include, along with many undoubted friends of popular education, all varieties of unfriendliness and all degrees of the friendliness that lacks liberality. Naturally, that party controls the present conservative government, and the grant to its schools from public funds has recently been enlarged. Yet even before this had been done, the schools in question were so little "voluntary" that but seventeen and a half per cent, or thereabouts, of the annual cost of maintaining them was supplied by voluntary contributions, and some three per cent from endowments. About five per cent of their income was still collected in 1896 in school fees from the children, and the remainder came from the national school fund. While the local ratepayers of England and Wales added 21*s.* 2*d.* per pupil, on the average, to the government grants for expenditure on the board schools, the supporters of the voluntary schools, receiving equal grants, added only 6*s.* 9½*d.* per pupil to their expenditure. The economy of the voluntary schools is as attractive to a majority of ratepayers as the management of them is attractive to clergy and Churchmen. At present they count half a million more pupils than appear in average attendance at the board schools.

If we compare the expenditure on elementary education in England with that in the state of New York (which, among American states, is not exceptionally advanced in this matter), there appears to be scanty excuse for the grudging temper in which our English cousins scan their school bills. In round numbers, the population of New York state is 6,500,000, and that of England and Wales 30,000,000, or four and a half times greater. But the total income of all elementary schools in England and Wales — both voluntary schools and board schools — from all sources in 1896 was reported by the Committee of Council on Education to be £10,144,054, or about $50,000,000. The reported amount of moneys raised the same year in the state of New York by local and general taxation and from the income of the permanent school funds for public schools (corresponding to the English board schools) alone was $23,286,644. Beyond this was the expenditure of parochial and private schools, in which some 200,000 pupils received instruction. Of the latter there are no statistics, but an estimate of $3,000,000 to be added to the sum given above is surely very moderate. Relatively to population, therefore, New York gives more than double the sum that England and Wales are giving to common schools, and gives

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it, I venture to say, with much greater willingness.

Some, at least, of the colonial provinces of the British Empire make nearly the same showing in comparison with the home country. For example, the Canadian province of Ontario, with about 2,250,000 inhabitants, expended in 1896 $3,846,060 on elementary public schools, and $749,970 on secondary or high schools, while 349 Roman Catholic and Protestant separate schools, having an average attendance of 25,000 pupils, were otherwise maintained. In proportion, Ontario is applying money to popular education with twice the liberality of England.

If constitutional defenses against hot-headed action by majorities drummed hastily together in excited times had been provided in England, as they have been provided in the United States, the apparent lukewarmness of the country in its undertakings for popular education would still be sufficiently dangerous; but England has no such defenses. Her Parliament is checked neither by a written constitution, requiring time, discussion, deliberation, for its amendment, nor by a court empowered to interpret the constitution, nor by an upper house that can stand against the lower, nor by an executive right of veto that the sovereign dare exercise. It is the omnipotent maker and construer of constitutional law. It can turn and overturn at will, if it represents but momentarily the will of a majority in the nation. At a single sitting it may do things that would require, in the United States, the separate and concurrent action of the federal Congress and the legislatures of thirty-five states, and that would consume not less than a year of time. Far graver, then, will the situation of England be, when democracy there becomes as active and as independently organized as in the United States, and far more serious will be all the political effects of thoughtless ignorance among the people.

But more than changed political conditions are to be studied, in considering the present state and situation of England as compared with her past. So much of her weight in the world is the weight of her vast wealth that the economic circumstances on which that wealth depends are scarcely second in the reckoning of what has been and what will be. Says Dr. Cunningham, the historian of English Industry and Commerce: "England's place as a leader in the history of the world is chiefly due to her supremacy in industry and commerce. The arts which the citizens of Greece and Rome despised have become the foundations of her pride, and the influence which she exercises on the world at large is most clearly seen in the efforts which other nations make to follow the steps by which she has attained this supremacy." The same writer adds: "It is not a little curious to remember that this supremacy is of very recent growth; in the great period of English literary effort it was undreamt of; England seemed to be far behind. There was no question of taking a first place in the world, but there was much reason to fear that she could not maintain an independent position in Europe." And again: "When Elizabeth ascended the throne, England appears to have been behind other nations of western Europe in the very industrial arts and commercial enterprise on which her present reputation is chiefly based." Especially were the English behind their kinsmen of Holland until near the middle of the seventeenth century. It was the desperate fight with Spain, in Elizabeth's time, that rallied them to the sea, as a really maritime people, and made them energetic competitors of the Dutch; and it was not until Cromwell's day that the islanders and the netherlanders had come to be rivals in commerce or colonization or naval war, on fairly equal terms. But then, when their footing in the oceanic lists had been gained, they

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won all the prizes easily; and it is not strange that they did so, for they had vast advantages on their side. Against the ores, the coal, and the unequaled sheep-pasturage of England, there was the native poverty of the Holland fens. Against increasing fruits of unmolested peace for the shepherds, the weavers, the miners, and the smiths of the seagirt kingdom, there were the distractions and destruction of great wars that surged continually about the Netherlands, broke repeatedly through the defenses of the Dutch, and ended in their exhaustion before the eighteenth century was done. How could the result be any other than it was?

The English should burn offerings to the god Circumstance for their original conquest of the dominion of the sea. For the keeping of it they may reasonably give proud credit to their own masterful powers. And it was not by valor only nor by energy alone that they spread their empire so wide and drove their trade so far. They had been politically trained for colonization, and for domination too, in their own parliamentary school. In the economic belief of the age that opened their career, possession and monopoly of sources and markets, in dependencies and colonies, were necessary to profitable commerce on the greater scale. The English were sure winners of a race for which that doctrine laid the lines. No other people were half so well prepared for distant rule or for distant colonial settlement. Their colonies thrived because they were true plantings, given root in their own soil, with enough of the life of self-government and self-reliance for a healthful growth. Their dependencies were ruled with sense and vigor, because administrative powers were localized in the midst of them to the greatest possible extent, and not centred jealously at the far-off London court. Whether we attribute this wise policy to political genius in the English people, or to political habits of mind and action acquired in their domestic experience, matters little. The essential fact is that it gave them success in the management of colonies and distant conquests, where Frenchmen and Spaniards failed alike, and left them no rival to be seriously feared after the Dutch fell back.

But after all, as I said in beginning, it is in their own country that the primary sources of English wealth and power, past, present, or future, must be found. The great commerce of the British Empire is underlaid and supported by the great industries of the British kingdom. There we touch the corner-stones of English power, and the stability of them is a proper subject of close inquiry. At the beginning, in their more important industries, as in their bolder seamanship and commerce, the English were learners and borrowers from their continental neighbors. At different periods, from the fourteenth century to the seventeenth, Dutch, Flemish, and Huguenot artisans, successively, brought over to them the mysteries of the finer manufacture of wool, cotton, and silk. But those arts, when borrowed, were at a primitive stage, and it was English ingenuity and enterprise that raised them to the astonishing importance that they began to assume little more than a century ago. During the period in which the economic foundation of their fortunes, nationally, was laid, the English showed themselves to be, first an eminently teachable people, and then an eminently inventive people, for the improvement of their teachings. Between the middle and the close of the eighteenth century they produced a series of great mechanical inventions, the most amazing in economic effects that had ever been given to the world. The carding, spinning, and weaving machinery invented by Paul, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, Kay, and Cartwright, the steam-engine of Watts, the hot blast of Neilson in iron-smelting, the puddling and rolling processes of Cort, gave Eng-

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land the sudden advantage of such a combination of revolutionary improvements in leading industrial arts as had never occurred before; and her people made the most of their priority in the use of them. They had already borrowed the factory system from Italy, in the first half of the century, and they now applied it, with almost magical results, to the organization of their machine-armed labor. Before other nations learned to handle the new industrial forces they had taken possession of the markets of the world.

A little later, they clinched the possession by a measure of extraordinary sagacity, to which they were singularly led. To other nations, then and since, the question, for industry and commerce, between freedom and legislative meddling, has been mischievously confused and disguised. To the fortunate English it came nakedly and pointedly, with all sophistries and false pretenses stripped away, as a question, narrowed and well defined, between gain for a class and plenty for the mass. In their experience, a "protective" industrial policy showed one feature more conspicuously than any other, and that was protection of high prices for food, to benefit landowners and farmers at the expense of all others in the community. This brought straight home to their comprehension the fundamental issue, between few who produce, in any industry, and many who consume, and enlightened them to the acceptance, once for all, of the broad general principle of freedom for industrial interchange. Having swept "protective" corn-laws from their statute-books, they proceeded with little delay to erase everything of the kind from their economic policy. It was like the removal of plate armor from a warrior, to give him the whole use of his limbs, the whole strength of his muscles, the whole skill of his training. It ended for them the handicapping of one industry by "protections" contrived for another: woolen manufactures by "protected" wool-growing, machine-making by "protected" iron-making, tanning and shoemaking by "protected" cattle-raising. It ended fatuous bounty-paying for the creation of new employments by a process more costly than the pensioning of the unemployed. It ended the imposition of taxes in disguise, to be collected from every buyer of the smallest thing, not by government for its revenue, but by the maker of the thing for his gain. It released the working millions of England from every needless burden. It released English capital and enterprise from every trammel, and guaranteed them against all ignorant political meddling with their practical affairs. As they have stood thus emancipated, stripped of harness and foolish panoplies, it has been as impossible for any "protected" people to break the industrial and commercial supremacy of the English as for a mailed knight of the Middle Ages to do battle successfully with a buckskin-shirted scout of the recent West.

But the security in which they have held their economic ascendency for more than a hundred years has bred, it appears, the kind of contemptuous carelessness that so often has fatal endings. They have despised their competitors too long to be alert in watching them. They have lost the teachableness that they showed at the beginning of their career. They scorn to learn better ways than their own, when better ways are found by other people. That unteachableness, moreover, would seem to have been growing on them while their own inventiveness declined. If we take the period since Hargreaves patented his spinning jenny, in 1770, as being the great age of mechanical and scientific invention, the English have a remarkable part in the achievements of the first half of it, but their share in the triumphs of the later time is small. Excepting the Bessemer process of steel-making, they

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have given no revolutionary invention to the world since George Stephenson finished the Stockton and Darlington Railway, in 1825. Nor have they been more active in the minor than in the major fields of invention. American ingenuity, German research, French dexterity, have all been contributing to the improvement of methods, processes, and instruments, in the industrial arts, much more than has come from the English, in the last half-century. If they were quick learners, this need not have been a serious default; but they are not. Their slowness, apparently, is not so much intellectual as willful. Nobody can accuse the English people of a lack of brain-power; but by nature they are stubborn, and by habit they have grown too satisfied with themselves in the long enjoyment of their supreme success. Thus, nature and habit have combined to make them the most unteachable among the greater peoples in the civilized world. They seem to have arrived at a state of mind that almost forbids the acceptance, especially from a foreign source, of any new thing, whether it be a new convenience or a new tool, a new system in business or a new dish for the table. The signs of this disposition that are said to be discoverable in the great workshops are matters of expert knowledge, which I am not prepared to discuss; but the ordinary traveler sees enough of it, in clumsy methods and perversely awkward arrangements that have no good right of survival in this dexterous and contriving age.

One or two generations ago, the English might thus chill their inventive faculties and seal their minds against instruction without serious commercial consequences. But that is no longer possible. The general activities of the world have attained too quick a pace. No advantage of position or possession can stand against deftness, speed, economy of labor and time. The whole world, Orient and Occident, is getting to its feet now in the industrial race, and the prizes are for the lithe and swift. That the English have begun to feel with growing alarm that they are losing ground in the race is plainly confessed; and there are those in their own midst who plainly tell them why they fall behind. Last September, for example, one of the London daily newspapers, commenting upon a report on colonial trade, gave significant illustrations like the following: "Some time ago English manufacturers monopolized the trade in miners' picks. But they sent in a clumsy article, far too heavy for the miners to wield. The Americans sent in a short, neat, easily handled pick, which at once drove the British tool out of the market. We lost the trade of Victoria in tacks by failing to pack them in cardboard boxes instead of paper packages. We were cut out in the market for cartridges by declining to pack them in packages of twenty-five instead of one hundred. 'Both these defects,' we are told, 'have now been remedied, but the trade has to be regained.' In very many cases the shape of British articles is unsuitable to Victoria. The hammer, for instance, is not, in the opinion of Victorian carpenters, nearly so well shaped as the American hammer, but the British pattern seems unalterable." The same journal said further: "South Australia takes the view that 'British merchants are too often content to rest upon past laurels, and to be satisfied with continuing in their manufactures and business old styles and methods, — in short, are too conservative.'" "Conservatism" is quite too respectable a word for all that is involved in this matter. If our British cousins had defined it to themselves with a little more accuracy, they might have cherished their "conservatism" with less pride, and prepared themselves better for the changed conditions of a very radical age.

It is probable, however, that neither failing inventiveness nor growing un-

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teachableness will account for all that seems wanting in the management of English business affairs at the present time. The contempt with which trade and "business" generally (except, perhaps, banking and brewing) are looked upon by the land-owning caste, whose social superiority is conceded, and whose opinion is penetrating and powerful, must have been having a constant tendency to deflect practical talent from the home arenas of business, and to send it abroad, into colonies and dependencies, and to other countries where ability of every useful species is surer of respect. Besides that influence of repulsion there are the strong attractions that pull in the same way, outwardly, from the narrow and crowded island to more open and adventurous fields. In English affairs, alone, spread over the world as they are, there arises an outside demand for executive and administrative capacity, to govern, to manage, to command, to direct, which taxes the home supply very heavily. All considered, the ceaseless drain of practical talent from England is enormous, and leaves us no reason for surprise if we find signs of some deficiency of it there, in those services that are scorned by a pretentious caste.

Three causes, then, I conclude, have been operating together to diminish, relatively at least, and in their own country, the economic capability that originally secured for the English people their supremacy in production and trade, namely: (1) the dulling of inventive faculties by excessive confidence and contentment; (2) the crusting of the commercial mind by that same influence with a disposition that resists teaching; (3) the drafting of practical talent away from the mother country into every quarter of the globe, by increasing attractions and demands. None of these causes can be easily overcome; and if, as appears certain, they have already begun, in a serious way, the yielding of ground to foreign competition in British fields of trade, one cannot see where or how the backward movement will be stopped. For several countries, notably Germany and the United States, have been assiduously in training for the competition, and are entering it well prepared.

As the whole fabric of British power is sustained by the national wealth, it looks more insecure than it has looked before since the American colonies were lost. Yet the architects of the empire continue to build upon it more ambitiously than ever. They suffer no year to pass without stretching the bounds of the sovereignty of their queen and heaping new responsibilities upon it. Lord Rosebery, speaking in 1896, reckoned the additions of territory that had been made to the British Empire within twelve previous years at 2,600,000 square miles, or twenty-two times the area of the British Isles. That averages the acquisition every year of a province greater than France. Last October, Mr. Broderick, Under Secretary of State for War, quoted the ex-premier's estimate with assent, which makes it doubly authoritative. And the taking in of barbaric regions, which British armies must guard, British fleets keep in touch with, British administrators control, British statesmen be responsible for, goes on continually.

To what end? If it be true that England is losing ground in her older markets, can she save herself commercially by political possession of new ones? The eighteenth century might have said yes, but no doctrine in our day will justify that line of a national policy. To the impartial looker-on, there seems to be a strain in it that must have its inevitable breaking-point, — not indefinitely far away. If all the jealous and envious rivalries provoked had stayed at the relative weakness which they showed even thirty years ago, — if Germany, Russia, France, stood no stronger than they were when the third Napoleon fell, —

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Great Britain might still regard them with small anxiety; but the substance of power, which is organized resource, has been growing on the Continent, during these thirty years, much faster than it has been growing in England. There are powers in Europe now that only need combination to put England in fearful peril. And there is no friendliness to restrain them. They are all hungry for the territorial plunder of Africa and the Asiatic East, and resentful of the huge share that the British have grasped. Only one strong nation in the world can be named that would not go eagerly into a fight with Great Britain for the dividing of her possessions, if opportunity favored. That one is the United States, which does not covet territory, and has no ambitions to be satisfied by aggressive war. Were it not for a single black memory, there might be between the kinsfolk of England and America a closeness of friendship that all Europe would not dare to challenge. Americans find it hard to forget how the ruling class of England rejoiced when the calamity of appalling civil war overtook their republic and it seemed likely to fall. They forget more easily that the plain people of England bore little part in that rejoicing, and they do not sufficiently understand how fast the aristocratic England that so offended them seven-and-thirty years ago is disappearing, and how surely the democratic England that has immense claims on their fraternal good will is taking its place. Perhaps they will remember and perceive these things in time to be drawn near their mighty British mother in some hour of sore need. That no such hour may come is the fervent wish of every American whose blood warms with the pride of kinship when he reads the great story of the English race. Yet how can we hope that it will not come, unless the public mind of England is roused to a clearer apprehension of the changed conditions that have risen in the world since the nineteenth century was young, — unless it shall wake to see that the imperial "forward policy" of advancing flags and drums has had its full day, and that the time has come for a domestic "forward policy," in English workshops and common schools, to be vigorously taken up?

J. N. Larned.

THE MUNICIPAL SERVICE OF BOSTON.

It is everywhere asserted that in the government of large cities the American democracy finds its severest test, and manifests most plainly its shortcomings. Thousands of pages have been written about these shortcomings by the keenest students and critics, and there has been denunciation of municipal corruption, discussion of particular municipal departments or functions, suggestion for municipal reform, to the verge of weariness. One aspect of the matter, however, has generally been overlooked. There has been little attempt to set forth comprehensively what service is rendered by a great city to its citizens, and what is the quality of the service. Commonly we take municipal government for granted; we are irritated by its failures, perhaps we are proud of one of its successes, but seldom do we try to estimate the worth of our municipal service as a whole, in comparison either with some abstract standard of our own or with the municipal government of some other country or time. What we get from the city, and what we pay for it, is the principal subject of this article.

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To have much value, a description of municipal service must be verified by experience. The statute-book, which tells what a city may do or ought to do, cannot be trusted, nor can the rose-colored official reports of the city's magistrates. On the other hand, it is not always safe to infer that the citizens are ill served because their servant's character is not all that it should be. As the workings of municipal government differ from city to city, I propose to take the city of Boston, the fourth in size in the United States, and consider briefly, and without regard to the public or private character of its officials, what it does for its citizens. The experience of one city, I believe, will throw more light upon the government of American cities in general than will a discussion of municipal service in the abstract. Within the compass of a magazine article it is not possible to enter into considerable detail: the work of the several departments must be estimated summarily; statements must be made unsupported, which it would take pages to prove; in disputed matters the better opinion must sometimes be expressed too absolutely; to some people not a few judgments will seem colorless, to others they may appear extravagant. I believe, however, that the following review of Boston's municipal service will be recognized as accurate in substance. How far Boston's service is typical of that of American cities I cannot say; there are differences of detail, with strong resemblances of type. The complaints of the misgovernment of Boston are the same in kind as those made elsewhere in the United States, though they may be slightly less in degree. Boston's citizens are profoundly dissatisfied with the present condition of things.

The first duty of government, the protection of life and limb, Boston discharges, on the whole, pretty well. The peaceable individual is here as secure against violence as he is anywhere in the world; indeed, I cannot now recall an acquaintance with anybody, except a policeman, whose person has been injured in Boston by willful crime. The danger to the person from the reckless use of the streets by vehicles and street cars will be considered later.

The protection of property against crime is not nearly so absolute as that afforded to the person. How the protection here given compares with that given by European cities cannot be stated precisely, but the difference is not great. Even the citizen of Boston most disposed to complain of municipal misgovernment finds little fault with the police in the discharge of their ordinary duties.

The conduct of the police in matters not immediately connected with the protection of persons and property, especially in the enforcement of the liquor laws and the laws against prostitution and gambling, is less satisfactory. Bribery is not unknown, but it is not common, and does not increase. It should be said, also, that in Boston the laws on these subjects are strict, compared with those of European countries, and even with those which govern other great American cities, and the vices aimed at are probably repressed as closely as in any other great city.

Passing from the first necessities of government, we come to the services which are next demanded of a city by its citizens, — water, sewers, streets, fire department, schools, and the care of paupers.

When municipal water-works were first established, about fifty years ago, the source of supply was excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. This condition lasted a long time, but an additional supply, afterward obtained from an inferior source, proved decidedly unpleasant in color and taste. At no time, however, were the impurities of a sort to endanger health, and the color and taste of the city's water are now fairly good. Within a year or two the metropolitan district will have its principal source of supply in the Nashua River: the quality

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of the water will then be excellent, and its quantity abundant for the needs of a generation. This last great work is carried on by a commission appointed by the governor of the commonwealth, which in time will largely direct Boston's water-supply, though the distribution of the water will still be under local control. The cost of the water-works has been paid by the water-takers, and not from the general taxes; that is to say, the water-rates have paid the cost of annual operation and interest on the money borrowed, and have established a sinking-fund which will pay off the loans at maturity. In time, therefore, the city should own a valuable water-plant fully paid for. As a business venture, in spite of occasional jobbery and corruption, the Boston water-works have been fairly but not brilliantly successful. The rates are still high compared with those of other American cities, but recently they have been much reduced; the mains have been extended into the newly built parts of the city with reasonable dispatch.

The sewers of Boston have been improved with increasing knowledge of sanitary matters, and are now satisfactory. No use is made of the sewage; its profitable use by a city situated like Boston is of doubtful possibility. The attempt to collect from those who use the sewers any considerable part of their cost has not been successful; this cost is defrayed mostly from the general taxes. A part of the system has been constructed and is operated by a metropolitan sewer commission appointed by the governor.

The streets of Boston, like those of nearly all European cities, were originally laid out haphazard, and numerous hills made them more than ordinarily crooked and narrow. Much has since been done to widen and straighten them, but often with insufficient foresight. How far the inadequacy of the streets is due to their unexpected occupation by street cars, how far to lack of traffic regulations, is hard to say. Not a little of the trouble is due to the nature of the case rather than to the direct fault of the municipal government.

The sidewalks of Boston afford to foot-passengers convenient passage; in a rapidly growing suburb they sometimes lag behind other improvements, but usually accommodation is provided nearly as soon as it can reasonably be expected. The cost is largely borne by the abutter.

The pavement of the streets, as it is usually laid, is such that travel over it is safe and convenient at first, but the repair is by no means equal to the original construction. Street repair should be constant; and if trifling repairs be made daily, costly reconstruction will be needed but seldom. Not only is the pavement of various sorts suffered to wear out, but it is also torn up frequently in order to suit the convenience of municipal departments, of private individuals, and of corporations using the streets, such as the gas company and the street railway. The law requires that the pavement be replaced in its former condition by the individual or corporation benefited; but this is a physical impossibility. Again, the use of the streets permitted by law and custom is wasteful of space, and not infrequently dangerous to life and limb; regulation of the traffic is lax or wanting, and vehicles are allowed to block a street in Boston which, under the regulations enforced in London, would afford convenient passage to twice as many. This evil, however, is due rather to the temper of our citizens than to the fault of the municipal government itself. Proper control of traffic is commonly deemed oppressive, at any rate when first introduced, and we prefer to widen a street rather than to regulate its use. The watering of macadamized streets, required by the climate of New England, is done by the city to an increasing extent. The work is difficult and the results are not altogether satisfactory, but within two or three years

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there has been a marked improvement. Both the mud and the dust are nuisances, in some degree inevitable so long as the citizens prefer macadamized streets to those paved with stone blocks, in some degree caused by the imperfect repair and the disturbance just mentioned. Of the cleanliness of the streets it is difficult to speak definitely, as cleanliness is largely a matter of individual opinion. Boston's condition in this respect is not altogether satisfactory, but, except in a few localities, it is generally fair, and has improved within five years. Considering the extent of Boston's territory, the streets are pretty well lighted.

The buildings of Boston are like those of other American cities, and hence fires are frequent and destructive, much more so than in Europe. The cost of European construction is so much greater, however, that Americans choose to pay higher insurance rates and larger bills for a fire department rather than incur this increased cost. If we bear in mind these limitations, we shall find the fire department of Boston reasonably and increasingly efficient.

To pronounce authoritatively upon the schools of Boston would be difficult for an expert, and presumptuous in any one else. A few of the oldest schoolhouses do not meet the modern requirements of ventilation and arrangement. At the opening of the school year a few schools are overcrowded, until some of the children have been distributed among neighboring schools. In general, however, the accommodations are at least fairly good, and better than those of the most expensive private day-schools. That the teaching also is fairly good may safely be asserted; earnest attempts to secure better results naturally produce dissatisfaction with existing methods, and this noble dissatisfaction is considerably felt, but the teachers are intelligent, and zealously strive to raise the standard of instruction. We boast of our schools less confidently than we used to do, but we may recognize, if we will, their great improvement.

An investigation of the pauper institutions of the city, made three or four years ago, showed that their administration was free from serious abuse, though its methods were somewhat antiquated, and though it suffered from that rarest vice of a great American city, excessive frugality. This administration has since greatly improved, and the paupers of Boston are now maintained as generously as those of a great city have ever been in the history of mankind. The administration of the penal institutions is not altogether so satisfactory.

Passing to those municipal services which are commonly regarded as desirable or ornamental rather than essential, we find that Boston admirably maintains the greatest public library in the world, the efficient administration of which can hardly be overpraised. The system of parks, including those of the so-called metropolitan system, is very extensive and beautiful, in variety probably unequaled, and the best landscape architects in the country have been little trammeled in laying it out. Until recently there have been no public baths, except for summer use, but one or two have just been opened. The city hospital is excellently administered, and one of its newer buildings has received the highest expert commendation.

The enterprises undertaken by the city with the hope of profit or recompense have had a varied fate. Mention has been made of the water-works. The ferries between the island of East Boston and the mainland have done, at the lowest rates, all that can be done by ferries, but their net cost to the city has been heavy, and does not diminish. In order to relieve the congestion of the streets by putting the street cars underground, a subway has been built at public expense. This has been leased for twenty years to a street railway company, at a rent sufficient to provide for

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repairs and for interest on the bonds issued to defray its cost, together with a proportionate contribution to a sinking-fund for the retirement of these bonds at their maturity in forty years. A forty years' lease could have been made which would have provided for the complete retirement of the bonds, and thus would have delivered the subway free of cost to the city at the termination of the lease, had public opinion approved tying up the city's property for so long a term. This successful business venture of more than six million dollars has stimulated an extension of the subway system.[1]

What, then, is the general conclusion from these details? *Regardless of cost*, how does the service given by Boston compare with that which might be expected, not of an administration of seraphim, but of a business enterprise directed by the ability which successful private corporations must command? Judged by this standard and irrespective of cost, Boston's municipal service in respect of its police, water, sewers, hospital, fire department, schools, public library, and parks is good, in respect of its public charitable institutions pretty good, in respect of its highways distinctly faulty. In estimating the quality of municipal service, there is danger, as was pointed out by Mr. Godkin in the November Atlantic, that we shall take existing conditions for granted, and so set for ourselves too low a standard. There is like danger as regards our railroads and our dwelling-houses, our manners and our morals. Doubtless it is better to be unduly dissatisfied with ourselves than to boast, but there is danger also of indiscriminate complaint which shall discourage improvement instead of helping it, and shall waste upon minor shortcomings the energy which is needed to cure the gravest evils. To expect that municipal service will be better in quality than the service which hope of gain secures from individuals or business corporations is idle, and with the latter service municipal service should be compared. It may be said that there are services, other than those mentioned, which the city ought to furnish, but does not, such as public transportation and the furnishing of light to individuals. None of these, however, are generally recognized as obligatory upon a municipality. The variety of Boston's service is continually increasing, and most of the severest critics are of opinion that the city now undertakes too much rather than too little.

About a year ago there was published a study of the administration of Glasgow, written in a spirit of respectable pride by two of its officials. On comparison of the statements of this book with the condition of affairs in Boston, it appears pretty clearly that in the matter of police, water, and fire department the service of one city is about as good as that of the other. Glasgow excels in the laying out and care of its streets and in its public baths, Boston in its sewers, parks, schools, and in the care of its poor. Glasgow has no public library, and apparently has no hospital supported by the municipality; it has a municipal art gallery and museum, institutions provided and administered in Boston by private generosity. Glasgow operates a gas-plant with success, and has purchased and improved a considerable tract of land; Boston has constructed and leased the subway on advantageous terms. The experiment of Glasgow in operating a tramway has been carried on for so short a time, upon so small a scale, and with such doubtful results that no valuable conclusion can yet be drawn from it. Upon the whole, the public service of Boston is rather more extensive than that rendered by Glasgow, and in quality would seem to be quite as good.

[1] Students of American municipal government should study carefully The City Government of Boston, a valedictory address delivered by Mayor Matthews in 1895, perhaps the most authoritative statement concerning municipal government ever made in this country.

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Thus far I have considered municipal service regardless of its cost; cost, however, is of the first importance. To compare the burden of taxation under one system with that under another is difficult. The nominal tax-rate of New York, for example, is very much higher than that of Boston, but in the former city the valuation of real estate is much lower, and other property escapes taxation almost altogether. New York, again, can hardly be taken as setting a sufficiently exalted standard of municipal administration. This much may be said for Boston: its tax-rate is lower than that of the great majority of the rural towns of Massachusetts governed by the town meeting, and it is no higher than it was ten or fifteen years ago. In comparison with the selling value, the assessment of real estate is now little higher than it was then, and the assessment of personal property is distinctly lower. If the present annual expenses of the city were defrayed from the present annual tax-levy, they would not impose on the citizens what is considered, in the United States, to be an undue burden of taxation. Unfortunately, this is not the case. About twelve years ago a law was passed limiting the tax-rate which Boston might impose, and the amount of money which it might borrow. The limitations were fixed in order to secure economy, but they have failed to accomplish their object. The tax-rate, indeed, has been kept almost within the limit fixed, but the city has not only borrowed up to the debt limit for various purposes, but has obtained from the legislature permission to borrow outside it for parks, schoolhouses, court-house, public library, and so forth. So often has this been done that the debt outside the limit (exclusive of the water debt, which was excepted by the original act) is now nearly as large as the debt inside the limit. Beyond all this debt, the metropolitan commissions, which deal with the water, sewers, and parks of the metropolitan district, have incurred a large and increasing debt in the name of the commonwealth, the larger part of which must be reimbursed by Boston. It is safe to say that many of those concerned with the government of the city now expect to meet extraordinary expenses for permanent improvements with money borrowed outside the debt limit, the money borrowed inside the limit being used to defray expenses which should be paid at once by annual taxation.

Summing up, we find that Boston's municipal service is extensive, and, on the whole, of a pretty good quality; that thus far its cost has not been a very heavy burden upon the taxpayers, but that it has been procured by reckless borrowing, rendered possible by the fall in the rate of interest and by various juggling with accounts. How far has this great expense been required in order to provide municipal service of the present extent and quality, and how far is it the result of inefficiency and dishonesty? Granted that we are to have the service, how much more do we pay for it than we ought?

This, of course, is a hard question, to which intelligent persons would give very different answers. In general, we may fairly say that there is, or has been, more or less of extravagant, unbusinesslike, or corrupt method in nearly all the city's departments. In some the waste has been large, in others much less. Had all existing public works been established and maintained efficiently and economically, the city's debt would now be considerably less than it actually is, but it would still be alarmingly large. The very best administration known to this country could not have provided the citizens with their water, sewers, fire department, parks, hospitals, library, and the rest without a much larger yearly tax or a dangerous mortgaging of the city's future. Though Boston's return for money spent is no doubt less than that of a successful business corporation, it

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should be noted also that there are few great corporations — few railroads, for example — which in half a century of existence have not at some time and in some way suffered materially from extravagant, inefficient, and even corrupt management.

In an article published in The Forum for November, 1892, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, a man equally familiar with local and with national administration in Great Britain, compared the governments of Boston and Birmingham in respect of their economic efficiency. According to his figures, a dollar in Birmingham produces about five times the result that it produces in Boston. This conclusion is startling, and arouses our incredulity. It is easy to pick out in Mr. Chamberlain's comparison not a few errors of detail almost unavoidable by a foreigner, and the ratio which he fixes at five to one can be reduced to about three to one without much difficulty. Though his opinion is otherwise, his article makes it clear that the municipal service of Birmingham is considerably less extensive than that of Boston: its public library, its city hospital, and its parks, for instance, are manifestly of a class quite different from that of Boston's corresponding institutions. When all allowances have been made, however, the difference in the economic efficiency of the two governments is very disquieting to a citizen of Boston. Wherein does the difference lie?

In wages it is very great. The cost of day labor to the city of Boston is about twice as high as its cost to Birmingham, partly because of the higher general scale of wages in this country, and partly because the wages of municipal laborers here are higher in proportion to those paid by private employers than is the case in England. The difference between wages paid in England and in America to those employees who rank above the day laborer is equally great. The policemen of Birmingham receive about four hundred dollars a year, those of Boston about a thousand dollars. The tendency to fix the rate of wages paid by the municipality above that which is paid by other employers has begun to manifest itself in England, according to Mr. Chamberlain, but it has not advanced there as far as it has done here. The salaries paid to the heads of departments are about the same in both cities.

Birmingham, again, profits by the valuable executive work performed without pay by the members of its city council, while the city council of Boston is forbidden to discharge executive functions. A good deal of this excellent unpaid work is done in Boston by commissioners and members of boards of trustees, but Birmingham, apparently, saves much of the money spent in Boston on elaborate administrative staffs. Here, as in other respects, the service of Boston is more extended, but this greater extension does not account for all the difference of cost. On the other hand, unpaid service in some city departments has been tried by us and found unsatisfactory; and, as will be shown further on, there is reason to suppose that the English system may not work so well in the future as it has done in the past. It should be said that, in spite of our less economic efficiency, the water-works of Boston, its largest municipal undertaking, seem to yield a net profit to the city much larger than do those of Birmingham. How the water-rates compare I do not know. A closer study of Mr. Chamberlain's figures may further affect his conclusions, but such figures as his are well worth detailed examination and comparison by our municipal reformers. Beside such examination and comparison, generalized rhapsodies on the excellence of European municipal government are quite insignificant.

It is often said that, in addition to the loss arising from extravagance and corruption, from higher wages and elaborate administrative machinery, Boston

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has suffered great loss by neglecting a proper source of revenue. No appreciable return is now received from the use of the streets by gas and electric companies, by street railways and the like, and the omission is set down to corruption of the city's officers by the corporations. Doubtless this is the case to some extent, but there are concurrent influences much more powerful. Compared to the use of the streets made by street railways, the use made by other corporations is almost insignificant. It would be absurd to exact rent from a gas company while charging a street railway nothing. The proposal to make street railways pay for their occupation of the streets by their tracks has been bitterly resisted by the traveling public, which desires the cheapest possible transportation. That the city should largely subsidize a street railway to carry passengers at less than actual cost seems to many passengers a desirable use of public money. The city should collect rent, as I believe, from all to whom is granted a peculiar or exclusive use of the city's property, but the failure to obtain this rent is due far more to public opinion than to greedy corporations and venal officials.

I have said that, even with economical management, the existing municipal service could not be established and maintained without larger annual taxes or an inordinate debt. This expensive service, we are told, is demanded chiefly by those citizens who are not assessed for taxes, and by the city's officials who wish to pocket a share of the money spent. To some extent the assertion is true; even honest officials magnify the importance of their several departments, and the poorer citizens always favor large appropriations, failing to recognize that they pay, though indirectly, their full share of the taxes. Nearly or quite every large expenditure of the public money has been urged, however, not only by the classes just mentioned, but also by large taxpayers and public-spirited citizens. These have often petitioned the legislature to permit the city to borrow money outside the debt limit for a favorite project, — for the public library, parks, highways, and schoolhouses; indeed, the opposition to large expenditures and to borrowing outside the debt limit has ordinarily been insignificant. If the suffrage in the city had been confined, let us say, to the richer half of the citizens, I doubt if a single municipal luxury would have been foregone, though possibly the money raised might have been made to go further. Even subsidizing the street railways by exemption from rent for the use of the streets is often advocated by the well-to-do, though seldom by those who are distinctly rich.

The result of our inquiry is this: We have extensive and pretty good service, for which we pay more than we ought, but which, though it were procured with the best economy yet attained in this country, would still be so expensive that we should insist upon charging its cost to posterity. We have a debt, appalling in size after all proper deductions have been made, and increasing at a tremendous rate, its size and its increase partly concealed by devices of bookkeeping. This is a condition of affairs neither satisfactory nor hopeless, one which calls for discriminating action rather than for indiscriminate abuse. Our debt, it seems, is much the greatest of our municipal dangers, — a danger to be dreaded the more because it has been incurred with the approval of practically all our citizens, and not chiefly through the wiles of a corrupt government.

Thus far little has been said about that which is usually most emphasized in the discussion of American municipal government, to wit, the corruption of the city's officials. The principal object of this article is to consider the quantity and quality of municipal service. Occasionally, at least, it is well to put out of

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sight personal considerations, and to devote our attention exclusively to the qualities of things. But if we pass from the service itself to those who are the city's agents in rendering it, we find, as we should expect, marked varieties of character among Boston's officials. The quality of the members of the city council is distinctly poor. Doubtless it has recently contained some honest, well-intentioned members, but in it have sat many men without ostensible means of support, and very few of the men who are naturally chosen to manage large and important private business. Moreover, it is pretty clear that the membership of the city council is not only poor, but deteriorating.

The executive departments, on the other hand, have recently contained many men not only respectable, but of marked ability and of the highest standing in the community. On the boards which govern the public library, the city hospital, the insane asylum, and the children's department, among the overseers of the poor, on the park commissions, both city and metropolitan, on the transit commission (which is building the subway), at the head of the fire department, and in other places, have been men who would naturally be chosen to fill the highest positions of private and corporate trust. Their presence accounts for much of the good service which has been described. It must not be supposed, of course, that all the executive officers of Boston are of the last-mentioned sort. No business corporation in the country is served in all its departments by men of first-rate ability. Within the past few years, moreover, some of the city's departments have been directed by men far below the minimum standard of honesty and efficiency established in successful business affairs. Under a man of this kind, a department has sometimes become generally inefficient and corrupt; sometimes it has continued to discharge its functions pretty well by means of respectable subordinates and clerks. In spite of these shortcomings, all too numerous and in some cases utterly disgraceful, the executive officers of the city are far superior in character and ability to the members of the city council.

The cause of this general difference between the executive departments of the city and its legislature is not far to seek. Before 1885 much of the administration of Boston was in the hands of committees of the city council, as is still the case in most other cities of Massachusetts. In 1885, partly because of the unsatisfactory work of these committees, and partly because of a theoretical preference for a separation of powers, the state legislature deprived the city council of its administrative functions. Hardly any one recognized then, and but few recognize now, that nearly all municipal functions are administrative. The annual legislation of the city, as set out in its ordinances, is unimportant. The tax rate is limited by statute, and the money obtained by it, for the most part, is pledged to meet the needs of the several departments, so that the city council has very little money left in its disposition. Almost the only considerable legislative function remaining is the authorization of loans. This function certainly is most important, and far too little attention is now given to its discharge, but it cannot provide two legislative chambers with business for some forty sittings apiece. These sittings are spent chiefly in idle discussion, and in the attempt, usually vain, to hamper the executive. Service in these bodies is not only disagreeable, but profitless, and the quality of their membership naturally deteriorates. Without a sense of responsibility men can do little that is good. Considerable power is a prerequisite of serious responsibility. The municipal legislature of Boston is almost powerless, and is therefore incompetent to discharge properly even those few

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functions which still belong to it. Frequent and frantic appeals are made to the citizens to elect better men to the city council; but intelligent and busy men cannot be expected to give days and weeks of their time to membership in an irresponsible debating club.

It will naturally be asked if the executive has improved while the legislature has been deteriorating. I think that it has, on the whole. Inefficiency and corruption are found in some executive departments, but though the city is much larger than it was twelve years ago, and though its functions are more numerous and complicated, its administration has improved. The changes made in 1885, and similar changes made since, have been of very great advantage. They have given us better service and more honest and efficient administration than would have been possible in our growing city under the old system. Notable improvement has been made, for example, in respect of the police, the city hospital, the public charitable institutions, and the city's building operations. Compared to what we have gained, an increased rate of deterioration in the already deteriorating city council is felt to be a small thing.

It may be urged that in Great Britain executive power is entrusted to the municipal legislature with excellent results. We should observe, however, that until within a short time municipal suffrage in Great Britain has been very limited, and the traditions of the old order of things have not disappeared. Even now municipal suffrage is not universal, in our sense of the word.

Again, Mr. Chamberlain's remark that dishonesty and corruption do not exist in England has received sad contradiction within the past few years, — a contradiction so strong that we must needs doubt if the remark was ever quite justified. The recent experience of the London County Council indicates that Great Britain not improbably has before it an era of municipal misgovernment like that from which we are trying to emerge. Never, in the United States, have the supposed exigencies of partisan politics led to more cynical excuses for shameless dishonesty. The corruption discovered in London not long ago is by no means so remarkable as the indifference with which its discovery was received.

The consideration of American political problems is usually so much taken up with moral exhortation, and with the exhibition of some panacea for existing evils, that a mere statement of things as they are is deemed colorless and profitless; yet surely a study of existing conditions is valuable preparation for reforming them. No nostrum exists which will secure either perfect municipal government or the perfect administration of a railroad. Good government and good administration are the slowly produced results of watchful study, intelligent observation, and patient experiment. The most zealous devotion cannot attain to it in a hurry. It was the fashion, a century ago, to believe that good government was secured by the sudden adoption of a political system based upon human nature in the abstract, and upon the Eternal Fitness of Things. Now we know better than this; but we have fallen into another error, less fundamental, but still considerable. Many people think that political improvement is synonymous with the election to office of good men. Doubtless this is a thing ever to be desired, and personal moral earnestness among electors and elected is the strongest and safest motive for reform. Not only, however, must we shape the method and machinery of our choice so as to lead naturally to the selection of the best men, but we must also face the practical certainty that even with the best methods the best men will not always be chosen to office, and therefore we must make preparation for the inevitable. Institutions have their impor-

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tance as well as men, and we have to establish conditions which will enable the saint to do the maximum of good while restraining the sinner to the minimum of harm. Still greater is the importance of giving to the average official, who is neither saint nor sinner, his best opportunity of useful public service. This sort of reform, involving nice considerations of political judgment, and therefore less attractive to many men than an electoral campaign fought on moral issues, has lately made considerable progress in Boston, over and above the beneficent changes made in 1885. The trustees of the public library and of the city hospital, elected by the city council, were not satisfactory. An attempt to improve the choice under the laws then existing would probably have failed, so the power of appointment was transferred to the mayor with great advantage. The administration of the police was unsatisfactory; the power of appointing the police commissioners was transferred to the governor, and, although scandal has not been altogether avoided, the improvement in administration has been marked. Twice within two years the form of government of the city's charitable institutions has been radically changed, each time with good results. The carrying on of several great public works, like that involved in the water-supply of the metropolitan district, has been entrusted to commissions appointed by the governor, which have shown as great economy, efficiency, and promptness as could be hoped for from the best private management.

It has been objected that these commissions are imposed upon the city or the metropolitan district from without, and that their responsibility to any body politic is hard to fix. There is weight in the objection. Local home rule is an attractive cry, and some small evils had better be borne until the people of a given locality have themselves found out the cure. The government of great modern cities, however, is distinctly in the experimental stage, and it may be that, for a time at least, certain functions, hitherto commonly discharged by municipalities, should be undertaken by the state. In any case, it is safe to say that, until the critics can find a method of combining greater local responsibility with equal efficiency, these commissions will find favor in the eyes of reasonable men. Good municipal service is the end sought, and the Anglo-Saxon race has always preferred to submit its political methods to the test of practical working rather than to that of logical completeness.

The following observations are suggested by a review of Boston's municipal service. The service itself is worst in respect of the highways. If our streets were well laid out, well paved, and well repaired, and if the traffic through them were properly controlled, the citizens of Boston would have no very severe complaint to make of the quantity and quality of the municipal service. If, however, the people of Boston expect that this service is to be maintained, extended, and improved, they must be prepared to pay considerably higher annual taxes than those now exacted. A more honest and efficient administration will make a dollar go further than it goes now, but it cannot furnish even the existing service without incurring a debt much too large. The greatest danger to be feared from the present course of Boston's municipal administration is a crushing debt. We must go without some of our luxuries, or we must put our hands into our pockets and pay for them. The election of good men to office will not keep the debt within proper limits. Its size is due, not chiefly to maladministration, but rather to the demands made upon the city by all classes of citizens. Municipal frugality is needed, not alone or principally on the part of the city's officials, but on the part of the whole people.

Finally, economical and efficient ad-

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ministration, and so cheaper and better service, is to be obtained through better executive officers and a better executive organization. The best man for mayor, who shall have the discretion and courage to select the best subordinates, and the executive ability to coördinate and organize the several departments of the city, is the thing most to be desired. Public-spirited citizens can be most useful by accepting office under him, by devoting much time and attention to doing the city's work, and, both in office and out of office, to studying how best that work can be done. The personal equation in elections and appointments is important, but methods of appointment and machinery of administration should not be neglected. As to the municipal legislature, it is become an anomaly. It does little good, and no great harm. No plan for abolishing it has yet been devised which commends itself to the judgment of the community. Until that plan is discovered and accepted, we must bear with our city council as men bear with an internal organ called the vermiform appendix. Physicians tell us that this has no discoverable present use except to become the seat of disease, though it is supposed to have been necessary at an earlier period of human development.

How far the experience of Boston is typical of that of other American cities it is hard to say. In detail it has differed greatly; a loving son of Boston may be pardoned the belief that it has been somewhat more fortunate than that of New York or Chicago, but, on the whole, it probably has been much the same.

Francis C. Lowell.

THE AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRACY.

THE only really democratic experiment, beside our own, going on in the world to-day, is that of the English Australian colonies. All others are more or less disturbed by the political or social traditions of an anterior régime. Nowhere else, therefore, can so much instruction be obtained as to the probable effect of popular government on laws and manners. There is no other democracy whose beginning so nearly resembles ours. We began, it is true, at a much earlier period, under the influence of aristocratic and religious ideas which have lost their force, and we began with a very different class of men. Our first settlers were a selected body, with strong prepossessions in favor of some sort of organization, which, whatever it was to be, was certainly not to be democratic. They sought to reproduce the monarchical or aristocratic world they had left, as far as circumstances would permit. It may fairly be said that the society they tried to establish on this side of the Atlantic was the society of the Old World, with some improvements, notably another kind of established church. By the time the Australian colonies were founded, however, — that is, about a century ago, — what was most antiquated in the American régime had fairly departed. The colonies here had sloughed off a good deal of the European incrustation, and had frankly entered on the democratic régime, but with social foundations such as the Australians could not claim.

Australia originated with New South Wales, and was first settled as a convict station. Most of the earliest emigrants were men transported for crime, and long treated as slaves. The first step taken toward social organization was the bestowal of large tracts of land on Eng-

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lish capitalists, to be used as sheep-farms, with the convicts as herdsmen or laborers. Free emigrants came slowly to open up agriculture as a field of industry. As they increased, hostility to the large sheep-farmers was developed in a process somewhat similar to the extinction of the great manors in New York. In fact, New South Wales passed nearly half a century in getting rid of the defects of its foundation, in clarifying its social constitution, and in bringing itself into something like harmony with the other civilized societies of the world. In 1842 the colonies received a legislature, a large proportion of the members of which were nominees of the crown. During the previous half-century they were governed despotically by governors, often broken-down aristocrats, sent out from England. Their society was composed largely of the great sheep-farmers and of actual or emancipated convicts. Religion and morals were for a time at the lowest ebb. The institution of marriage hardly existed. The multitude of female convicts and the thinness of population in the interior rendered concubinage easy and general. The press had not begun to draw respectable talent from England, and the newspapers, such as they were, were largely in the hands of ex-convicts. There was nothing that could be called public opinion. The only appeal against any wrong-doing lay to the home government, which was then six months away; and so deeply seated was the belief in England that Australia was simply a community of convicts that any appeals received little attention.

The first thing that could be called a political party in the colony consisted of Irish Catholic immigrants, who had gone out in large numbers in 1841, under the stimulation of government grants and bounties. They acted rather as Catholics than as citizens, and, as usual, under the leadership of their clergy. A responsible legislature of two houses was not established until 1856. The colonies started with the English, or cabinet system; that is, with ministries selected or approved by Parliament. This was the first great difference between us and them. The framers of the American Constitution decided, for reasons which seemed to them good, to give the executive a definite term of office, independent of legislative approval. This they conceived to be necessary to the establishment of complete independence between the different departments of the government. The separation of the executive, judicial, and legislative branches held a very high place in the minds of all political speculators in the eighteenth century, after Montesquieu had dwelt on its necessity. Therefore, the founders of the American republic made each branch independent in its own sphere, with its own term of office, which the others could neither lengthen nor abridge. This is what is called the presidential system. The cabinet system makes the executive not only part and parcel of the legislative branch, but dependent on it for existence. A vote of the majority can change the executive, while the executive can order a renewal of the legislative branch; that is, dissolve it. The presidential system is undoubtedly the best defense that could be devised against democratic changeableness, or the influence on the government of sudden bursts of popular feeling. But it almost goes to the other extreme. It is very difficult to make any change in public policy or legislation in the United States in less than five years. In Australia, under the cabinet system, six changes may be made in a year. In New South Wales, there have been forty-one ministries, doubtless with entirely different views on important subjects, in thirty-seven years, or more than one change each year. The same phenomena exhibit themselves in all the countries which have adopted the British system, or in which the royal prerogative still remains a legislative force. Unhappily, in the colonies as in

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France, these frequent changes do not always mean changes of policy. Ministries are too often overthrown simply to satisfy personal rancor, or disappointment, or jealousy.

Another point of difference between our beginning and that of the Australians was that they had no constitution, as we call it; that is, no organic law, paramount to all other laws, and which all legislators were bound to respect in legislating. Every government was organized under an English act of Parliament, but this simply provided a framework, and placed almost no restrictions on the subjects of legislation, because there are no restrictions on the action of the English Parliament itself. The will of Parliament is the British constitution, and the will of the Australian legislatures is the constitution of the colonies, provided they make no attack on the supremacy of the British crown; that is, they may do anything they please which Parliament may do, provided they obey the imperial law which sets them up. This has some good effects, and some bad ones. It decidedly increases the sense of responsibility, in which our legislatures are so often wanting. The Australians know that any act they pass will be executed, that no intervention of the courts on constitutional grounds can be looked for, and that if the law works badly the action of public sentiment will be immediate, and may lead to the overthrow of the ministry for the time being. In fact, a law paramount, drawn up by picked men, assembling for the purpose at stated intervals of twenty years or less, and safeguarding all the primary social rights against popular passion or impulse or legislative corruption, and interpreted by the courts, is a device peculiar to certain of the United States. It is the only really valid check on democracy ever devised, but it is doubtful whether it could now be set up anywhere else with effect. Its Revolutionary origin has surrounded it with a sanctity which it would be difficult to give any court created in our day and gainsaying the popular will. On the other hand, this absence of constitution gives legislatures a freedom in trying social experiments greater than ours enjoy, though they enjoy a good deal. There is hardly any mode of dealing with private property or private rights which an Australian legislature may not attempt, hardly any experiment in taxation which it may not try. Its sole restraint lies in the quick action of popular reprobation.

These two facts — the adoption of the cabinet system from England, and the absence of a constitution containing restraints on legislation — are the main differences between our democracy and that of Australia. But every Australian colony, however strong its aspirations to political independence, is influenced in what may be called its manners by the mother country. Australia began its political life with as close an approach to an aristocracy as a new country can make, in the existence of the "squatters," most of whom were capitalists or scions of good English families. These men obtained large grants of land from the government for sheep-farming, which in the beginning they managed with convicts whom they hired from the state, and whom they were permitted to flog in case of misbehavior. Their life, in short, was very nearly that of the old cotton-planter in the South, with the "patriarchal" element wanting.

The first work of the new democracy was to overthrow them, and take their large tracts of land away from them. But the democracy did not succeed, and has not succeeded, in preventing the formation of an upper class of the "English gentleman" type. This is what the successful Australian still strives to be. He does not become "a man of the people," in our sense, and does not boast of his humble origin and early struggles as much as our millionaire is apt to do. The influence of this type was prolonged

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and strengthened by the large emigration to Australia of university graduates from England, during the fifties and sixties, after the colonies had fairly entered on free government, when a successful career at the bar and in public life had become possible. These, again, were reinforced by a still larger emigration of broken-down men of good family, who, if they added but little to the wealth or morality of the colonies, did a good deal to preserve the predominance of English conventional ideas. For instance, one of the very strong English traditions is the right of men of education and prominence to public offices; that is, men previously raised above the crowd by wealth or rank or education, or by some outward sign of distinction. This was perpetuated in the colonies by their connection with England in the way I have mentioned. It made the careers of such men as Robert Low and Gavan Duffy and Dr. Pensores and many others easy and natural, and made the breaking away from English ideas on social questions more difficult. Perhaps as important was the fact that it preserved the English way of living as the thing for the "self-made man" to aspire to. How strong this influence is in the Anglo-Saxon world may be inferred from the difficulty of keeping English influence in these matters in due subordination in this country. Nearly all our rich people, and people who have enjoyed any social success in England, are apt to revert to English life, and have to be ridiculed and denounced in the press in order to make them continue "good Americans."

In democracies which still look to England as "home," and which receive large bodies of immigrants educated in England, it can be easily understood how great must be the English influence on the colonial way of looking at both politics and society. In later days, when the democracy has fairly broken loose from the control of the Foreign Office, gifted men of the earlier American kind — that is, good speakers or writers — have in a large degree preserved their sway. The multiplicity of new questions, and the possibility of getting into power at any time by overthrowing the existing ministry, have naturally kept alive the art of discussion as the art which leads to political power. Thus far, undoubtedly, this has prevented the rise of any system like our caucus, which attaches little importance to eloquence or power of persuasion. In Australia a man can hardly get high office without a general election. He has to produce a change of opinion in the legislature, or so great a change of opinion out of doors as to intimidate the legislature, either in order to see his policy adopted by the men actually in power, or to be charged himself with the formation of a new ministry. That is, the man most successful in exposition, who identifies himself by speech most prominently with some pending question, becomes, under the cabinet system, the man entitled to power, and no caucus nomination could either give it to him or deprive him of it. This more than aught else has made easy individual prominence by means of parliamentary arts. Of course, there is behind all talk a good deal of intrigue and chicanery, but talk there has to be. The cabinet system — or the possibility of changing majorities in the legislature at any time without waiting for a fixed term — makes it absolutely necessary that a successful politician should be able to express himself. He may be uneducated, in the technical sense of the term, but he must be master of his own subject, and be able to give a good account of it. He has to propose something energetically, in order to hold his place. Thus, Sir Charles Cowper and Robert Low had to connect themselves with the educational system, Sir Henry Parkes with the land system, and so on. The minister, whoever he is, is in constant danger of losing his place; the "outs" are constantly eager to displace

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him, and they displace him, as in England, by bringing up new questions, or new aspects of old ones.

The system, as I have already said, has the well-known defect of instability in the executive. It means in Australia, as it means in France and Italy, incessant change or frequent changes. It is what our founders dreaded when they put the President in office for four years, and Congress for two years, and made each independent of the other. But it has the effect of preventing the formation of strict party ties, controlled by a manager who has not to render any public account of his management. In other words, the caucus ruled by the boss is hardly possible under it. The boss is hardly possible, if he has to explain the reasons of his actions, and to say what he thinks the party policy ought to be. Whether this system would survive the formation of a confederacy like ours, and the necessity of more potent machinery to get a larger multitude to take part in elections, is something which may reasonably be doubted. In large democracies the future probably belongs to the presidential system, with its better arrangements for the formation and preservation of strong parties, working under stricter discipline and with less discussion.

The cabinet system, however, has had one excellent effect: it compels every minister who appeals to the constituencies for power to state at length and with minuteness his claims on their support. He sets forth his views and plans with a fullness and an amount of argumentation which are never met with nowadays in our party platforms. He makes a real plea for confidence in him personally, and he issues his programme immediately before the election which is to decide his fate. His opponent, or rival, issues a counter one, and the two together place before the constituencies such an explanation of the political situation as our voters rarely get. Each not only explains and argues in defense of his programme, but makes promises, which, if he succeeds, he may be almost immediately called on to fulfill. These two documents are, in fact, much more businesslike than anything which our political men lay before us. In our presidential system, no one in particular is responsible for legislation, and the Congress elected one year does not meet till the next. The effect of these two circumstances has given our party platform a vagueness and a sonorousness, a sort of detachment from actual affairs, which make it somewhat resemble a Pope's encyclical. It does not contain a legislative programme. There is, in fact, no person competent to make one, because no person, or set of persons, is charged with fulfilling it. It is "the party" which the voter supports, and the party is a body too indeterminate to be held to any sort of accountability. The platform, therefore, confines itself to expressing views, instead of making promises. It reveals the hopes, the fears, the dislikes, and the admirations of the party rather than its intentions. It expresses sympathy with nationalities struggling for freedom, affection for workingmen and a strong desire that people who hire them shall pay them a "fair wage," detestation of various forms of wrong-doing on the part of their opponents, and denunciation of the mischiefs to the country which these opponents have wrought. But it gives little inkling of what the party will really do if it gets into power. If it does nothing at all, it cannot be called to account except in the same vague and indefinite way. Nobody in particular is responsible for its shortcomings, because all its members are responsible in the same degree.

Take as an illustration of my meaning what has occurred in this country with regard to the existing currency difficulties. Both the Republican and Democratic platforms have declared in favor of having a good currency, but the De-

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mocratic platform simply demanded the coinage of silver at a certain ratio to gold, and ascribed a long list of evils to the failure of the nation to furnish such a coinage; it described these evils in terms of philanthropy rather than of finance. It did not offer any explanation, in detail, of the way free coinage of silver at the fifteen to one ratio would work; how it would affect foreign exchange, or domestic investments, or creditors, or savings-banks. It simply recommended the plan passionately, as a just and humane thing, and treated its opponents as sharks and tyrants. No business man could learn anything from it as to the prospects of his ventures under a silver régime. The Republican platform, on the other hand, without mentioning gold, declared its desire that the various kinds of United States currency (ten in number) should be of equal value. But it abstained from saying precisely in what manner this equality of value would be preserved, and what steps would be taken for the purpose; in spite of the fact that it was dealing with a business matter, it made no proposal which a business man could weigh or even understand. The result was that although Congress met within four months of the election, and the election had turned on the currency question, nothing whatever was said or done about it. No one in Congress felt any particular responsibility about it, or could be called to account for not bringing it up or trying to settle it. Yet every one could, or would, express cordial agreement with the platform.

Under the Australian system things would have gone differently. Mr. McKinley would have issued an address to the electors, saying distinctly that he stood for the gold standard, setting forth the precise manner in which he meant to deal with the various forms of United States currency in case he were elected, and promising to do it immediately on his election. Mr. Bryan would have issued a counter manifesto, stating not simply his objections to the gold standard, but the exact way in which he meant to get rid of it, and the probable effect of this action on trade and industry. Consequently, after the election, one or other of them would have met a Parliament which would have demanded of him immediate legislation; and if he had failed to produce it promptly, he would have been denounced as a traitor or an incompetent, and a vote of want of confidence would have turned him out of office. In short, the winning man would have had to produce at once something like the plan which our monetary commission, composed of men not in political life at all, has laboriously formed.

There occurred in Queensland, when Sir George Bowen was governor, in 1867, a financial crisis which makes clear the difference between the Australian system and ours. The ministry had borrowed £1,000,000 sterling through a Sydney bank, to be spent in public works. The works had been begun, and £50,000 of the money had been received and a large number of men employed, when the bank failed. The ministers in office instantly proposed to issue "inconvertible government notes," like our greenbacks during the war, and make them legal tender in the colony. The governor informed them that he should have to veto such a bill, as his instructions required him to "reserve for the Queen's pleasure" every bill whereby any paper or other currency might be made a legal tender, "except the coin of the realm, or other gold or silver coin." But the ministers persisted. The populace of Brisbane were told by a few stump orators that "an issue of unlimited greenbacks would create unlimited funds for their employment on public works, while at the same time it would ruin the bankers, squatters [great sheep-farmers], and other capitalists." A so-called indignation meeting was held, at which the governor and a majority of the legislature were denounced in vio-

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lent terms; several leading members of Parliament were ill-treated in the streets, and threats were even uttered of burning down Government House.[1]

The governor held firm, and insisted on meeting the crisis by the issue of exchequer bills; so the ministry resigned, and was succeeded by another, which did issue the exchequer bills. Had the governor not held his ground, the colony would have been launched on a sea of irredeemable paper, from which escape would probably have been difficult. In fact, there is little doubt that it is the necessity of making their loans in England, and thus getting the approval of British capitalists for their financial expedients, which has saved the colonies from even worse excesses in currency matters. The immediate responsibility of the minister for legislation must make all crises short, if sharp. No abnormal financial situation in any of the Australian colonies could last as long as ours has done, and while they retain their connection with the British crown they will be preserved from the very tempting device of irredeemable paper.

An effort has been made in some of the colonies to get rid of changefulness in the executive by electing the ministers by popular suffrage, instead of having them elected by Parliament; but this attempt to depart from the cabinet system has apparently been made only by the "labor party," or workingman's party, which exists and grows, without having as yet been successful in getting hold of office. Its main strength seems to lie, as in this country, in influence; that is, in alarming members of Parliament about its vote. It hangs over the heads of the legislators *in terrorem*, in closely divided constituencies, but does not often make its way into Parliament itself, though those of its members who have been elected seem to acquit themselves very creditably.

[1] Thirty Years of Colonial Government. From the Official Papers of Sir G. F. Bowen.

The first strong resemblance between our experience and that of the Australians is to be found in the educational system. The first attempts at popular education, as might have been expected, were made by the clergy of the Anglican Church, the only church which had official recognition in the early days of the colonies. All money voted by the government for this purpose was given to the clergy and distributed by them. The instruction was mainly religious, and the catechism and reading of the Scriptures in the Protestant version played a prominent part in it. From the beginning, the opposition to this, on the part of all the other denominations, was very strong. As in America, the opposition of the Catholics was not directed against denominational teaching. They were willing to have the state money equally divided among the clergy, so that each denomination might control the instruction given to its own children. To this plan all the other denominations, except the Anglicans, were violently hostile; so that on this question the Protestant Episcopalians and the Catholics were united. Their clergy wanted the state money for their own kind of education, while those of other denominations were in favor of secular education, or common schools, paid for largely by the state, though not wholly, as here.

It would be tedious to go over the history of the struggle which resulted in the establishment of state schools, with secular teaching. It bore a close resemblance to our own struggle, but differed in having for the efforts of the Protestant Episcopalians powerful support from the home government, which then, as now, sympathized with denominational teaching. It ended, finally, in the triumph of the secular schools. Secular education seems to be the established democratic method of teaching the young, though the desire of the clergy to keep control of education is giving it an anti-religious trend in some countries, —

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France, for instance. The agitation of this subject in Australia has brought out the interesting fact that the Catholic population, almost wholly Irish and very large, sides with the priests on nearly every public question, the educational question among others. This is exactly what has occurred in England. In the late conflict over the schools in England, the Irish voted with the Tories in favor of denominational teaching. Like most national oddities, there is for this an historical explanation. The banishment of the old Irish gentry, beginning in Elizabeth's time, and ending with the Revolution of 1688, deprived the Irish of their natural political leaders. The new gentry were foreigners in race and religion, and in political sympathies. This threw the people back on the priests, who became their only advisers possessing any education or knowledge of the world, and assumed without difficulty a political leadership which has never been shaken to this day, in spite of the growing activity of the lay element in Irish politics. No Irish layman has, as yet, proved a very successful politician, in the long run, who has not managed to keep the clergy at his back.

It may be said that, on the whole, the educational movement in Australia has been controlled by influences common to the rest of the civilized world. In nearly all countries there is a struggle going on — which ended with us many years ago — to wrest the control of the popular schools, wherever they exist, from the hands of the clergy, who have held it for twelve hundred years. No characteristic of the old régime in politics is more prominent than the belief that the priests or ministers only should have charge of the training of youth. Almost the whole history of the educational movement in this century is the history of the efforts of the "Liberals" or "Radicals" to oust them.

The Australians resemble us also in having an immense tract of land at the disposition of the state. They came into possession much later, when waste lands were more accessible, before they were covered by traditions of any sort, and when the air had become charged with the spirit of experimentation. They have accordingly tried to do various things with the land, which we never thought of. South Australia, for instance, had the plan of giving grants of land to small coöperative associations, to be managed by trustees, and supplied with capital by a loan from the state of not more than $250 a head. The state, in short, agreed to do what our Populists think it ought to do, — lend money to the farmers at a low rate of interest. Some of these associations were plainly communistic, and the members were often brought together simply by poverty. As a whole, they have not succeeded. Some have broken up; others remain and pay the government its interest, but no one expects that it will ever get back the principal.

In New South Wales, the state became a landlord on an extensive scale on the Henry George plan, and the question of rents then grew into a great political question. Political "pressure" is brought to bear on the fixing of the rents, and the management, of course, gives a very large field for "pulls" and "influence." In Queensland, which has a tropical sugar region, not only have lands been rented by the state, but cheap carriage has been provided for farm and dairy produce on the state railway, bonuses have been paid on the export of dairy produce, advances have been made to the proprietors of works for freezing meat, and it has been proposed to establish state depots in London for the receipt and distribution of frozen meat. One act makes provision, under certain conditions, for a state guarantee for loans contracted to build sugar-works. In New Zealand, there is a graduated tax intended to crush out large landholders; but any landholder who is dissatisfied with his assessment can require the govern-

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ment to purchase at its own valuation, and land is rented in small holdings. The government has also borrowed large sums of money to lend to farmers on mortgage. It sends lecturers on butter-making and fruit-growing around the country. It pays wages to labor associations who choose to settle on state lands and clear or improve them, and then allows them to take up the holdings thus improved. It keeps a "state farm," on which it gives work to the unemployed. All these things, of course, give it a great number of favors to bestow or withhold, and open a wide field for political intrigue.

As a general rule, the suffrage is adult and male, but there is a property qualification for voters for the upper houses of the legislatures, answering to our Senates. Members of both houses are paid a small salary. At first they all served voluntarily, as in England, and the payment of members was not brought about without a good deal of agitation. But the argument which carried the day for payment was, not, as might be supposed, the justice of giving poor men a chance of seats, but the necessity, in a busy community, of securing for the work of government the services of many competent men who could not afford to give their time without pay. The "plum" idea of a seat in the legislature can hardly be said to have made its appearance yet. The necessity of doing something for "labor" very soon became prominent in colonial policy, and one of its first triumphs was the contraction of very large loans in England for the construction of public works, mainly railroads and common roads, the creation of village settlements and the advance of money to them. The result of all this, after a while, was tremendous financial collapse, and the discharge of large bodies of the very laborers for whose benefit the works were undertaken. This calamity seems to have stimulated the tendency to tax the rich heavily, and to foster the policy of protection. Trade is promoted not simply by duties on imports, but by state aid to exports. A depot in London, which does not pay its own expenses, takes charge of Australian goods and guarantees their quality; bonuses are given to particular classes of producers, and there is even talk of a "produce export department" of the government. The protectionist policy has taken possession of the Australian mind even more firmly than it has taken possession of the mind of the Republican party here. A free-trader comes nearer being looked upon as a "crank" in most of the colonies than he does here. But the "infant industry" there has solid claims to nurture which it does not possess in this country. In fact, the dominance of the protectionist theory is so strong that it forms one of the obstacles in the promotion of the proposed Australian confederation, as no colony is quite willing to give up its right to tax imports from all the others, and still less is it willing to join Mr. Chamberlain's followers and let in free the goods of the mother country. We may conjecture from this what obstacles the policy of free internal trade between our states would have met with at the foundation of our government, had America been more of a manufacturing community, and had intercommunication been easier. The difficulty of carriage a hundred years ago formed a natural tariff, which made the competition of foreigners seem comparatively unimportant.

From the bestowal of responsible government in the fifties, down to 1893, nearly all the colonies reveled in the ease with which they could borrow money in England. There was a great rush to make state railroads, in order to open up the lands of the great landholders to projects favored by labor, and to give employment to workingmen; and, after the railroads were made, they carried workingmen for next to nothing. Along with this came an enormous development of

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the civil service, somewhat like our increase of pensions. New South Wales alone had 200,000 persons in government offices, at a salary of $13,000,000, and 10,000 railroad employees to boot. This gave the ministries for the time being great influence, which was increased by the fact that the state was the owner of large tracts of land, which it rented on favorable terms to favored tenants. The excitement of apparent prosperity, too, brought into the legislature large numbers of men to whom salary was important, and the result was perhaps the first serious decline in the character of the Australian governments. The colonies were founded between 1788 and 1855. Up to this time they have spent $800,000,000 on public works. They have made 80,000 miles of telegraph, and 10,000 miles of railway. Though they have a revenue of only $117,500,000 they have already a debt of $875,000,000.

These "good times" came to their natural end. By 1893 the money was all spent, the taxation was not sufficient to meet the interest, the English capitalists refused further advances, the banks failed on all sides, and the colonies were left with large numbers of unemployed on their hands. There was nothing for it but to spend more money on "relief works," and to keep almost permanently in the employment of the state large bodies of men, who liked it simply because it was easy, and because hard times were a sufficient excuse for seeking it. What one learns from the experience of the colonies in the matter of expenditure is the difficulty, in a democratic government, of moderation of any description, if it once abandons the policy of *laissez faire*, and undertakes to be a providence for the masses. There is no limit to the human appetite for unearned or easily earned money. No class is exempt from it. Under the old régime, the aristocrats got all the sinecures, the pensions, and the light jobs of every description. One of the results of the triumph of democracy has been to throw open this source of gratification to the multitude, and every attempt made to satisfy the multitude, in this field, has failed. When the French opened the national workshops in Paris in 1848, the government speedily found that it was likely to have the whole working class of Paris on its hands; when we started our pension list, we found that peace soon became nearly as expensive as war; and when the Australians undertook to develop the country on money borrowed by the state, there was no restraint on their expenditure, except the inability to find any more lenders. The Australian financial crisis was brought about, not by any popular perception that the day of reckoning was at hand, but by the refusal of the British capitalists to make further loans.

Australian experience seems in many ways to prove the value of our system of written constitutions, to be construed and enforced by the courts. The effect on the minds of ill-informed legislators of the knowledge that they can do anything for which they can get a majority, is naturally to beget extravagance and an overweening sense of power, and lead to excessive experimentation. The voters' knowledge that the minister can do as he pleases has a tendency to increase the exactions of the extremists of every party. The Henry George system of taxation, for instance, could be put into execution in any Australian colony, at any moment, by a mere act of the legislature. The right to vote could be given to women, and has been given in New Zealand. The state can make any number of lines of railroad it pleases, pay for them out of the taxes, and carry poor men on them free. In fact, it can promote any scheme, however speculative, that may take hold of the popular fancy.

It is in devices for the protection of labor that most of this experimentation occurs. New Zealand affords the best example of it. It provides elaborate legal

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protection for the eight-hour day. A workman cannot consent to work overtime without extra pay. The state sees that he gets the extra pay. It looks closely after the condition of women and children in the factories. It sees that servant girls are not overcharged by the registry offices for getting them places. It prescribes one half-holiday a week for all persons employed in stores and offices, and sees that they take it. It will not allow even a shopkeeper who has no employees to dispense with his half-holiday; because if he does not take it, his competition will injure those who do. The "labor department" of the government has an army of inspectors, who keep a close watch on stores and factories, and prosecute violations of the law which they themselves discover. They do not wait for complaints; they ferret out infractions, so that the laborer may not have to prejudice himself by making charges. The department publishes a "journal" once a month, which gives detailed reports of the condition of the labor market in all parts of the colony, and of the prosecutions which have taken place anywhere of employers who have violated the law. It provides insurance for old age and early death, and guarantees every policy. It gives larger policies for lower premiums than any of the private offices, and depreciates the private offices in its documents. It distributes the profits of its business as bonuses among the policyholders, and keeps a separate account for teetotalers, so that they may get special advantages from their abstinence. The "journal" is, in fact, in a certain sense a labor manual, in which everything pertaining to the comfort of labor is freely discussed. The poor accommodation provided for servants in hotels and restaurants is deplored, and so is the difficulty which middle-aged men have in finding employment. More attention to the morals and manners of nursemaids is recommended. All the little dodges of employers are exposed and punished. If they keep the factory door fastened, they are fined. If housekeepers pretend that their servants are lodgers, and therefore not liable to a compulsory half-holiday, they are fined. If manufacturers are caught allowing girls to take their meals in a workshop, they are fined.

As far as I can make out, too, without visiting the country, there is as yet no sign of reaction against this minute paternal care of the laborer. The tendency to use the powers of the government chiefly for the promotion of the comfort of the working classes, whether in the matter of land settlement, education, or employment, seems to undergo no diminution. The only thing which has ceased, or slackened, is the borrowing of money for improvements. The results of this borrowing have been so disastrous that the present generation, at least, will hardly try that experiment again. Every new country possessing a great body of undeveloped resources, like those of the North American continent and of Australia, must rely largely on foreign capital for the working of its mines and the making of its railroads. In this country all that work has been left to private enterprise, or, in other words, to the activity of individuals and corporations. Apart from some recent land-grants to railroads and the sale of public lands at low rates, it may be said that our government has done nothing whatever to promote the growth of the national wealth and population. The battle with nature, on this continent, has been fought mainly by individuals. The state in America has contented itself, from the earliest times, with supplying education and security. Down to a very recent period the American was distinguished from the men of all other countries for looking to the government for nothing but protection to life and property. Tocqueville remarked strongly on this, when he visited the United States in the thirties. This habit has been a good deal broken up by the growth of the wage-earning class

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since the war, by the greatly increased reliance on the tariff, and by the government issue of paper money during the rebellion. In the eyes of many, these things have worked a change in the national character. But we are still a great distance from the Australian policy. The development of the country by the state, in the Australian sense, has only recently entered into the heads of our labor and socialist agitators. The American plan has hitherto been to facilitate private activity, to make rising in the world easy for the energetic individual, and to load him with praise and influence after he has risen. This policy has been pursued so far that, in the opinion of many, the individual has become too powerful, and the government too subservient to private interests. There are, in fact, few, if any states in the Union which are not said to be dominated by rich men or rich corporations.

This is a not unnatural result of two things. One is, as I have said, our having left the development of the country almost wholly to private enterprises. It is individual capitalists who have worked the mines, made the railroads, invited the immigrants and lent them money to improve their farms. The other is the restrictions which the state constitutions, and the courts construing them, place on the use of the taxes. There are very few things the state in America can constitutionally do with its revenue, compared with what European governments can do. Aids to education are tolerated, because education is supposed to equip men more thoroughly for the battle of life, but the American public shrinks from any other use of the public funds for private benefit. We give little or no help to art, or literature, or charity, or hospitals. We lend no money. We issued legal tender paper under many protests and in a time of great national trial, have never ceased to regret it, and shall probably never issue any more. We are angry when we find that any one enjoys comforts or luxury at the expense of the state. We cannot bear sinecures. But our plunge into pensions since the war shows that there now exists among us the same strong tendency to get things out of the state, and to rely on its bounty, which prevails in Australia. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that at present we owe a good deal of what remains of laissez faire in our policy to our constitutions and courts. We owe the constitutions and the courts to the habits formed in an earlier stage of American history. It was the bad or good fortune of the Australian colonies to enter on political life just as the let-alone policy was declining under the influence of the humanitarian feeling which the rise of the democracy has brought with it everywhere. More constitution than was supplied by the enabling acts of the British Parliament was never thought of, and the British Parliament did not think of imposing any restraints on legislation except those which long custom or British opinion imposed on Parliament itself.

The result is that Australia is absolutely free to democratic experimentation under extremely favorable circumstances. In each colony the state has apparently existed for the benefit of the working classes, who must always constitute the majority of the people in every community, and the masses have been provided with work and protection, in complete disregard of European traditions. The experiment has turned out pretty well, owing to the abundance of land, the natural wealth of the country, and the fineness of the climate. But each colony is forming its political habits, and I cannot resist the conclusion that some of them are habits which are likely to plague the originators hereafter. For instance, the task of finding work for the unemployed, and borrowing money for the purpose, though this generation has seen it fail utterly in the first trial, will probably be resorted to again, with no more fortunate results. Nor can I be-

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lieve that the growing paternalism, the sedulous care of the business interests of the masses, will not end by diminishing self-reliance, and increasing dependence on the state.

The worst effects of these two agencies, of course, in a country of such wonderful resources as Australia, must be long postponed. There are hindrances to progress in the direction of pure "collectivism" yet in existence, many problems to be solved, Old World influences to be got rid of, before Australia finds herself perfectly free from the trammels which the régime of competition still throws around every modern society. But so far as I can judge from the accounts of even the most impartial observers, every tendency which is causing us anxiety or alarm here is at work there, without any hindrance from constitutions; though there is great comfort among the people, and there is a hopefulness which cannot but exist in any new country with immense areas of vacant land and a rapidly growing population.

One check to all leveling tendencies is the extremely strong hold which the competitive system has taken of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is no other race in which there is still so much of the rude energy of the earlier world, in which men have such joy in rivalry and find it so hard to surrender personal advantages. This renders communal life of any kind, or any species of enforced equality, exceedingly difficult. It will probably endanger the permanence of all the social experimentation in Australia, as soon as this experimentation plainly gives evidence of bestowing special advantages on the weak, or lazy, or unenterprising. There is not in Australia the same extravagant admiration of wealth as a sign of success that there is here, but there are signs of its coming. The state has undertaken to do so many things, however, through which individuals make fortunes here, that its coming may be slow. The wealthy Australian, who dislikes rude colonial ways, and prefers to live in England, is already a prominent figure in London society, and, like the rich Europeanized American, he is an object of great reprobation to the plain Australian, who has not yet "made his pile" and cannot go abroad. Then there is a steady growth of national pride, which is displaying itself in all sorts of ways, — in literature, art, and above all athletics, as well as in trade and commerce. The development of athletic and sporting tastes generally is greater than elsewhere, and competition is the life of athletics. An athlete is of little account until he has beaten somebody in something. "The record" is the record of superiority of somebody in something over other people. The "duffer" is the man who can never win anything. The climate helps to foster these tastes, and the abundance of everything makes the cultivation of them easy; but they are tastes which must always make the sinking of superiority — or, in other words, any communal system — difficult. Australia may develop a higher type of character or better equipment for the battle of life, and more numerous opportunities, but it is hardly likely to develop any new form of society. When the struggle grows keener, we are not likely to see a corresponding growth of state aid.

The very rapidity of the experimentation now going on promises to bring about illuminating crises earlier there than here. Probably we shall not get our currency experience here for many years to come. Were the Australians engaged in trying our problem, they would reach a solution in one or two years. We are likely in the next hundred years to see a great many new social ventures tried, something which the wreck of authority makes almost inevitable; but there seems no reason to believe that the desire of the Anglo-Saxon variety of human nature to profit by superiority in any quality will disappear. The cab-

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inet system of government is in itself a strong support to individuality, for reasons I have already given.

Another steadying influence in Australia, perhaps one of the most powerful in a democratic community, is the press. The press, from all I can learn, is still serious, able, and influential. It gives very large space to athletics and similar amusements, but seems to have retained a high and potent position in the discussions of the day. The love of triviality which has descended on the American press like a flood, since the war, has apparently passed by that of Australia. Why this should be I confess I have not been able to discover, and can hardly conjecture. If we judge by what has happened in America, it would be easy to conclude that the press in all democracies is sure to become somewhat puerile, easily occupied with small things, and prone to flippant treatment of great subjects. This is true of the French press, in a way; but in that case something of the tendency may be ascribed to temperament, and something to want of practice in self-government. I cannot see any signs of it in the country press in England. That, so far as I have been able to observe, continues grave, decorous, and mature. There is nothing of the boyish spirit in it which pervades much of our journalism. The weight which still attaches to the tastes and opinions of an educated upper class may account for this in some degree, but the fact is that Australian journals have preserved these very characteristics, although the beginnings of Australian journalism were as bad as possible. Its earliest editing was done by ex-convicts, and the journals which these men set on foot were very like those that have the worst reputation among us for venality and triviality. Strange to say, the community did not sit down under them. There was an immediate rising against this sort of editors in New South Wales. Their control of leading newspapers was treated as a scandal too great to be borne, and they were driven out of the profession. The newspapers then passed largely into the hands of young university men who had come out from England to seek their fortunes; they gave journalism a tone which has lasted till now. The opinions of the press still count in politics. It can still discredit or overthrow a ministry, because the duration of a ministry depends on the opinion of the legislature, and that, in turn, depends on the opinion of the public. There can be no defiant boss, indifferent to what the public thinks, provided he has "got the delegates." In fact, the Australian system seems better adapted to the maintenance of really independent and influential journals than ours. The fixed terms of executive officers and the boss system of nomination are almost fatal to newspaper power. So long as results cannot be achieved quickly, the influence of the press must be feeble.

Of course, in speaking of a country which one does not know personally, one must speak very cautiously. All impressions one gets from books need correction by actual observation, particularly in the case of a country in which changes are so rapid as in Australia. Of this rapidity every traveler and writer I have consulted makes mention, and every traveler soon finds his book out of date. Sir Charles Dilke visited Australia about 1870, but writing in 1890 he dwells on the enormous differences of every kind which twenty years had brought about. The latest work on Australia, Mr. Walker's Australasian Democracy, gives as an illustration of this transientness of everything the fact that the three colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria have had respectively twenty-eight, forty-two, and twenty-six ministries in forty years. One can readily imagine how many changes of policy on all sorts of subjects, and how many changes of men, these figures represent. All travelers,

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too, bear testimony to the optimism of the people in every colony. Nothing is more depressing in a new country than officialism, or management of public affairs by irresponsible rulers. From this the Anglo-Saxons have always enjoyed freedom in their new countries. The result has always been free play for individual energy and initiative; and with boundless resources, as in America and Australia, these qualities are sure to bring cheerfulness of temperament. The mass of men are better off each year, mistakes are not serious, mutual helpfulness is the leading note of the community, nobody is looked down on by anybody, and public opinion is all powerful. In Australia there is more reason for this, as yet, than with us. The Australians are not tormented by a race question, they have never had any civil strife, and they have not yet come into contact with that greatest difficulty of large democracies, the difficulty of communicating to the mass common ideas and impulses.

E. L. Godkin.

NOTE. As I have endeavored to give in this article impressions rather than facts, I have not thought it worth while to cite authorities for all my statements. I will simply say that I have formed these impressions from perusal of the following works: The Australian Colonies in 1896, E. A. Petherick, 1897; New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen, 1840–97, William Gisborne; Oceana, J. A. Froude, 1886; Queensland, Rev. John D. Lang, D. D., 1864; The Coming Commonwealth, R. R. Garlan, 1897; The Australians, Francis Adams, 1893; The Land of Gold, Julius M. Price, 1896; New Zealand Official Year Book, 1897; Reports of Department of Labor, 1893–97; Journal of 1897; Problems of Greater Britain, Sir Charles Dilke, 1890; Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, Dr. Lang, 1875; Thirty Years of Colonial Government, Sir G. F. Bowen, 1889; Australian Democracy, Henry de R. Walker, 1897; History of New Zealand, G. W. Rusden, 1891; Western Australian Blue Book.

THE SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF JAPAN.

To a Japanese who to-day, after a lapse of many years, revisits the United States, nothing can be more amazing, as well as gratifying, than the intense interest which Americans take in his country. It is not only the educated and thoughtful who have come to appreciate the deeper thought and peculiar genius of the Sunrise Land, but the whole mass of people seems to have become alive to that friendly and almost romantic feeling which has existed between the two countries since (and probably because of) the first opening of Japan by Commodore Perry. One cannot help contrasting the questions now asked with those that used to be put to him in the early seventies, and that revealed somewhat muddled ideas in regard to the countries of the Far East. It is found that in at least one department of art — the decorative — Japan has affected the Occident quite as much as the Occident has influenced Japan in various aspects of modern life. Under these circumstances, a native of Japan finds it a great pleasure to tell the American reader what he can about his own country. The following notes on the social life of Japan were put together as likely to answer best the questions that were asked me most frequently, and are taken from certain lectures which I had the honor of delivering before the Lowell Institute in Boston. If in any way, however slight, they may help to promote a better understanding of my country, I shall feel that my task has not been in vain.

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The empire of Japan, I need hardly say, consists of a chain of islands which form the bulwark of the Asiatic continent in the Pacific Ocean. It is divided from the continent by three comparatively shallow seas, Okhotsk, Japan, and East China, while toward the ocean the sea deepens very rapidly to abyssal depths within a short distance of Japan; the famous Tuscarora ground, the deepest part of any ocean known until recently, lying off the northern coast. The chain begins with Shimshu, the first island south of Kamtschatka, and extending through the Kuriles expands into the large island of Yezo, or Hokkaidō. Then comes the main island of Japan, which has no special name, although the name Honshū, or "Main Island," has frequently been applied to it lately. South of the main island are two large islands, Kyūshū, or Kiusiu, and Shikoku. From the southern extremity of Kyūshū the chain goes through a series of small islands, the Ryūkyū, or Loo Choo group, and finally ends with the recently added Formosa and its dependent islands. There is a branch to this main chain, starting from the middle part of Honshū, and extending to Bonin, or Ogasawara, and Sulphur Islands.

The most northern point of the empire is at about 51° N. Lat., and the most southern at about 21° N. Lat. In other words, the country stretches from the latitude of Newfoundland or Vancouver to that of Cuba or Yucatan. As a natural result of this range in latitude there are all sorts of climate, from the subarctic to the tropical.

The area of the whole empire is, in round numbers, 161,000 square miles, a little less than the New England and Middle States combined, or 40,000 square miles larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

Through the entire chain of islands there extends a series of mountain ranges. In fact, smaller islands are nothing but the tops of peaks which arise from the bottom of the sea. Among them there are many volcanoes, extinct and active. Fujiyama is the most famous of these, as everybody knows. From the very nature of the country it is subject to numerous earthquakes; destructive ones, killing thousands in a few minutes, not having been infrequent. Rivers descend, for the most part, very rapidly from the mountains to the sea. At ordinary times their wide and shallow beds are almost dry, but heavy rainfalls soon transform them into wild torrents, often causing disastrous floods and much loss of life and property.

These catastrophes, frightful as they are, are not an unmixed evil. As Mr. Knapp well points out, earthquakes make tenement-houses, with their accompanying miseries, impossible in large cities. Still more important, perhaps, is the effect of these natural calamities on the national character. There is, it seems to me, hardly any question that they — along with other influences, of course — have helped to develop alertness, resoluteness, and fortitude in the presence of an appalling danger or a dire misfortune. A certain amount of fatalism is also partly due to the same cause.

Another influence which environment has exerted on the national character has been the development of the love of nature and the sense of the beautiful. Charming mountain scenery and the exquisite blending of mountain and sea which one meets everywhere cannot fail to cultivate the æsthetic sense of the people. I have seen common workmen lost in admiration of some incomparable view of Fujiyama. It is hard to overestimate the effect of this appreciation of nature on the artistic and poetical life.

The island empire, whose geographical position we have briefly sketched, has forty-two million inhabitants. With the exception of Formosa and the islands in the extreme north, the population is as homogeneous as it can be. Scientific

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men claim that they can discover different types, and there is no doubt that there are such; but they are visible only to keen and trained observation. The whole nation is kin and kith, with the same language, the same history and traditions, and the same ideals. Although the Japanese have unquestionably derived their inspiration from East Indian and Chinese sources, yet by centuries of isolation they have developed a form of civilization which I venture to affirm is in many respects as elaborate and advanced as the Occidental, and yet withal unique. It is only when Japan is looked at in this light, as the representative of a civilization different from the Aryan, that she becomes interesting. Thoughtless travelers are often disappointed in Japan, because they have not grasped this fact. Some of them look on her as something amusing and grotesque, not to be taken seriously. Others apply the same standard in Japan that they would in Europe and America. People in the United States have said to me, "Your country has made great progress lately: you will soon catch up with us." To my mind, it is very doubtful if we ever "catch up." The Aryan and Japanese civilizations are in different paths, and although they will certainly exert mutual influence and approach each other more nearly as time goes on, I feel assured that the history of the centuries behind each civilization will not enable the two ever to become identical.

To the right understanding of any social organization it is essential that something of its past should be known. I regret exceedingly that space does not allow me to give a brief summary of the history of Japan. Fortunately, however, there are works within the easy reach of everybody that will give a fair idea of how out of mythological clouds the first Emperor, Jimmu, appears; how the dynasty which he established has come down to the present day; how Japan early attained a high state of civilization; how, more than a thousand years ago, arts and literature flourished; how the government by shoguns gradually arose, toward the end of the twelfth century; how that form of government passed from one family to another; how it finally came into the hands of the Tokugawas; how that family secured to the country a peace lasting over two hundred and fifty years; how an elaborate system of feudalism was developed, and arts and learning flourished; how the Tokugawas' power came to an end in 1868 with the restoration of the Emperor to full authority; and finally, how this restoration has made possible all the recent marvelous changes which have astonished the world. I should, however, like to emphasize here one fact which should never be lost sight of, in giving any account of Japanese society. I think all Japanese will agree in the statement that the most precious heritage of our country from the past is the imperial dynasty. Japan has never known any other rule from time immemorial, the present Emperor being the one hundred and twenty-first in the line of succession. Only once in the long history of twenty-five hundred years has a rebel been bold enough to try to usurp the throne. If there is any one thing well fixed in Japan, it is that the Emperor is the only natural and legitimate ruler of the country; in the Japanese mind it amounts almost to a law of nature. Reverence paid to the Emperor and the imperial family is something which one not brought up to it will find hard to realize. For my own part, I have no hesitation in saying that this feeling of love and loyalty to the imperial dynasty is one of the greatest blessings we have in Japan. It is the keystone of the arch of the whole social structure; it gives stability to the entire organization. So long as this feeling lasts, anarchy is impossible. This reverence has greatly increased within the last decade, — since the promulgation

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of the constitution in 1889. Yet this has been a time of tremendous change. Old institutions have been transformed, new ones have been created, and there has proceeded a development of popular opinion so swift and radical as to be almost revolutionary.

Briefly speaking, the country, which not many years ago was divided up into about two hundred and fifty practically independent *daimiates*, or principalities, regarding one another with more or less jealousy, has been transformed, in the course of thirty years, into a thoroughly modern nation with a homogeneous population, looking back to and proud of the same historical traditions, and united and ready to face the world under the government of a gracious sovereign descended from an ancient dynasty revered as heaven-sent. During this transformation, European and American ideas and institutions were introduced in such a wholesale way that at one time it almost seemed as if old Japan would be "civilized" off the face of the earth. But now, if one looks below the surface, one is surprised to find how Japan in her innermost life has retained much that was precious in her old self. In olden times, when Buddhistic and Chinese ideas were introduced, Japan digested them and added to them in her own way. After thirty years of apparently blind and indiscriminate absorption of Occidental ideas, Japan feels that she has assimilated them well enough to be able to divide the chaff from the grain; and while constantly increasing her knowledge from outside, she will now, no doubt, develop more in accordance with her peculiar genius, and not endeavor to follow blindly a standard foreign to herself.

These things are not unfamiliar; but it is not of the exotic introductions that I wish to treat; I would rather speak of the original Japanese type and form of civilization, which is so attractive to the American reader.

In Japan, individualism is not developed to the degree attained in this country. The family forms the unit of society. In general the occupation of each family is hereditary. Of course it is natural that in the case of merchants and farmers the son should follow the father's business; but the same thing happens in regard to professional men, artists, and artisans. Certain families are always known as those of physicians. The famous actor Danjuro is the ninth of the same name in his family. Every art collector knows how families of painters, sword-makers, metal-workers, lacquer-artists, etc., have distinguished themselves. Certain families of court musicians have been in the profession for about a thousand years. Even in such a comparatively trifling matter as that of cormorant-fishing in the Nagara River, the occupation has been handed down from father to son for generations. It often happens that a child has no natural talent or bent for the hereditary occupation. In such cases, the child may adopt another profession or trade more congenial to him; but the head of the family will try to find some young person to transmit his calling to, training him in it, and adopting him into the family, generally by marriage with a member of it. It is, for instance, a point discussed with considerable seriousness in some social circles, what Danjuro is going to do about a successor. He has no male child, but it is out of the question that he should let the great name which he bears die with him. He will probably adopt some youth; but at the query who among the young actors has talent enough, knowing ones shake their heads. The rigor of this hereditary transmission of occupation is much relaxed at the present time, especially in the capital, but the custom has still a very strong sway. One good result of this usage is that the occupation handed down from a line of ancestors is something sacred to each descendant, and not only the head, but

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every member must devote his or her energy to see that there is no deterioration. The head of the family not only does his best in his own work, but strains every nerve to train his children as worthy successors. Every little knack of the profession or the trade is carefully handed down, so that the accumulated experience of generations is not lost. In case of artists and artisans, designs and drawings made by great ancestors are set before each generation to study. It seems to me that the unsurpassed beauty of Japanese art works owes its origin largely to this custom.

The fact that the family is the social unit is seen in other circumstances. Among the larger farmers and merchants, in many instances, the head of a family always bears the same name that his predecessor did. As each person succeeds to the dignity he changes his youthful name. In respect to long-established business firms, it is easy to see what advantages there are in this. In some especially wealthy houses of the same classes there are family constitutions, so to speak, which are calculated to protect the common interests as against spendthrift habits or rash deeds of the occupant of the headship at any given time.

The hereditary transmission of the occupation of professional men would do no harm, and would work only good; for if any unworthy person appeared as the representative of a family, the family would simply drop out as the result of natural selection, and no harm would be done. But hereditary holders of political offices, supported by the great power of a government behind them, would soon drag the country down. Fortunately for Japan, this form of hereditary occupation is completely broken. There is now no reason whatever why the humblest cannot rise to the highest office, if only he has merit.

I need hardly repeat that, with this idea of the family, primogeniture prevails largely in Japan. But with the rights of the first-born go also heavy responsibilities; for headship carries with it the duty of seeing that younger brothers and other members are provided for.

The idea of the family as the social unit also strengthens the bonds among the relatives. Around the main branch there gather minor branches, and all keep together closely and help one another. Let us analyze our feeling in respect to the social unit. Filial piety is one of the fundamental doctrines on which Japanese are brought up. This not only includes our immediate parents and grandparents, or perhaps great-grandparents, with whom we come in personal contact, but extends to a long line of ancestors, with of course diminishing feeling, but with just as much respect. Special reverence is paid to that ancestor who is regarded as the founder of the family. Not only is the genealogy kept carefully, but the names of ancestors are inscribed on tablets and preserved in the most sacred place in the whole household, namely, the family shrine; and the anniversaries of their death are observed with religious ceremonies at the house and at the graves. In the case of parents, love would naturally prompt the performance of these offices, as does a sense of reverence for remoter ancestors. Wisely or foolishly, reasonably or unreasonably, there is a feeling in every Japanese that he is lacking in filial piety if he does not see to it that these observances are kept up, even after his death. For that, the continuance of his family as such is a necessity. Aside from the natural love of parents for children, this partly accounts for the important position which children occupy among the Japanese, and for a certain deference with which they are treated. They represent future generations. When there are no children, adoption becomes a necessity, from this point of view.

The desire of making the family a permanent institution has at bottom, it seems

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to me, that universal longing for immortality implanted in the human breast. It is not only that a Japanese would wish to have himself remembered after he is gone, but he deems it a part of his duty to see that the memory of those who have gone before him shall be kept green. Thus the idea of the family as a social unit is kept up by two factors, filial piety and the longing for immortality. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his beautiful essays, A Wish Fulfilled, shows this phase of the Japanese thought.

An average Japanese family of the respectable middle class consists of the head, or master, and his wife, some years younger; and one or both of the parents of the master, if living. These are known as the *go-inkyo sama* (Honorable Mr. or Mrs. Retired Person). They are generally assigned a special wing or room in the house, and in better families usually take their meals by themselves. Then there are, or must be, children. No family can be complete without them. They are the life and cheer of the whole circle. Of course there are servants: two would be considered a rather small number, five or six a rather large one.

In almost every middle-class house there is a room or rooms where students live, in more or less close proximity to the front entrance, or *genkan*. These students are considered almost essential. If you call at a Japanese house, very likely it is one of these who will come out to admit you. They are in some cases youths whose parents in the country are anxious that their sons should be under the supervision of some reliable person in the city; more generally they are students of slender means, trying to work their way upward in life. If the master of the house takes pleasure in helping young men, as is very often the case, you will find several of them in his genkan. They are usually given board and lodging, and in return for these they answer the calls at the front entrance, run on errands that require intelligence, help children in their lessons, and do light household work. They are treated more as equals than as servants. Most of them attend some school; and if any distinguish themselves in after-life, the family takes pride in them, while they feel toward the house where they lived affection and gratitude.

The women of Japan have often been misunderstood. By those who have known them they have been pronounced the best part of Japan. They have been described as gentle, graceful, beautiful, and self-sacrificing. Not only in the gentler virtues, but also in some sterner aspects of life, the Japanese woman often has shown what she is made of. The rigid code of honor among the samurai class applied equally to women and to men. The short, sharp dagger which in former times women of rank carried concealed in their broad girdles, and which they were as ready to plunge into their own hearts as into their enemies', rather than suffer any dishonor, was but typical of their determination. In cases of desperate struggles, have not mothers and wives killed themselves, that their sons and husbands might go out to battle with nothing to draw them back? There is a story of an heroic woman of the olden time, whose husband, an archer, had the grievous fault of not being able to hold in his arrow until he was entirely ready, letting it go prematurely. One day, as the archer was practicing, trying hard to remedy his shortcoming, his determined wife, with their precious child in her arms, stood up directly in front of his arrow, and forced him to hold it in. This man lived to be a famous archer. Fortunately, in our days there is no occasion for the exercise of these sterner virtues; but they exist. If the country shall ever be in danger, the women will be found as determined as the men.

Any one who speaks against the purity of the Japanese woman knows not whereof he talks, or is a vile slanderer

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who would deprive woman of what is most precious to her. As the mistress of the family, she has as much real authority in the household as her Western sister. As a mother, she is paid great deference by her children. In society, a lady is always treated with respect. There are, without question, some regards in which changes are desirable, but, on the whole, I have no hesitation in saying that the position of woman in Japan is a very high one.

The aim or ideal set before the Japanese, especially of the middle samurai class, is that their family life should be simple and frugal. There are several reasons why this ideal should become emphasized in the Japanese life. According to the stern code of honor which governed the conduct of the samurai in feudal times, the gain of money was to be looked down on, and this feeling was carried so far that the merchant class was placed lowest of all. Wealth was out of the question with the samurai, the highest class. The mere fact that a samurai was rich betokened that something was wrong with him. "To be as poor as if he had been washed clean" was one of the good things that could be said of a samurai. From the very necessity of the case the samurai had to lead a plain and frugal life. Yet they were all men of culture, and we thus had refinement combined with simplicity. All this was strictly true of a time within the memory of men not very far advanced in life, and many of these notions hold sway to-day. Of course, I do not pretend to say that money-getting is not at the present time one of the strong incentives to enterprise and work, but all those rigorous ideas of old tend to make life in contemporary Japan simple. It is considered not well for a man to give himself up to luxuries, even if he can afford them. It is not the question of affording that decides the matter. There is a certain limit in the style of living, beyond which a man, however wealthy, should not go. In olden times there were daimyōs, noted for their wisdom, who, while not sparing in obtaining the very best they could obtain of swords and other weapons, or in giving education to their retainers, or for other purposes of state, themselves led an almost ascetic life, and the teachings of those men are not forgotten to-day. Some of the most delightful men one meets in Japan are those who take poverty as a matter of course, and devote their lives to some scholarly pursuit. You will find that, in spite of the bareness of their houses, these men often possess a precious library such as only a scholar can bring together. "What! Bend my knees to money or for money?" I have heard a man of this class say. "No, thank you. This life of independence is enough for me."

Even in very well to do families, especially of the samurai class, children are made to live a rigorous life, and parents, to keep them company, often deny themselves many little luxuries which they can well afford. Young people — *boys in particular* — *are made to dress* in clothes of coarse stuff. Their companions would laugh at them if they decked themselves out in fine clothes. They are made to face cold and heat in short, scanty apparel. They are made to take pedestrian journeys to famous mountains or historical spots. On such occasions they wear the plebeian straw sandals, always put up at inns of modest pretensions, and the more hardships they undergo, the better. They are made to, and prefer to, ride third-class on the railway, until their own merit entitles them to a better place. I may add that their mothers and sisters are often in the first-class compartments on the same train. I have known the sons of wealthy families to go to foreign countries in the steerage, from the feeling that young men should taste the hardships of the world.

Another social force tending to the

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simplicity of life is the love people have of being *fūryū*. I can think of no exact equivalent of this adjective in English. It may, perhaps, be defined as æsthetic Bohemianism combined with a strong love of nature, though that conveys only a faint idea. It is one of those things which every one feels, but cannot define. In an intense form it is a cult, but its spirit pervades all society. It probably arises in Buddhism. That religion teaches us: "All is vanity; everything is void in this world; only the soul is great." "What is wealth, rank, and power? Why should men struggle after that which is nothing? Rather, let us polish our souls and study the beautiful," say men of this cult. It is Bohemian in that there is an impatience of the every-day conventional life. It is æsthetic in that the sense of the beautiful is assiduously cultivated. The works of art are enjoyed, but nature itself, the moon, stars, seas, mountains, flowers, are the things sought after. "Iza saraba yukimi ni korobu tokoro made!" (Let us now pursue this beautiful snow scene until we perchance fall down!) cries one of these men in a famous *hokku*, or poem in seventeen syllables. It brings out well a certain abandon with which the beautiful is wooed. This cult is impatient of all vulgarities, whether of wealth or of poverty. It has developed a standard of simple refinement and taste. There can be no doubt that it has had the greatest influence on the life of Japan on the artistic and æsthetic side. It has made life simple and yet elegant; it has affected poetry; it has permeated all artistic works; it has made its influence felt on architecture; it has developed a certain ease in social intercourse. So-called tea-ceremonies and the art of floral arrangements are phases of this culture.

Thus the rigorous ideas of the samurai traditions and the æsthetic Bohemianism of the fūryū cult, working from different directions, have acted like the social parallelogram of forces, having for its resultant Japanese society, which people of other nations tell us is unique and interesting to an unusual degree.

I should like to say here a few words about the Japanese house. Fortunately, I need not go into the subject in detail, for it has been treated with minute exactness by Professor Morse in his work on Japanese Homes.

The traveler in Japan often speaks of the entire openness of the houses of humbler classes, — how the shop is widely open toward the front, how you can look through the shop into the living-room behind, and see the whole family life from the street. In larger shops there is not so much exposure, but from the necessity of the case the front of the house must be open toward the street. When we come to the quarters of *yashiki*, or residences, in Tōkyō and other cities, the state of things is very different. A residence is carefully inclosed by a high board fence, stone or brick walls, or, in more suburban parts, by hedges, so that nothing can be seen of the inside of the house or of the grounds around it. I have found it hard to make my countrymen realize the fact that even the best residences in America look directly on the street.

Japanese houses are almost universally built of wood. On the outside they are sometimes painted black, but as a general thing the color of natural wood is left, with only a coat of tannin. In cities the roofs are commonly of black tiles, but they are sometimes of shingles, especially in suburbs and in the country.

Carefully as these houses are guarded from outside, there is hardly any concealment within. Not a single room has a lock and key. Each room can be made separate by sliding doors, but all can be thrown open. It is believed in Japan that members of the same family ought to have very little to conceal from one another.

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The kitchen, the front entrance, and the veranda have always wooden floors. No paint is ever put on any part of the inside of the houses, but the wooden floor is wiped with a damp cloth once or twice a day, so that in course of time it acquires a beautiful polish, and looks as if it had been lacquered or varnished. In all parts of the house other than those mentioned, thick mats, or *tatami*, are placed on the floor. Each of these is three feet by six, and consists of a thick straw bed of one or two inches, over which a mat is spread and sewed on. The longer edges are generally hemmed with strips of strong black cloth. The size of a room is measured by the number of the tatami which cover its floor.

These mats must be kept scrupulously clean, for we sit on them. Small square cushions are often provided, especially in the winter time, but are considered rather as luxuries. Little low tables are used for writing and reading, but generally everything is placed directly on the mats. This manner of living accounts for the absence of chairs, sofas, etc., which every traveler has noticed, and also for the fact that shoes and clogs are always left at the entrance.

Bare as rooms in our houses are thought to look, they are not without ornaments. In every parlor there is a recess called *tokonoma*, the "bed space," but at the present day it is very far from what its name implies. Its plaster wall has usually a different color from the rest of the room. At the rear is suspended at least one *kakemono*, — hanging picture or writing. When there are more than one, they must be interrelated with one another. The kakemonos are frequently changed. On the slightly raised floor of the tokonoma there is commonly placed some precious art work, or a vase with flowers beautifully arranged. Next to the tokonoma there is a recess with shelves, and often with closets closed by tastefully decorated small sliding doors. On these shelves are placed generally one or two works of art. The shelves and the front pillar of the partition between the tokonoma and the shelf recess must be of an extra fine quality of wood. On the side of the tokonoma removed from the shelf recess there is usually an ornamental window. The ceiling of the parlor is also very carefully made, and if of wood must be of a fine quality. There are other ornaments, such as carved panels, "nail covers," etc. It is not very difficult to tell, from a glance at the arrangements in the parlor, what the circumstances of the family are, and what tastes the master has.

Japanese houses must not, however, be taken by themselves. Their relations with the gardens should be considered. Our mild climate renders it possible to open the whole side of a house, so as to make the garden a part of the dwelling. There is no feature of our dwellings, perhaps, more charming than this, especially when the garden has been tastefully laid out, giving a sense of retirement and repose.

To give some idea of Japanese family life, I cannot do better than describe a day's doings.

We all know how we are constantly hearing in our daily life various sounds, the very familiarity of which makes us oblivious to them, for the most part, but the absence of which we feel instantly. The sounds that are heard at daybreak in Japan are thoroughly characteristic. Almost simultaneously with cock-crowing and the plaintive cries of numerous crows that go out to feed during the day is heard the opening of skylights in the kitchens. If by chance one happen to be up at this time of day, he soon sees smoke begin to rise from those skylights, as the kitchen fires are lighted. The sounds of the well-wheels are heard, as water is drawn. The preparations for breakfast are evidently going on in the kitchen. Then follows the sound of the

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opening of the rain-doors that have shut in the house during the night. Then is heard the sound of dusting paper sliding doors which shut the rooms from the veranda. The duster is made of strips of paper or cloth tied to a small bamboo pole, and when a door is struck with it, the paper tightly stretched over the door frame acts almost like a sounding-board. You would think that people could hardly sleep through all these noises, but they get accustomed to them easily enough. When one wakes up, after these preparations are made, one hears first the cheerful chirping of sparrows, and very often, in mild days, the beautiful song of the *uguisu*, or Japanese nightingale. Many take pleasure in roaming about the garden a little while in the morning before breakfast, tending plants, perhaps watering some favorite flowers, or snipping a branch or two off some shrub to mend its shape. This does not imply necessarily a large garden. A space ten feet square may be made a source of great enjoyment to a man of taste.

After breakfast the older children go to school, and the master of the house goes to his business or office. The mistress of the family is thus generally left alone, but she also has plenty of duties to perform. If there are old people in the family, the parents of the master, she usually sees them and looks after their comforts. Children also take up a great deal of her time. In Japan ladies never go to market. Tradespeople come to the house. The fish-dealer brings his stock, and if any is bought he prepares it for cooking. The greengrocer, the *saké*-dealer, and nowadays the meat-man come one after another. There is much sewing to be done, also, for both men's and women's clothes, except the very best, are almost always made at home, and they are made over every year. I fear that my knowledge of this department of household activities is rather limited, but I imagine that there has to be a great deal of planning, cutting, and basting, to make things go well and economically. In the morning, you will often find ladies in the characteristic occupation of doing *harimono;* that is, of starching old pieces of cloth and spreading them on large oblong boards (*harimono-ita*) in order to let them dry in the sun. It is the first process in the making over of old clothes. All this is done in the open air, and gives ladies an hour or so of outdoor occupation.

The noonday meal was *the* meal of the day in old times, but it is getting to be only a light one in Tōkyō, as many of the family are apt to be away.

It is generally in the afternoon that ladies go out, if they are inclined to do so. They may go to see relatives or to make calls on friends. One or more of their children may often accompany them. I think it shows the respect in which ladies are held that the *jinrikishas* in which they are carried are usually beautiful. While a man would not care much about the appearance of his vehicle, and often rides in a dilapidated hired hack, the carriage which his wife uses is likely to be very neat. All private jinrikishas nowadays are painted in the beautiful shining black lacquer, with no ornament but the family crest on the back. The drawer of the jinrikisha for a lady is also dressed in the approved style, and must be a steady man.

By four or five in the afternoon, things that have been spread about the house, children's toys, sewing, etc., are put away in their places. The house is again swept very carefully, and the veranda is wiped once more with a damp cloth. Soon all the members of the family come home. If it is summer time, they indulge in a bath to wash off the sweat and dust of the day, and get into cool and easy starched clothes. The evening meal is taken comparatively early, — at or a little before dusk, the year through. A small table about a foot square and eight inches high is set before each person. There is space for

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four or five dishes or bowls, only four or five inches in diameter. There are definite places for all kinds of food. Thus, the bowl for rice is always on the left, nearest to the person, and soup next to it on the same side, and so forth. Rice, boiled in such a way that every grain is separate, is the great staple of food. It is taken plain, without the addition of anything. When I tell people in Japan that rice is taken with milk and sugar in America, what dismay it causes! At a meal, there is a maid with a box full of rice by her, ready to replenish one's bowl. The strength of one's appetite is measured by the number of bowlfuls of rice he eats. When the maid receives a bowl from any one, she looks into the bottom of it, and if she sees any grains of rice left, she knows that more is wanted. If the bowl is entirely empty, it signifies that the person is through, and she pours some tea. Fish and vegetables are also taken largely, and nowadays meat is sometimes used.

When night comes, beds are prepared. Bedding is brought out from the closets where it has been put away during the day. One or two large thick *futons*, or cushions, are laid directly on the mats of bedrooms, and coverings which look like enormous *kimono* or clothes are spread over them. Every traveler has told of the pillow made of a wooden box with a little cylindrical cushion on the top, but this kind of pillow is going out of fashion. Softer cylindrical pillows, made by stuffing a cloth bag with husks of buckwheat, are now more commonly used. In the summer it is necessary to have mosquito nets, which generally inclose the whole room.

A great institution of a Japanese family is the *hibachi*, or fire-box. It may have been in the family for a number of years; or, if a young couple has started in a new house, the hibachi is given by the parents or elderly relatives, or by some friends who have had care of the young people more or less. It is large in size, and has the inside covered with copper which is always kept bright. It is filled with wood or straw ashes up to within two or three inches of the top, and in one particular spot in it there is a charcoal fire. All through the day the water is kept hot over it in an iron kettle, ready for use in making tea at any time. In winter nights the hibachi is apt to be the centre of the family life. The master sits generally on one side of it, the side on which its little drawers do not open, and the mistress of the house on the other side. Children and other members of the family sit near, usually making a circle with the lamp in the centre. Cheerful conversation with much laughter is likely to go around such a family circle.

As a rule, Japanese families retire early. Ten o'clock is about the average time. Eleven is considered late. A function that begins at nine or ten and lasts till the small hours of the morning fairly staggers the Japanese. "Why," they say, "even ghosts, who are *comme il faut*, retire by that hour."

In Japan, outside of the diplomatic corps, and a small circle of high officials who have more or less to do with the diplomatic corps, there is hardly anything of what is called "society." Balls, receptions, dances, afternoon teas, etc., are practically unknown. The code of etiquette which governs these functions and the system of formal calling in the Occident is as amazing to us, perhaps, as our tea-ceremonies are to the American. The lack of these functions does not mean, however, that there is not much genuine hospitality among us. Friends come and go when they please. With ladies in Tōkyō there is a great deal of calling on one another, especially soon after New Year's. When a visitor calls at the house, he is shown to the parlor, and a hibachi in the winter time, or a small box for lighting tobacco pipes in

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the summer time, is taken in. Then follow a cup of tea and a bowl of cakes or sweetmeats. After the host or hostess appears, a tea-tray with cups, hot water, tea, etc., is brought in, and either the host or the maid makes tea and hands it to the guest. If the hostess is present, she ordinarily undertakes the office of making tea. In case of a lady caller, a piece of paper folded in a peculiar way is laid on a tray, and some sweetmeats or cakes are placed on it for her, as a lady is not likely to help herself from the bowl. When she leaves, the cakes are wrapped up in the paper on which they have lain, and she is invited to take them with her; or if she has come in a jinrikisha, the package is quietly placed in it by a maid. Little presents, perhaps boxes of sweetmeats, are often given by callers. On occasions of congratulations, a large wooden box is taken with eggs or the dried flesh of a fish called *bonito*, used a great deal as stock in cooking. All presents are beautifully done up in one or two sheets of thick white paper, tied in a certain neat way with a bunch of small strings, of which one half is dyed red and the other half white. Certain characters expressing good wishes are generally written on the paper. Presents other than fish are always accompanied by what is called *noshi*, a piece of parti-colored paper folded in a peculiar way, holding a piece of pressed and dried molluscan flesh. In olden times, all presents were accompanied by fish; the noshi is the remnant of that custom, and has come to symbolize a present. If any one says he sent a thing with a noshi, it means that he made a present of it.

Little dinner parties are of frequent occurrence. On special occasions large feasts are given. These may be at the house if it is of sufficient size, and especially if the host is proud of his parlor or garden, but quite as often they are at some approved tea-house, such as the Maple Club in Tōkyō, so well known to tourists. At such festivities, little square cushions are placed along the sides of the room, one for each guest. Between each pair of guests a hibachi or a tobacco-lighter is deposited. The seat of honor is by the tokonoma of the room. At feasts, the order of things is slightly different from that of an ordinary meal. When guests take their seats, a square tray with a bowl of soup and a tiny cup is placed before each, but as the number of dishes increases in the course of the feast, so that there is not room on the tray for all of them, some may be put directly on the mats. Those who serve at such feasts are always women. Before anything is touched, waitresses appear, each with a small porcelain bottle of warmed saké, — a drink looking very much like sherry, and brewed from rice, — and the tiny cup of every guest is filled. After this, one may begin to eat. Dishes will continue to be brought in at intervals, but no dish not empty will be removed. After a while, if one stands up, he will look over a sea of plates, bowls, platters, and cups. A guest may leave his place, and go to talk and exchange cups with any friend. The host exchanges cups with every guest, but as that involves a great deal of drinking, a merciful provision is made for those who cannot endure much. Here and there are found bowls of water, in which one washes a cup before handing it to his friend, and those who cannot drink much are at liberty to pour off saké into them. The hardest drinkers at feasts are these water-bowls. When any guest calls for rice, it means that he is through drinking and wants to finish his feast. One hears often at such a feast, "Oh, it is too early for you to take to rice." If ladies are present, they are usually ranged together along one side of a room, and form the decorous gallery. They are not pressed to drink, and begin their rice quite early. A lady, unless it is the hostess, never leaves her seat to go to a friend. It is gentlemen, always, who

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come to her and ask if she will condescend to give them a cup. When a guest has finished, the dishes which he has not touched will be put into a wooden box, and he will usually find this in his jinrikisha when he gets home.

During such feasts special entertainments may be given. Often they consist of dancing, but there may be story-telling, legerdemain, little comedies, or recitals with the accompaniment of music, etc.

As to amusements, they are of many kinds. The game of "go" is very popular. It is played on a board much like a chessboard, but with many more squares. It is played with black and white circular pieces, one of superior skill always taking the white. The game consists in capturing as much of the territory on the board as one can according to certain rules. This game and chess (much like the European) are perhaps the most scientific of Japanese games, and enthusiastic players obtain degrees in them. There are various card-plays. One kind called *hana-awase* is often played, although it is in bad odor, as there is a great deal of gambling with it. European cards also have been introduced. Perhaps the most popular game in which young people of both sexes unite is that which is called "poem cards." There is a famous selection of a hundred poems which everybody knows or which are known because of this game. There are two packs of one hundred cards each. On one set, the whole or the first half of the poems are written; on the other pack, only the second half. The latter set is scattered without any order on the floor. As one person reads off a poem from the pack with whole pieces, each player tries to find the card corresponding to it in the pack that is scattered on the floor. The one who gets the largest number wins. Sometimes two sides are formed, and the game is played according to a certain set of rules. When young men alone engage in it, one sees a scrimmage on the floor such as is seen on the football field in America. This game is played during the New Year's holidays only.

There are other forms of amusements. For men, there are archery, fishing with lines and with nets, and, of late, shooting. Ladies — and men too — frequently engage in tea-ceremonials and floral arrangements. I regret that it is not possible to describe these in detail in such an article as the present. Young girls often take lessons in these arts, because they thus learn etiquette and become graceful in their deportment. It is quite characteristic of Japan that there are several schools in each of these arts.

The theatre is a great institution, and occupies a larger place in Japanese social life, I think, than it does in the American. A performance in Tōkyō generally lasts from eleven in the morning till seven or eight in the evening, — about eight hours. If things were ordered as in American theatres this would be intolerable. Nobody could stay in a seat for that length of time. Around a Japanese theatre, however, there are several tea-houses. These often serve as rendezvous for theatre parties. One spends the time between the acts in a tea-house, taking one's ease. Meals are served there. In fact, it is one's home during the day, and one goes into the theatre only when the curtain is about to rise. Historical plays are probably the most popular. A day always ends with a bright, cheerful play, with a great many beautiful dresses and much graceful dancing. There are no actresses in Japanese theatres; occasionally there is a company of women-players, but in such a case there are no male actors. It is a question if a man, however skillful, can render truthfully a woman's feelings, but the skill displayed is certainly wonderful.

There are many peculiarities in the construction of a Japanese playhouse —

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such as the revolving stage and the *hana-michi* — which will repay the study of a foreigner. The Japanese theatre is perhaps the only institution which is developing in its own way, without much foreign influence. I advise all travelers in Japan to visit a good theatre, taking pains to know something about the play beforehand. It will give more insight into Japanese life than anything else. It is, moreover, the only place where old Japan can be seen, for the days of feudalism are very faithfully portrayed in many of the plays.

Wrestling is also a popular amusement. Wrestlers are enormous, fat giants with prodigious strength. Two great tournaments, each lasting ten days, are held annually in Tōkyō, one in January and the other in May. Wrestlers are divided into two sides, the east and the west, and lovers of the sport wait eagerly to learn how the list or order on each side at each tournament is made out.

The New Year's time is a great festival. Toward the last of the old year, mats are often changed, or at least well beaten, and every part of the house undergoes extra cleaning. Every account must be settled before midnight of December 31. The frantic effort of the hard-pressed to make two ends meet in some way or other is proverbial of the last day of the year. When the morning of New Year's day dawns things are utterly changed. Everybody is at peace with everybody else. All put on new clothes. The front of every house is decked with pine, bamboo, and various other things symbolic of longevity and happiness, and the street assumes a festive appearance. Callers by thousands are about. It is the season when everybody has a good time.

Toward the end of March the weather begins to grow mild, and people begin to think of taking outdoor excursions. Plum-trees are the first to blossom. Early in April the great cherry season comes. This is getting to be more and more like a carnival. In Tōkyō the trees in the Uyeno Park bloom first, then those of the Sumida Bank, then the Asuka-yama, the Koganei, etc. If one wants to see the crowd, the afternoon is the best time, but a ride through the avenues or arches of cherry-trees early in the morning, before people are about, is most beautiful and refreshing. After cherries follow in succession, in the spring and summer, the peony, wistaria, iris, morning glory, and lotus. In the autumn we have the glorious foliage, and of course the chrysanthemum. For each of these there is some special locality, and during the season people take delight in making excursions.

In conclusion, I should like to recall a few facts. If I have succeeded in making my points clear, the reader, I hope, will see that, on her serious side, Japan is as much in earnest as any modern nation can be; she is straining every nerve not to be left behind among the first nations of the world. On her lighter side she has a refinement of her own, which, although peculiar, is yet of a high quality. It has been said that Japan has put on a "thin veneer of civilization," and is likely to relapse into savagery or barbarism at any time. Is that accusation based on anything but ignorance? It seems to me that there is no savagery or barbarism for us to relapse into. As to going back to the old state, that is no more possible than for the United States to go back to the institution of slavery. In closing, let me earnestly express the hope that the good will and friendship which have ever existed between America and Japan will keep increasing as time goes on and as we come to understand each other better.

K. Mitsukuri.

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THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

IX.

At eight o'clock, Guida and her fellow voyagers, bound for the Ecréhos rocks, had caught the first ebb of the tide, and with a fair wind from the southwest had skirted the south coast, ridden lightly over La Roque Platte and the Banc des Violets, and shaped their course northeast. Guida kept the helm all the way, as she had been promised by Ranulph Delagarde. It was still more than half-tide when they approached the rocks, and, with the fair wind, there should be no difficulty in landing.

No more desolate spot could be imagined. To the left, facing toward Jersey, was a long sand-bank. Between the rocks and the sand-bank shot up a tall, lonely shaft of granite, with an evil history. It had been chosen as the last refuge of safety for the women and children of a shipwrecked vessel, in the belief that high tide would not reach them. But the wave rose maliciously, foot by foot, till it drowned their cries forever in the storm. The sand-bank was called Ecrivière, and the rock was afterward known as the Pierre des Femmes. Other rocks, less prominent, but no less dangerous, flanked it, — the Noir Sablonière and the Grande Galère.

To the right of the main island was a group all reef and shingle, intersected by treacherous channels; in calm lapped by water with the colors of a prism of crystal, in storm beaten by a leaden surf and flying foam. These isles were known as the Colombière, the Grosse Tête, Tas de Pois, the Marmotiers, and so on, — each with its retinue of sunken reefs and needles of granitic gneiss lying low in menace. Happy the sailor, caught in a storm and making for the shelter which the little curves in the island offer, who escapes a twist of the current, a sweep of the tide, and the impaling fingers of the submarine palisades.

What evils had those seafaring Normans done, what blasphemy made that ancient littoral of Normandy so cursed, that the unseen powers dragged down their land, forest and dune and cliff, chapel and castle and hovel, and the sea rose up and covered them; so that Mont St. Michel, once buried in the gloom of a vast wood, stood out bare and staring upon a lonely coast, the ocean washing the fields at its feet, where once the cattle on a thousand mielles had grazed? All that remained of the outworks of this northern coast that Cæsar knew were Jersey and this long range of perilous rocks, which from the Ecrivière bank goes on to the Ecréhos and to the Dirouïlles; on to the Paternosters; on to Guernsey, Sark, Jethou, Herm; to the Casquets and to Alderney on the north, and south to the Enquêtes, the Minquiers, and the Chausseys, until you come to the bay of St. Malo and its ancient town, where the houses swarm behind the wide walls like bees in a hive, and you anchor free at the foot of Solidor. If the gods intended that for the sins his fathers sinned he who went or came from the Norman or Breton coast should find hard passage, they have had their way: who goes at all goes warily on these coasts.

After Armorica and the Forest of Scissy had passed, and the time of the great mourning was gone, the holy men of the early Church, looking out over the troubled sea to where Maître Ile rose, marked it for a place of prayer and penance and refuge from the storms of war and the follies of the world. So it came to pass, for the honor of God and the Virgin Mary, the Abbey of Val Richer builded a priory there. It prospered awhile: there the good men

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stayed, burning beacons to warn mariners, and saying masses for the souls of departed kings and warriors of France and England; and there are still the ruins of the ancient monastery and chapel, beneath which lie the bones of the monks of Val Richer in peace beside the skeletons of unfortunate gentlemen of the sea of later centuries, pirates from France, buccaneers from England, and smugglers from Jersey, who kept their trysts in the precincts of the ancient chapel.

The brisk air of early autumn made the blood in Guida's cheeks tingle. Her eyes were big with light and enjoyment. Her hair was caught close by a gay cap of her own knitting, but a little of it escaped, making a pretty setting to her face.

Jean Touzel's boat, the Talmouse, rode under all her courses, until, as Jean said, they had put the last lace on her bonnet. Guida's hands were on the tiller firmly, doing Jean Touzel's bidding with an exact promptness. In all they were five. Beside Guida and Ranulph, Jean and Jean's wife, there was a young English clergyman of the parish of St. Michael's, who had come from England to fill the place of the rector for a few months. Word had been brought to him that a man was dying on the Ecréhos. He had heard that the boat was going, he had found Jean Touzel, and here he was, with a biscuit in his hand and a black-jack of French wine within easy reach. Not always in secret the Reverend Lorenzo Dow loved the good things of this world. His appetite was large, and if wine was to his hand he drank it; but then it must in justice be said that cider or coffee would have done quite as well, for he loved the mere exercise of drinking, apart from its stimulation.

What struck one most in the young clergyman's appearance were his outer guilelessness and the oddness of his face. His head was rather big for his body; he had a large mouth which laughed easily, a noble forehead, and big, short-sighted eyes. Without his spectacles he could scarcely see a foot before him. He knew French well, but could speak almost no Jersey patois; so, in compliment to him, Jean Touzel, Ranulph, and Guida spoke English. This ability to speak English was the pride of Jean's life: he babbled it all the way, and chiefly about a certain mythical uncle Elias, who was the text for many sermons.

"Times past," said he, as they neared Maître Ile, "mon onc' 'Lias he knows dese Ecréhoses better as all de peoples of de world — respé d'la compagnie! Mon onc' 'Lias he was a fine man. Once when dere is a fight between de English and de hopping Johnnies," — he pointed toward France, — "dere is seven French ship, dere is two English ship — gentlemen-of-war dey are call. Ah bah! one of de English ships he is not a gentleman-of-war; he is what you call go-on-your-own-hook — privator. But it is all de same — très-ba, all right! What you t'ink coum to pass? De big English ship she is hit ver' bad, she is all break-up. Efin, dat leetle privator he stan' round on de fighting side of de gentleman-of-war and take de fire by her loneliness. Say, den, wherever dere is troub' mon onc' 'Lias he is dere; he stan' *outside de troub' an' look on* — dat is his hobby! You call it hombog? Oh, nannin-gia! Suppose two peoples goes to fight: ah bah! somebody must pick up de pieces — dat is mon onc' 'Lias! He have his boat full of hoysters; so he sit dere all alone an' watch dat great fight, an' heat de hoyster an' drink de cider vine. Ah bah! mon onc' 'Lias he is standin' in de door dat day. Dat is what we say on Jersey: when a man have some ver' great luck, we say he stan' hin de door. I t'ink it is from de Bible or from de helmanac — sacré moi, I not know! . . . If I talk too much, you give me dat black-jack."

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They gave him the black-jack. After he had drunk and wiped his mouth on his sleeve, he said: —

"Oh, my good — ma'm'selle, a leetle more to de wind. Ah, dat is right — tréjous! . . . Dat fight it go like two bulls on a vergée — respé d'la compagnie! Mon onc' 'Lias he have been to England, he have sing 'God save our greshus King;' so he t'ink a leetle. Ef he go to de French, likely dey will hang him. Mon onc' 'Lias he is what you call patreeteesm. He say, 'England, she is mine — tréjous!' Efin, he sail straight for de English ships. Dat is de greates' man, mon onc' 'Lias — respé d'la compagnie! He coum on de side which is not fighting. Ah bah! he tell dem dat he save de gentleman-of-war. He see a hofficier all bloodiness, and he call hup. 'Es-tu gentiment?' he say. 'Gentiment,' say de hofficier; 'han' you?' 'Naicely, t'ank you!' mon onc' 'Lias he say. 'I will save you,' say mon onc' 'Lias, 'I will save de ship of God save our greshus King!' De hofficier wipe de tears out of his face. 'De King will reward you, man alive,' he say. Mon onc' 'Lias he touch his breast and speak out: 'Mon hofficier, my reward is here — tréjous! I will take you into de Ecréhoses.' 'Coum up and save de King's ships,' says de hofficier. 'I will take no reward,' say mon onc' 'Lias, 'but, for a leetle pourboire, you will give me de privator — eh?' 'Milles sacrés!' say de hofficier, 'milles sacrés! de privator!' he say, ver' surprise'. 'Mon doux d'la vie — I am damned!' 'You are damned trulee, if you do not get into de Ecréhoses,' say mon onc' 'Lias — 'à bi'tôt, good-by!' he say. De hofficier call down to him, 'Is dere nosing else you will take?' 'Nannin, do not tempt me,' say mon onc' 'Lias. 'I am not a gourman'. I will take de privator — dat is my hobby.' All de time de cannons grand dey 'Brou-brou! Boum-boum!' what you call discomfortable. Time is de great t'ing, so de hofficier wipe de tears out of his face again. 'Coum up,' he say; 'de privator is yours.'

"Away dey go. You see dat spot where we coum to land, Ma'm'selle Landresse — where de shingle look white, de leetle green grass above? Dat is where mon onc' 'Lias he bring in de King's ship and de privator. Gatd'en-'àle — it is a journee awful! He twist to de right, he shape to de left t'rough de teet' of de rocks — all safe — vera happee — to dis nice leetle bay of de Maître Ile dey coum. De Frenchies dey grind deir teet' and spit de fire. But de English laugh at dem — dey are safe! 'Frien' of my heart,' say de hofficier to mon onc' 'Lias, 'pilot of pilots,' he say, 'in de name of our greshus King I t'ank you — à bi'tôt, good-by!' he say. 'Très-ba,' mon onc' 'Lias he say den, 'I will go to my privator.' 'You will go to de shore!' say de hofficier. 'You will wait on de shore till de captain and his men of de privator coum to you. When dey coum, de ship is yours — de privator is for you.' Mon onc' 'Lias he is like a child — he believe. He 'bout ship and go ashore. Misery me, he sit on dat rocking-stone which you see tipping on de wind. But if he wait until de men of de privator coum to him, he will wait till we see him sitting dere! Gache-à-penn, you say patriote? Mon onc' 'Lias he has de patreeteesm, and what happen to him? He save de ship of de greshus King God save — and dey eat up his hoysters! He get nosing. Gad'rabotin — respé d'la compagnie! — if dere is a ship of de King to coum to de Ecréhoses, and de hofficier say to me," — he tapped his breast, — "'Jean Touzel, take de ships of de King t'rough de rocks,' ah bah! I would rememb' mon onc' 'Lias. I would say, 'A bi'tôt, good-by. . . . Slowlee! Slowlee! We are at de place. Bear wid de land! Steadee! As you go! V'là! hitch now, Maître Ranulph!"

The keel of the boat grated on the shingle.

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The air of the morning, the sailing, the sport of skillfully utilizing the elements for one's pleasure, had given Guida an almost elfish sprightliness of spirits. Twenty times during Jean's recital she had laughed gayly, and never sat a laugh better on any one's countenance than on hers. Her teeth were strong, white, and regular; in themselves they gave off a sort of shining mirth. Her lips were full, but they never parted too widely, and the upper one curled slightly with that especial sort of gladness which comes from enjoying a joke rather better than your neighbors.

At first the lugubrious wife of the happy Jean was inclined to resent Guida's gayety as unseemly, for Jean's story sounded to her as a serious statement of fact, — which incapacity for humor probably accounted for Jean's occasional lapses from domestic grace. If Jean had said that he had met a periwinkle dancing a hornpipe with an oyster, she would have muttered heavily, "Think of that!" The most she could say to any one was, "I believe you, ma couzaine." Some time in her life her voice had dropped into that great well she called her body, and it came up only now and then like an echo. There never was anything quite so fat as she. She was discovered weeping, one day, on the veille in her cottage, because she was no longer able to get her shoulders out of the window to use the clothes-lines that stretched to her neighbor's over the way! If she sat down in your presence, it was impossible to do aught but speculate as to whether she could get up alone. She went abroad on the water a great deal with Jean. At first the neighbors suggested sinister suspicions as to Jean's intentions, for sea-going with one's own wife was uncommon among the sailors of the coast. But at last these dark suggestions settled down into a belief that Jean took her chiefly for ballast, and thereafter she was familiarly called "femme de ballast."

What was going on in her mind no one ever knew. Talking was no virtue, in her eyes. She was more phlegmatic than an Indian, more docile than a cow; and the tails of the sheep on the town hill showed no better the quarter of the wind than the changing color of Aimable's face indicated Jean's coming or going. For Maîtresse Aimable had one eternal secret, — an unwavering passion for Jean Touzel. He was probably unaware of it. If he patted her on the back, on a day when the fishing was extra fine, she breathed so hard with excitement that she had to sit down; if, passing her lonely bed of a morning, he shook her great toe to wake her, she blushed, turned her face to the wall, and smiled a placid smile which augured well for the children who should come about her door that day. She had no children of her own, though the mother was strong in her, and she kept in a little glass jar in the conièthe sweets and licorice and Jersey wonders for the "babas," as she called them. She was so credulous and simple and matter of fact that if Jean had told her that she must die on the spot, she would have said, "Think of that!" or "Je te crais," and then died. If in the vague dusk of her brain the thought glimmered that she was ballast for Jean on sea and anchor on land, she still was content. For twenty years the massive, straight-limbed Jean had stood to her for all things since the heavens and the earth were created. Once, when she had burnt her hand in cooking supper for him, his arm had made a trial of her girth and he had kissed her. The kiss was nearer her ear than her lips, but to her mind this was the most solemn proof of her connubial happiness and Jean's devotion. She was a Catholic, unlike Jean and most people of her class in Jersey, and ever after the night he kissed her she told an extra bead on her rosary and said another prayer.

All this was the reason why at first

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she was inclined to resent Guida's gayety of heart. But when she saw that Maître Ranulph and the curate and Jean himself laughed, she settled down in a grave content which was not broken until the moment came for her to step upon the shore.

They had scarcely reached the deserted chapel, where their dinner was to be cooked by Maîtresse Aimable, before Ranulph bade them note a vessel bearing in their direction.

"She's not a coasting craft," said Jean.

"She doesn't look like a merchant vessel," said Maître Ranulph, examining her through his telescope. "Why, she's a war-ship!" he added.

Jean thought she was not, but Maître Ranulph said, "I ought to know, Jean. Ship-building is my trade, to say nothing of the guns. I was n't two years in the artillery for nothing. See how low the bowsprit lies, and how high the poop. She's bearing this way. She 'll be the Narcissus."

That was Philip d'Avranche's ship.

Guida's face lighted up, her heart beat faster. Ranulph turned on his heel.

"Where are you going, Ro?" Guida asked, taking a step after him.

"On the other side, to my men and the wreck," he replied, pointing.

Guida glanced once more toward the man-o'-war, and then, with mischief in her eye, turned toward Jean.

"Suppose," she said to him, with humorous suggestion, "suppose that the frigate should want to come in: of course you 'd remember your onc' 'Lias, and say, 'A bi'tôt, good-by'!"

An evasive "Ah bah!" with a shrug of the shoulders, was the only reply Jean vouchsafed to make.

In a few minutes they came to the wreck. Ranulph joined his carpenters, and the Reverend Lorenzo Dow went about the Lord's business in the little lean-to of sail-cloth and ship's lumber which had been set up within sight and sound of the toil of Maître Ranulph's men.

When the curate entered the hut the sick man was in a doze; he turned his head from side to side restlessly and mumbled to himself. The curate sat down on the ground beside the man, and, taking from his pocket a book, began writing in a strange, cramped hand. This book was his journal. When a youth he had been a stutterer, and had taken refuge from talk in writing, and the habit stayed even when his affliction grew less. The deeds of every day, the weather, the wind, the tides, were recorded, together with sundry meditations and the inner sensations of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow. The pages were not large, and brevity of statement was the journalistic virtue of the reverend gentleman. Beyond the keeping of this record, this unwavering dissipation of the intelligence, he had no habits, certainly no precision, no remembrance, no system: the business of his life ended there. He had quietly vacated two curacies because there had been bitter complaints that the records of certain baptisms, marriages, and burials might be found only in the checkered journal of his life, sandwiched between fantastic meditations and remarks upon the Rubric. The records had been exact enough, but the system was not canonical, and it depended too largely upon the personal ubiquity of the itinerary priest, and the safety of his journal — and of his life.

While Delagarde was busy at the wreck, Jean Touzel in watching the approach of the third-rate war-ship, and Maîtresse Aimable with cooking, the curate wrote until the sick man woke.

Guida, after the instincts of her nature, had at once sought the highest point on the rocky islet, and there she drank in the joy of sight and sound and feeling. She could see the spire of Coutances, the lofty sands of Hatainville, even the white houses and the cliffs of Carteret, and the trawlers busy

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along the shore. She could see — so perfect was the day — the line which marked the Minquiers far on the southern horizon, the dark and perfect green of the Jersey slopes, and the white flags of foam which beat against the Dirouïlles and the far-off Paternosters, dissolving as they flew, their places taken by others, succeeding and succeeding, as a soldier steps into the gap in the line of battle when a comrade falls. Something in these rocks and something in the Paternosters — perhaps their distance, perhaps their aloofness from all other rocks — fascinated her. As she looked at them, something seemed all at once to chill her, to depress her, — a premonition, a half-spiritual, half-material telegraphy of the inanimate to the animate: not from off cold rock to beautiful, sentient life, but from out that atmosphere which surrounds the inanimate thing, where the life of man has spent itself and been dissolved, leaving — who can tell what? — yet something which speaks, but has no sound.

Guida's eyes were involuntarily held by the lonely granite islets. She could not help but think that somehow they would speak to her if they could. She recalled now the sensation of pain she had often experienced when she had looked into the eyes of dumb animals, because they seemed to be trying to speak to her, and were never able. Biribi, her own dog, would come to her, lifting up his head and looking with a numb intentness into her face, and she would say, "What is it, Biribi?" Sometimes this thought almost overpowered her: that a whole dumb creation, thinking, sentient, nervous beings, were trying to declare themselves, to speak out of their knowledge, to man whose tongue had been loosed, and with all their striving they might not! It was to her one great universal agony. She could not, with a Jersey up-bringing, escape the superstition of the place of her birth, but in her it took a higher form.

Presently, as she looked at the Paternosters, a little shudder of fear passed through her. Physical fear she had never felt, not since that day when the battle raged in the Vier Marchi, and Philip d'Avranche had saved her from the destroying scimiter of the Turk. Now the scene all came back to her in a flash, as it were, and, for the first time remembered since the event, she saw the dark face of the Mussulman, the blue and white silk of his turban, the black and white of his waistcoat, the red of his long robe, and the glint of his uplifted sword. She remembered how the lips of the ruffian had been curled in upon his teeth like the snarl of a vicious dog, and then, in contrast, the warmth, brightness, and bravery on the face of the lad in blue and gold braid who struck aside the descending blade and caught her up in his arms; and she had nestled there, — in the arms of Philip d'Avranche. She remembered how he had kissed her, and how she had kissed him, — he a lad and she a little child, — as he left her with her mother in the watchmaker's shop in the Vier Marchi that day. . . . And she had never seen him again until yesterday.

She looked from the rocks to the approaching frigate. Was it the Narcissus coming, — coming to this very island? She recalled Philip, — how gallant he was yesterday, how cool, with what an air of command! How light he had made of the riot! She did not see that that lightness, command, and gallantry came less from the man than from what, as an officer, he represented. She did not see how much less was Philip's power than that of Ranulph. She accepted and admired Ranulph's strength and courage as a matter of course. She was glad that he was so brave, generous, and good, but the glamour of distance and mystery was around d'Avranche, and remembrance, like a comet, circled through the firmament of eleven years, from the Vier Marchi to the Place du Vier Prison.

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The girl watched the frigate slowly bearing with the land. The jack was flying from the mizzen. They were now taking in her topsails. She was so near that Guida could see the anchor acockbill and the poop lanterns; she could count the treble row of guns, like long black horns shooting out from a rhinoceros hide; she could discern the figure-head lion snarling into the spritsail. Presently the frigate came up to the wind and lay to. Then she signaled for a pilot, and Guida ran toward the ruined chapel, calling for Jean Touzel.

In spite of Jean's late protestations as to piloting a "gentleman-of-war," this was one of the joyful moments of his life. He could not loosen his rowboat quick enough; he was away almost before you could have spoken his name. Excited as Guida was, she could not resist calling after him, mimicking his own voice, "God save our greshus King! A bi'tôt, good-by!"

X.

As Maître Ranulph had surmised, the ship was the Narcissus, and its first lieutenant was Philip d'Avranche. Orders had reached the frigate from the Admiralty the night before that soundings were to be taken at the Ecréhos. The captain had immediately made inquiries for a pilot, and Jean Touzel had been commended to him. A messenger sent to Jean found that he had already gone to the Ecréhos for his own purposes. The captain at once set sail, and now, under Jean's skillful pilotage, the Narcissus twisted and crept through the teeth of the rocks at the entrance, and slowly into the cove, reefs on either side gaping and snarling at her, her keel all but scraping the serrated granite beneath. She anchored; boats put off to take soundings and explore the shore of the Marmotiers and Maître Ile, and Philip d'Avranche was rowed in by Jean Touzel.

Stepping out upon the shore of Maître Ile, Philip slowly made his way over the shingle to the chapel, in no good humor with himself or with the world; for exploring these barren rocks seemed a useless whim of the Admiralty, and he could not conceive of any incident rising from the monotony of duty to lighten the darkness of this very brilliant day. His was not the nature to enjoy the stony detail of his profession. Excitement and adventure were as the breath of life to him. Since he had played his little part at the Jersey battle in a bandbox, eleven years before, he had touched hands with accidents of flood and field in many countries. He had been wrecked on the island of Trinidad in a tornado, and lost his captain and his ship; had seen active service in America and in India; had won distinction off the coast of Arabia in an engagement with Spanish cruisers; was now waiting for his papers as commander of a frigate of his own, and fretted because the road of fame and promotion was so toilsome. Rumors of war with France had set his blood dancing a little, but for him most things were robbed of half their pleasure because they did not come at once.

To-day he was moody, for he had looked to spend it differently. As he walked up the shingle, his thoughts were hanging about a cottage in the Place du Vier Prison. He had hoped to loiter in a doorway there, and to empty his sailor's heart in well-practiced admiration before the altar of village beauty. The sight of Guida's face the day before had given a poignant lilt to his emotions, unlike the broken rhythm of past comedies of sentiment and melodramas of passion. According to all logic of habit, the acuteness of yesterday's impression should have been followed up by to-day's attack; yet here he was, like another Robinson Crusoe, "kicking up the shingle of a cursed Patmos," — so he grumbled to himself. He said Patmos because it was the first name that came to him

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and suggested dreariness of exile. It was not so wild a shot, after all, for no sooner had he spoken the word than, looking up, he saw in the doorway of the ruined chapel the gracious figure of a girl, — and a book of revelation was opened and begun.

At first he did not recognize Guida. It was only a picture that he saw, — a picture which, by some fantastic transmission, fitted in with his reveries. What he saw was an ancient building, — just such a humble pile of stone and rough mortar as one should see on some lonely cliff of the Ægean or on the abandoned isles of the equatorial sea. There was the gloom of a windowless vault behind the girl, but the filtered sunshine of late September was on her face. It brightened the white kerchief and the bodice and skirt of a faint pink, throwing the face into a pleasing shadow where the hand curved over the forehead. She stood like some Diana of a ruined temple looking out into the staring light.

At once his pulse beat faster; for at all times a woman was to him the fountain of adventure, and his unmanageable heart sent him headlong to the oasis where he might loiter at the spring of feminine vanity, or truth, or impenitent gayety, as the case might be. Just in proportion as his spirits had sunk into moodiness and sour reflection, they shot up rocket-high at the sight of a girl's joyous pose of body and the refined color and form of the picture she made. In him the shrewdness of a strong intelligence was mingled with wild impulse. In most men, rashness would be the legitimate offspring of such a marriage of characteristics; but a certain clearness of sight, quickness of decision, and a little unscrupulousness had carried into success many things in his life that otherwise should have been counted foolhardy and impossible. It was the very quality of daring which saved him from disaster.

Impulse quickened his footsteps now. It quickened them into a run when the hand was dropped from the forehead, and he saw the face whose image and influence had banished sleep from his eyes the night before.

"Guida!" broke from his lips.

The man was transfigured. Brightness leaped into his face, and the grayness of his moody eye became as blue as the sea. The mechanical straightness of his figure relaxed into the elastic grace of an athlete. He was a pipe to be played on, an actor with the ambitious brain of a diplomatist; as weak as water, and as strong as steel; softhearted to foolishness, or unyielding when it pleased him.

Now, if the devil had sent a wise imp to have watch and ward of this man and maid, and report to him the progress of their destiny, the instant Philip took Guida's hand, and her violet-blue eyes met his, monsieur the reporter of Hades might have clapped to his book and gone back to his dark master with the message and the record: "The hour of Destiny is struck!" When the tide of life beats high in two mortals, and they meet in the moment it reaches its apogee, and all the nature is sweeping along without command, guilelessly, yet thoughtlessly, the mere physical lift of existence lulling to sleep the wisdom of the brain and poor experience — speculation points all one way. Many indeed have been caught away by such a conjunction of tides, and most of them have paid the price.

But paying is part of the game of life; it is the joy of buying that we crave. Go down into the dark markets of the town. See the long, narrow, sordid streets lined with the cheap commodities of the poor. Mark how there is a sort of spangled gayety, a reckless swing, a grinning exultation, in the grimy caravansary. The cheap colors of the shoddy open-air clothing-house, the blank faded green of the coster's cart, the dark bluish-red of the butcher's stall,

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they all take on a value not their own in the garish lights which flare upon the markets of the dusk. Pause to the shrill music of the street musician, hark to the tuneless voice of the dingy troubadour of the alley-ways, and then listen to the one voice that commands them all, to the call which lightens up faces sodden with devouring vices, eyes bleared with long looking into the dark caverns of crime: "Buy — buy — buy — buy — buy!" That is the tune which the piper pipes. We would buy, and behold, we must pay. Then the lights go out, the voices stop, and only the dark, tumultuous streets surround us, and the grime of life is ours again. Whereupon we go heavily to hard beds of despair, having eaten the cake we bought, and now must pay for unto Penalty, the dark inordinate creditor. And the morning comes again, and then, at last, the evening, when the triste bazaars open once more, and those who are strong of heart and nerve move not from their doorways, but sit still in the dusk to watch the grim world go by. But mostly we hurry out to the bazaars again, and answer to the fevering call, "Buy — buy — buy — buy — buy!" . . . And again we pay the price: and so on to the last foreclosure and the immitigable end.

One of these two standing in the door of the ruined chapel on the Ecréhos was of the nature of those who buy but once, and pay the price but once; the other was of those who keep open accounts in the markets of life: and the one was the woman, and the other was the man.

There was nothing conventional in their greeting.

"You remembered me!" he said in English, thinking of yesterday.

"I should not deserve to be here if I 'd forgotten," she answered meaningly. "Perhaps you forget the sword of the Turk?" she added.

He laughed, and his cheek flushed with pleasure as he replied, "I should n't deserve to be here if I remembered!"

Her face was full of exhilaration. "The worst of it is," she said, "I never can pay my debt. I have owed it for eleven years, and if I should live to be ninety I should still owe it."

His heart was beating hard, and he became daring. "So — thou shalt save my life," he said, speaking in French. "We shall be quits, then, thou and I."

The familiar French "thou" startled her greatly. To hide the instant's confusion she turned her head away, using a hand to gather in her hair, which the wind was lifting lightly. She had not as yet taught herself subtle control and dissimulation of feeling.

"That would n't quite make us quits," she rejoined; "your life is important, mine is n't. You" — she nodded toward the Narcissus — "you command men."

"So dost thou," he declared, persisting in the endearing pronoun.

He meant it to be endearing. As he had sailed up and down the world, a hundred ports had offered him a hundred adventures, all light in the scales of purpose, but not all bad. He had gossiped and idled and coquetted with beauty before; but this was different, because the girl was different in nature from all others he had met. It had mostly been lightly come and lightly go with himself, as with the women it had been easily won and easily loosed. Conscience had not smitten him hard, because beauty as he had known it, though often fair and of good report, had bloomed for others before he came. But here was a nature fresh and unspoiled from the hand of the potter Life.

As her head slightly turned from him again, he involuntarily noticed the pulse beating in her neck, the rise and fall of her bosom. Life, — here was life unpoisoned by one drop of ill thought or light experience.

"Thou dost command men, too," he repeated.

She stepped forward a little from the doorway and beyond him, answering

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back at him, "Oh, I knit, and keep a garden, and command a little home, — that's all. . . . Won't you let me show you the island?" she added quickly, pointing to the hillock where a flagstaff was set on a cone of rock, and moving toward it.

He followed, speaking over her shoulder. "That's what you seem to do," he said, "not what you do." Then, a little rhetorically, "I've seen a man polishing the buckle of his shoe, and he was planning to take a city or manœuvre a fleet!"

She noticed that he had dropped the "thou," and, much as its use had embarrassed her, the gap left when the boldness was withdrawn was filled with regret; for though no one had dared to say it to her before, somehow it seemed not rude on Philip's lips. Philip? Yes, Philip she had called him in her childhood, and the name had been carried on into her girlhood; he had always been Philip to her.

"Oh no, girls don't think like that, and they don't do big things," she replied. "When I polish the pans" — she laughed — "and when I scour my buckles, I just think of pans and buckles." She tossed up her fingers lightly, with a perfect charm of archness.

He was very close to her now. "But girls remember, — they have memories."

"If women had n't memory," she answered, "they would n't have much, would they? They can't take cities and manœuvre fleets." She laughed a little ironically. "I wonder that we think at all, or have anything to think about except the kitchen and the garden, and baking and scouring and knitting," — she paused slightly, her voice lowered a little, — "and the sea, and the work that men do round her. . . . Did you ever go into a market?" she added abruptly.

Somehow she could talk easily and naturally to him. There had been no leading up to confidence. She felt a sudden impulse to tell him all her thoughts, — all save a few. To know things, to understand them, was a passion with her. It seemed to flood and obliterate in her all that was conventional; it removed her far from stereotyped feeling and sensitive egotism. Already she had begun "to take notice" in the world, and that is like being born again; it is the beginning of wisdom. As it grows life becomes less cliché; and when the taking notice is supreme we call it genius; and genius is simple and believing; it has no pride, it is naïve, it is childlike.

Philip appeared to wear no mark of convention, and Guida spoke freely to him. "To go into a market seems to me so wonderful," she continued. "There are the cattle, the fruits, the vegetables, the flowers, the fish, the wood; the linen from the loom, the clothes that women's fingers have knitted. And it is n't just those things that you see, — it 's all that 's behind them: the houses, the fields, the boats at sea, and the men and women working and working, and sleeping and eating, praying a little, it may be, and dreaming a little, — perhaps a very little." She sighed, and added, "That 's as far as I get with thinking. What else can one do in this little island? Why, on the globe which Maître Damien has at St. Aubin's, Jersey is no bigger than the head of a pin. And what should one think of here?"

Her eyes were on the sea; its mystery was in them, the distance, the ebb and flow, the light of wonder and of adventure too. "You — you 've been everywhere," she went on. "Do you remember you sent me once from Malta a tiny silver cross? That was years ago, soon after the battle of Jersey, when I was a little bit of a girl. Well, after I got big enough I used to find Malta and other places on Maître Damien's globe. I 've lived always there, on that spot," — she pointed toward Jersey, — "on that spot that one could walk round in

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a day. What do I know! You 've been everywhere, everywhere. When you look back, you 've got a thousand pictures in your mind. You 've seen great cities, temples, palaces, great armies, fleets; you 've done things; you 've fought and you 've commanded, though you 're so young, and you 've learned about men and about many countries. Look at what you know, and then, if you only think, you 'll laugh at what I know."

For a moment he was puzzled what to answer. The revelation of the girl's nature had come so quickly upon him. He had looked for freshness, sweetness, intelligence, warmth of temperament, but it seemed to him that here were flashes of power. Yet she was only seventeen. She had been taught to see things with her own eyes, and not another's, and she spoke of them as she saw them, — that was all. Her mother, apprehensive always of her own death, had done all in her power to make the child think for herself, yet she had never let Guida imagine that hers was an unusual way of looking at things. The girl would have been astonished if she had been told that she had come to a point far beyond her years, — the point of observation, of withdrawal, when one looks less inward, concerned acutely for one's own feelings, and outward more to the passing show of life. Never, however, save to her mother, had Guida said so much to any human being as within these past few moments to Philip d'Avranche.

The conditions were almost maliciously favorable, and d'Avranche was as simple and easy as a boy, with his sailor's bonhomie and his naturally facile spirit. A fateful adaptability was his greatest weapon in life, and his greatest danger. He saw that Guida herself was quite unconscious of the revelation she was making, and he showed no surprise, no marked eagerness, but he caught the note of her simplicity and earnestness, and he responded to it in kind. He flattered her deftly; not that she was pressed unduly, — he was too wise for that. He took her seriously: and this was not dissimulation, for every word that she had spoken had a glamour, and he now exalted her intelligence beyond reason. He was quite sincere in it: he had never met girl or woman who had talked just as she talked; and straightway, with the fervid eloquence of his nature, he thought he had discovered a new heaven and a new earth. The perfect health of her face, its unaffectedness and its nascent power, the broad forehead, the hair which a breath would lift in undulations, the eyes like wells of light and flame, all these cast a spell upon him. On the instant his headlong spirit declared his purpose: this was the one being for him in all the world; at this altar he would light a lamp of devotion, and he would keep it burning. He knew what he wanted when he saw it. He had always made up his mind suddenly, always acted on the intelligent impulse of the moment. He felt things, he did not study them; it was almost a woman's instinct. He came by a leap to the goal of purpose, not by the toilsome steps of reason.

"This is my day," he said to himself. "I always knew that love would come down on me like a storm." Then, aloud, he said to her, "I wish I knew what you know; but I can't, because my mind is different, my life has been different. When you get out into the world and see a great deal, and loosen a little the strings of your principles, and watch how sins and virtues contradict one another, you see things after a while in a kind of mist. But you, Guida, you see them clearly, because your mind is clear. You never make a mistake; you are always right, because your mind is right."

She interrupted him, a little shocked and a good deal amazed: "Oh, you must n't — must n't speak like that. It 's not so. How can one see and learn unless one sees and knows the world? Surely one can't think right if one does n't see widely?"

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He changed his tactics instantly. Perhaps she was right, after all. The world, — that was the thing? Well, then, she should see the world, through him, with him.

"Yes, yes, you 're right," he answered. "You can't know things unless you see widely. You must see the world, you must know it. You are right: this island, — what is it? I was born here; don't I know? It 's a foothold in the world, but it 's no more; it 's not a field to walk in; why, it 's not even a garden! No; it 's the little patch of green we play in, in front of a house, behind the railings, before we go out into the world and learn how to live."

They had now reached the highest point on the island, where the flagstaff stood. Guida was looking far beyond Jersey to the horizon line. There was little haze; the sky was inviolably blue. Far off against the horizon line lay the low black rocks of the Minquiers. They seemed to her, on the instant, like stepping-stones. Beyond them would be other stepping-stones, and others, and others still again, and they would all mark the way and lead to what Philip called the world. The world! She felt a sudden twist of regret at her heart. Here she was, like a bird tied by its foot to a stake in a garden-bed; or was n't it more like a cow grazing within the circle of its tether, just a docile, stupid cow? Yet it had all seemed so good to her in the past; broken only by slight bursts of wonder and desire concerning that outside world.

"Do we ever learn how to live?" she asked. "Don't we just go on from one thing to another, picking our way, but never knowing quite what to do, because we don't know what 's ahead? I believe we never do learn how to live," she added, half smiling, yet a little pensive, too; "but I am so very ignorant, and" —

She stopped, for suddenly it flashed upon her: here she was baring her childish heart, — he would think it was childish, she was sure he would, — everything she thought, to a man whom she had never known till to-day! She was wrong: she had known him, but it was only as Philip, the boy who had saved her life. And the Philip of her memory was only a picture, not a being; something to think about, not something to speak with, not one to whom she might bare her heart. She flushed hotly and turned her shoulder on him. Her eyes followed a lizard creeping up the stones. As long as she lived she remembered that lizard, its color changing in the sun. She remembered the hot stones, and how warm the flagstaff was when she reached out her hand to it mechanically. But the swift, noiseless lizard running in and out among the stones, it was ever afterward like a coat-of-arms upon the shield of her life.

Philip came close to her. At first he spoke over her shoulder; then he faced her. His words forced her eyes up to his, and he held them.

"Yes, yes, we learn how to live," he said. "It 's only when we travel alone that we don't see before us. I will teach you how to live; we will learn the way together! Guida! Guida!" — he reached out his hand toward her — "don't start so! Listen to me. I feel for you what I have felt for no other being in all my life. It came upon me yesterday when I saw you in the window at the Vier Prison. I did n't understand it. All night I lay in my cabin or walked the deck thinking of you. To-day, as soon as I saw your face, as soon as I touched your hand, I knew what it was, and" — He attempted to take her hand now.

"Oh no, no!" She drew back as if frightened.

"You need not fear me!" he burst out. "For now I know that I have but two things to live for: for my work" — he pointed to the Narcissus — "and for you. You are frightened at me! Why, I want to have the right to protect you, to drive away all fear from your life. You shall be the garden, and I shall be

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the wall; you the nest, and I the rock; you the breath of life, and I the body that breathes it. Guida, ah, Guida, I love you!"

She drew back, leaning against the stones, her eyes riveted upon his, and she spoke scarcely above a whisper, in which were much wonder and a little fear.

"It is not true, — it is not true. You 've known me only for one day, — only for one hour. How can you say it!" There was a tumult in her breast; her eyes shone and glistened; wonder, embarrassed yet happy wonder, looked at him out of her face, which was touched with an appealing, as of the heart which dared not believe, and yet must believe or suffer. "Oh, it is madness!" she added. "It is not true; how can it be true!"

Yet it all had the look of reality: the voice had the right ring; the face had truth; the bearing was gallant, chivalrous, and direct; the force and power of the man overwhelmed her.

She reached out her hand tremblingly, as though to push him back. "It cannot be true," she said. "To think — in one day!"

"It is true," he answered, "true as that I stand here! One day! It is not one day. I knew you years ago. The seed was sown then, the flower springs up to-day, — that is all. You think I cannot know that it is love which I feel for you? It is admiration, it is faith, it is desire; but it is love. When you look upon a flower in a garden, do you not know on the instant if you like it or no? If it is beautiful you desire it. Do you not know, the moment you look upon a landscape, upon the beauty of a noble building, whether it is beautiful to you? If, then, with these things one knows, — these that have no speech, no life, like yours or mine, — how much more when it is a girl with a face like yours, when it is a mind noble like yours, when it is a touch that thrills and a voice that drowns your heart in music! Ah, Guida, believe me that I speak the truth! I know that you are the one passion, the one love, of my life. All others would be as nothing, so long as you live, and I live to see you, to be beside you!"

"*Beside me!*" she broke in, with an incredulous irony which fain would be contradicted; "a girl in a village, poor, knowing nothing, seeing no farther" — she looked out toward the island of Jersey — "seeing no farther than the little cottage in the little country where I was born!"

"But you shall see more," he said: "you shall see all, feel all, if you will but listen to me. Don't deny me that which is life and breathing and hope to me. I will show you the world; I will take you where you may see and know. We will learn it all together. I shall succeed in life. I shall rise. I have needed one thing to make me do my best for some one's sake beside my own; you will make me do it for your sake. Your ancestors were great people in France; and you know mine, centuries ago, were great, also, — that the d'Avranches were a noble family in France. You and I will win our place as high as the best of them. In this war that 's coming between England and France is my chance. Nelson said to me the other day, — you have heard of him, of young Captain Nelson, the man they 're pointing to in the fleet as the one man of them all? — he said to me, 'We shall have our chance now, Philip.' And we shall. I have wanted it till to-day for my own selfish ambition; now I want it for you. This hour, when I landed on this islet, I hated it, I hated my ship, I hated my duty, I hated everything, because I wanted to go where you were, to be with you. It was destiny that brought us both to this place at the same moment. Ah, you can't escape destiny! It was to be that I should love you, Guida!"

He tried to take her hands, but she put them behind her and drew back.

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The lizard suddenly shot out from a hole and crossed over her fingers. She started, shivered at the cold touch, and caught the hand away. A sense of prescience awaked in her, and her eyes followed the lizard's swift travel with a strange fascination. She lifted her eyes to Philip's, and the fear and premonition passed.

"Oh, my brain is in a whirl!" she said. "I do not understand. I am so young. No one has ever spoken to me as you have done. You would not dare" — she leaned forward a little, looking him steadfastly in the face with that unwavering look which was the best sign of her straightforward mind — "I do not understand — you would not dare to deceive — you would not dare to deceive me. I have — no mother," she added, with a simple pathos.

The moisture came into his eyes. He must have been stone not to be touched by the appealing, by the tender inquisition of that look.

"Guida," he cried impetuously, "if I deceive you, may every fruit of life turn to dust and ashes in my mouth! If ever I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone! I should deserve that if I deceived you, Guida!"

For the first time since he had spoken she smiled, yet her eyes filled with tears, too.

"You will let me tell you that I love you, Guida? It is all I ask now, that you will listen to me."

She sighed, but did not answer. She kept looking at him, looking as though she would read his inmost soul. Her face was very young, though the eyes were so wise in their simplicity.

"You will give me my chance, — you will listen to me, Guida, and try to understand?" he pleaded, leaning closer to her and holding out his hands.

She drew herself up slightly, as with an air of relief and resolve. She put a hand in his.

"I will listen and try to understand," she answered.

"Won't you call me Philip?" he said.

A slight, mischievous smile crossed her lips, as eleven years before it had done in the Rue d'Egypte, and, recalling that moment, she replied, "Yes, sir — Philip!"

Just then the figure of a man appeared on the shingle beneath, looking up toward them. They did not see him. Guida's hand was still in Philip's.

The man looked at them for an instant; then started and turned away. It was Ranulph Delagarde.

They heard his feet upon the shingle now. They turned and looked, and Guida withdrew her hand.

XI.

There are moments when a kind of curtain seems dropped over the brain, covering it and smothering it, while yet the body and its nerves are tingling with sensations. It is like the fire-curtain of a theatre let down between the stage and the audience. Were it not for this merciful intervention between the brain and the disaster which would set it aflame, the vital spark of intelligence would burn to white heat and die.

As the years had gone on Maître Ranulph's nature had grown more powerful, and his outdoor occupation had enlarged and steadied his physical forces. His trouble now was in proportion to the force of his personality. The sight of Guida and Philip hand in hand, of the tender attitude and the light in their faces, was overwhelming and unaccountable. Yesterday these two were strangers; it was plain to be seen that today they were lovers, — lovers who had reached a point of confidence and of revelation. Nothing in the situation tallied with Ranulph's ideas of Guida and his knowledge of life. He had been eye

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to eye with this girl, as one might say, for fifteen years: he had told his love for her in a thousand little ways, as the ant builds its heap to a pyramid that becomes a thousand times greater than itself. He had watched at her doorway, he had followed her footsteps, he had fetched and carried, he had served afar off, he had ministered within the gates. Unknown to her, he had watched like the keeper of the house over all who came and went, neither envious nor over-zealous, neither intrusive nor neglectful; leaving here a word and there an act to prove himself, above all, the friend whom she could trust, and in all the lover whom she might wake to know and reward. He had waited with patience, believing stubbornly that she might come to put her hand in his one day.

Long ago he would have left the island, to widen his knowledge, earn experience in his craft, or follow a career in the army (he had been an expert gunner when he served in the artillery four years before), and hammer out fame upon the anvils of fortune in England or in France; but he had stayed here that he might be near her when she needed him. His love had been simple, it had been direct, and in its considered and consistent reserve it had been more than wise. He had been self-obliterating. His love desired to make her happy: most lovers desire that they themselves shall be made happy. Because of the crime that his father had committed years before — because of the shame of that hidden and secret crime — he had tried the more to make himself a good citizen, and he had now formed the commendable and modest ambition of making one human being happy. He had always kept this ambition near him in the years that had gone, and a supreme good nature and cheerfulness of heart had welled up out of his early sufferings and his honesty of character. Hope had beckoned him on from year to year, until it seemed at last that the time had almost come when he might speak. He would tell her all, — his father's crime and the manner of his death on the Grouville road; of the devoted purpose of trying to expiate that crime by his own uprightness and patriotism.

Now, all in a minute, his horizon was blackened. This stranger, this adventurous gallant, this squire of dames, had done in a day what he had worked, step by step, to do through all these years. This skipping seafarer, with his powder and lace, cocked hat and gold-handled sword, had whistled at the gates which Ranulph had guarded and at which he had prayed; and instantly every defense had been thrown down, and Guida — his own Guida — had welcomed the invader with a shameless eagerness.

The curtain dropped upon his brain, numbing it; else he had done some wild and foolish thing, something which he had no right to do. A hundred thoughts had gone crowding together through his mind, as the kaleidoscope of a life's events rushes by the eyes of a drowning man. Then he had turned on his heel and walked away.

He crossed the islet slowly. It seemed to him — and for a moment it was the only thing of which he was conscious — that the heels of his boots shrieked in the shingle, and that with every step he was lifting an immense weight. He paused behind the chapel, where he was hidden from view. The smother lifted slowly from his brain.

"I 'll believe in her still," he said. "It 's all his cursed tongue. As a boy he could make every other boy do what he wanted, because his tongue knew how to twist words. She 's been used to honest people; he 's talked a new language to her; he 's caught the trick of it in his travels. But she shall know the truth. She shall find out what sort of a man he is. She shall see beneath the surface of his pretty tricks."

He turned and leaned against the

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wall of the chapel. "Guida, Guida," he said, speaking as if she were there before him, "you won't — you won't go to him, and spoil your life and mine too! Guida, ma couzaine, you 'll stay here, in the land of your birth; you 'll make your home here, here with me, ma chère couzaine. You shall be my wife in spite of him, in spite of a thousand Philip d'Avranches!"

He drew himself up as though a great determination was made. His path was clear. It was a fair fight; the odds were not so much against him, after all, for his birth was as good as Philip d'Avranche's, his energy was greater, and he was as capable and as strong of brain in his own fashion.

He walked firmly and quickly down the shingle on the other side of the islet toward the wreck. As he passed the hut where the sick man lay, he heard a querulous voice. It was not that of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow.

Where had he heard that voice before? A strange shiver of fear ran through him. Every sense and emotion in him was arrested. His life seemed to reel backward. Curtain after curtain of the past unfolded.

He hurried to the door of the hut and looked in.

A man with long white hair and straggling gray beard turned to him a haggard face, on which were written suffering, outlawry, and evil.

"Great God! my father!" Ranulph said.

He drew back slowly, like a man who gazes upon some horrible, fascinating thing, and turned heavily toward the sea, his face set, his senses paralyzed.

"My father not dead! My father — the traitor!" he said again.

Gilbert Parker.

(*To be continued.*)

TO CLEOPATRA'S MUMMY.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BEAUTY deceitful and favor vain!
Can it be for this twisted sack of bones
Legends of passion were writ in pain,
And lustful monarchs forgot their thrones?
Be these the mangled wages of sin?
Did the tiger crouch in this shrunken frame?
Could her silken sails and cohorts win
No haughtier fate for a storied name?
Do dreams recall her those poisoned slaves,
Whose torment instructed her sultry charms
To walk seductive the way of graves
From Antony's pillow to Death's grim arms?
Stolid she turns but a crumbling ear;
She who was more than a Pagan's heaven!
Egypt as Ichabod moulders here, —
"Number six thousand eight hundred and seven"!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

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PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART SECOND. IN THE COUNTRY.

XXI.

"'O has he chosen a bonny bride,
An' has he clean forgotten me?'
An' sighing said that gay ladye,
'I would I were in my ain countrie!'"
Lord Beichan.

It rained in torrents, and Salemina and I were darning stockings in our own inglenook at Bide-a-Wee Cottage.

Francesca was golfing; not on the links, of course, but in our microscopic sitting-room. It is twelve feet square, and holds a tiny piano, desk, centre-table, sofa, and chairs, but the spot between the fireplace and the table is Francesca's favorite "putting green." She wishes to become more deadly in the matter of approaches, and thinks her tee shots weak; so these two deficiencies she is trying to make good by home practice in inclement weather. She turns a tumbler on its side on the floor, and "puts" the ball into it, or at it, as the case may be, from the opposite side of the room. It is excellent discipline, and as the tumblers are inexpensive the breakage really does not matter. Whenever Miss Grieve hears the shivering of glass, she murmurs, not without reason, "It is not for the knowing what they will be doing next."

"Penelope, has it ever occurred to you that Elizabeth Ardmore is seriously interested in Mr. Macdonald?"

Salemina propounded this question to me with the same innocence that a babe would display in placing a match beside a dynamite bomb.

Francesca naturally heard the remark, — although it was addressed to me, — pricked up her ears, and missed the tumbler by several feet.

It was a simple inquiry, but as I look back upon it from the safe ground of subsequent knowledge I perceive that it had a certain amount of influence upon Francesca's history. The suggestion would have carried no weight with me for two reasons. In the first place, Salemina is far-sighted. If objects are located at some distance from her she sees them clearly, but if they are under her very nose she overlooks them altogether, unless they are sufficiently fragrant or audible to address some other sense. This physical peculiarity she carries over into her mental processes. Her impression of the Disruption movement, for example, would be lively and distinct, but her perception of a contemporary lovers' quarrel (particularly if it was fought at her own apron-strings) would be singularly vague. Did she suggest, therefore, that Elizabeth Ardmore is interested in Mr. Beresford, who is the rightful captive of my bow and spear, I should be perfectly calm.

My second reason for comfortable indifference is that, frequently in novels, and always in plays, the heroine is instigated to violent jealousy by insinuations of this sort, usually conveyed by the villain of the piece, male or female. I have seen this happen so often in the modern drama that it has long since ceased to be convincing; but though Francesca has witnessed scores of plays and read hundreds of novels, it did not apparently strike her as a theatrical or literary suggestion that Lady Ardmore's daughter should be in love with Mr. Macdonald. The effect of the new point of view was most salutary, on the whole. She had come to think herself the only

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prominent figure in the Reverend Ronald's landscape, and anything more impertinent than her tone with him (unless it is his with her) I certainly never heard. This criticism, however, relates only to their public performances, and I have long suspected that their private conversations are of a kindlier character. When it occurred to her that he might simply be sharpening his mental sword on her steel, but that his heart had wandered into a more genial climate than she had ever provided for it, she softened unconsciously; the Scotsman and the American receded into a truer perspective, and the man and the woman approached each other with dangerous nearness.

"What shall we do if Francesca and Mr. Macdonald really fall in love with each other?" asked Salemina, when Francesca had gone into the hall to try long drives. (There is a good deal of excitement in this, as Miss Grieve has to cross the passage on her way from the kitchen to the china-closet, and thus often serves as a reluctant "hazard" or "bunker.")

"Do you mean what should we have done?" I queried.

"Nonsense, don't be captious! It can't be too late yet. They have known each other only a little over two months; when would you have had me interfere, pray?"

"It depends upon what you expect to accomplish. If you wish to stop the marriage, interfere in a fortnight or so; if you wish to prevent an engagement, speak—well, say to-morrow; if, however, you did n't wish them to fall in love with each other, you should have kept one of them away from Lady Baird's dinner."

"I could have waited a little longer than that," argued Salemina, "for you remember how badly they got on at first."

"I remember you thought so," I responded dryly; "but I believe Mr. Macdonald has been interested in Francesca from the outset, partly because her beauty and vivacity attracted him, partly because he could keep her in order only by putting his whole mind upon her. On his side, he has succeeded in piquing her into thinking of him continually, though solely, as she fancies, for the purpose of crossing swords with him. If they ever drop their weapons for an instant, and allow the din of warfare to subside so that they can listen to their own heartbeats, they will discover that they love each other to distraction."

"It is pathetic," remarked Salemina, as she put away her darning-ball, "to see you waste your time painting mediocre pictures, when as a lecturer upon love you could instruct your thousands."

"The thousands would never satisfy me," I retorted, "so long as you remain uninstructed; for in your single person you would so swell the sum of human ignorance on that subject that my teaching would be forever vain."

"Very clever indeed! Well, what will Mr. Monroe say to me when I land in New York without his daughter, or with his son-in-law?"

"He has never denied Francesca anything in her life; why should he draw the line at a Scotsman? I am much more concerned about Mr. Macdonald's congregation."

"I am not anxious about that," said Salemina loyally. "Francesca would be the life of an Inchcaldy parish."

"I dare say," I observed, "but she might be the death of the pastor."

"I am ashamed of you, Penelope; or I should be if you meant what you say. She can make the people love her if she tries; when did she ever fail at that? But with Mr. Macdonald's talent, to say nothing of his family connections, he is sure to get a church in Edinburgh in a few years, if he wishes. Undoubtedly, it would not be a great match in a money sense. I suppose he has a manse and four or five hundred pounds a year."

"That sum would do nicely for cabs."

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"Penelope, you are flippant!"

"I don't mean it, dear; it's only for fun; and it would be so absurd if we should bring her over here and leave her in Inchcaldy!"

"It is n't as if she were penniless," continued Salemina; "she has fortune enough to assure her own independence, and not enough to threaten his, — the ideal amount. I doubt if the good Lord's first intention was to make her a minister's wife, but he knows very well that Love is a master architect. Francesca is full of beautiful possibilities if Mr. Macdonald is the man to bring them out, and I am inclined to think he is. His is the stronger and more serious nature, Francesca's the sweeter and more flexible. He will be the oak-tree, and she will be the sunshine playing in the branches."

"Salemina, dear," I said penitently, kissing her gray hair, "I apologize: you are not absolutely ignorant about Love, after all, when you call him the master architect; and that is very lovely and very true about the oak-tree and the sunshine."

XXII.

"'Love, I maun gang to Edinbrugh,
Love, I maun gang an' leave thee!'
She sighed right sair, an' said nae mair
But 'O gin I were wi' ye!'"
Andrew Lammie.

Jean Deeyell came to visit us a week ago, and has put new life into our little circle. I suppose it was playing Sir Patrick Spens that set us thinking about it, for one warm, idle day when we were all in the Glen we began a series of ballad revels, in which each of us assumed a favorite character. The choice induced so much argument and disagreement that Mr. Beresford was at last appointed head of the clan; and having announced himself formally as the Mackintosh, he was placed on the summit of a hastily arranged pyramidal cairn. He was given an ash wand and a rowan-tree sword; and then, according to ancient custom, his pedigree and the exploits of his ancestors were recounted, and he was exhorted to emulate their example. Now, it seems that a Highland chief of the olden time, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had a body-guard, who fought around him in battle, and independent of them he had a staff of officers who accompanied him wherever he went. These our chief proceeded to appoint as follows: —

Henchman, Ronald Macdonald; bard, Penelope Hamilton; spokesman or fool, Robin Anstruther; sword-bearer, Francesca Monroe; piper, Salemina; piper's attendant, Elizabeth Ardmore; baggage gillie, Jean Deeyell; running footman, Ralph; bridle gillie, Jamie; ford gillie, Miss Grieve. (The ford gillie only carries the chief across fords, and there are no fords in the vicinity; so Mr. Beresford, not liking to leave a member of our household out of office, thought this the best post for Calamity Jane.)

With the Mackintosh on his pyramidal cairn matters went very much better, and at Jamie's instigation we began to hold rehearsals for the Jubilee festivities at Rowardennan; for as Jamie's birthday fell on the eve of the Queen's Jubilee, there was to be a gay party at the castle.

All this occurred days ago, and yesterday evening the ballad revels came off, and Rowardennan was a scene of great pageant and splendor. Lady Ardmore, dressed as the Lady of Inverleith, received the guests, and there were all manner of tableaux, and ballads in costume, and pantomimes, and a grand march by the clan, in which we appeared in our chosen rôles.

Salemina was Lady Maisry, — she whom all the lords of the north countrie came wooing.

"But a' that they could say to her,
Her answer still was 'Na.'"

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And again: —

"'O haud your tongues, young men,' she said,
'And think nae mair on me!'"

Mr. Beresford was Lord Beichan, and I was Shusy Pye.

"Lord Beichan was a Christian born,
And such resolved to live and dee,
So he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who treated him right cruellie.

"The Moor he had an only daughter,
The damsel's name was Shusy Pye;
And ilka day as she took the air
Lord Beichan's prison she pass'd by."

Elizabeth Ardmore was Leezie Lindsay, who kilted her coats o' green satin to the knee, and was aff to the Hielands so expeditiously when her lover declared himself to be "Lord Ronald Macdonald, a chieftain of high degree."

Francesca was Mary Ambree.

"When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

"When the brave sergeant-major was slaine in her sight
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vow'd to avenge him Mary Ambree."

Brenda Macrae from Pettybaw House was Fairly Fair; Jamie, Sir Patrick Spens; Ralph, King Alexander of Dunfermline; Mr. Anstruther, Bonnie Glenlogie, "the flower of them a';" Mr. Macdonald and Miss Deeyell, Young Hynde Horn and the king's daughter Jean respectively.

"Oh, it 's seven long years he served the king,
But wages from him he ne'er got a thing;
Oh, it 's seven long years he served, I ween,
And all for love of the king's daughter Jean."

It is not to be supposed that all this went off without any of the difficulties and heart-burnings that are incident to things dramatic. When Elizabeth Ardmore chose to be Leezie Lindsay, she asked me to sing the ballad behind the scenes. Mr. Beresford naturally thought that Mr. Macdonald would take the opposite part in the tableau, inasmuch as the hero bears his name; but he positively declined to play Lord Ronald Macdonald, and said it was altogether too personal.

Mr. Anstruther was rather disagreeable at the beginning, and upbraided Miss Deeyell for offering to be the king's daughter Jean to Mr. Macdonald's Hynde Horn, when she knew very well he wanted her for Ladye Jeanie in Glenlogie. (She had meantime confided to me that nothing could induce her to appear in Glenlogie; it was far too personal.)

Mr. Macdonald offended Francesca by sending her his cast-off gown and begging her to be Sir Patrick Spens; and she was still more gloomy (so I imagined) because he had not offered his six feet of manly beauty for the part of the captain in Mary Ambree, when the only other man to take it was Jamie's tutor. He is an Oxford don and a delightful person, but very bow-legged; added to that, by the time the rehearsals had ended she had been obliged to beg him to love some one more worthy than herself, and did not wish to appear in the same tableau with him, feeling that it was much too personal.

When the eventful hour came, last night, Willie and I were the only persons really willing to take lovers' parts, save Jamie and Ralph, who were full of eagerness to play all the characters, whatever their age, sex, color, or relations. Fortunately, the guests knew nothing of these trivial disagreements, and at ten o'clock it would have been difficult to match Rowardennan Castle for a scene of beauty and revelry. Everything went merrily till we came to Young Hynde Horn, the concluding tableau, and the most effective and elaborate one on the programme. At the very last moment, when the opening scene was nearly ready, Jean Deeyell fell down a secret staircase that led from the tapestry

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chamber into Lady Ardmore's boudoir, where the rest of us were dressing. It was a short flight of steps, but, as she held a candle and was carrying her costume, she fell awkwardly, spraining her wrist and ankle. Finding that she was not maimed for life, Lady Ardmore turned with comical and unsympathetic haste to Francesca.

"Put on these clothes at once," she said imperiously, knowing nothing of the volcanoes beneath the surface. "Hynde Horn is already on the stage, and somebody must be Jean. Take care of Miss Deeyell, girls, and ring for more maids. Hélène, help me dress Miss Monroe: put on her slippers while I lace her gown; run and fetch more jewels, — more still, — she can carry off any number; not any rouge, Hélène, — she has too much color now; pull the frock more off the shoulders, — it 's a pity to cover an inch of them; pile her hair higher, — here, take my diamond tiara, child; take her train, Hélène. Miss Hamilton, run and open the doors ahead of them, please. I won't go down for this tableau. I 'll put Miss Deeyell right, and then I 'll slip into the drawing-room, to be ready for the guests when they come from the banquet-hall."

We hurried breathlessly through an interminable series of rooms and corridors. I gave the signal to Mr. Beresford, who was nervously waiting for it in the wings, and the curtain went up on Young Hynde Horn disguised as the auld beggar man at the king's gate. Mr. Beresford was reading the ballad, and we took up the tableaux at the point where Hynde Horn has come from a far countrie to see why the diamonds in the ring given him by his own true-love have grown pale and wan. He hears that the king's daughter Jean has been married to a knight these nine days past.

"But unto him a wife the bride winna be,
For love of Hynde Horn, far over the sea."

He therefore adopts the old beggar's disguise and hobbles to the king's palace, where he petitions the porter for a cup of wine and a bit of cake to be handed him by the fair bride herself, "for the sake of Hynde Horn."

The curtain went up again. The porter, moved to pity, has gone to give the message to his lady. Hynde Horn is watching the staircase at the rear of the stage, his heart in his eyes. The tapestries that hide it are drawn, and there stands the king's daughter, who tripped down the stair,

"And in her fair hands did lovingly bear
A cup of red wine, and a farle of cake,
To give the old man for loved Hynde Horn's sake."

The hero of the ballad, who had not seen his true-love for seven long years, could not have been more amazed at the change in her than was Ronald Macdonald at the sight of the flushed, excited, almost tearful, wholly beautiful king's daughter on the staircase; Lady Ardmore's diamonds flashing from her crimson satin gown, Lady Ardmore's rubies glowing on her white arms and throat.

In the next scene Hynde Horn has drained the cup and dropped the ring into it.

"'Oh, found you that ring by sea or on land,
Or got you that ring off a dead man's hand?'
'Oh, I found not that ring by sea or on land,
But I got that ring from a fair lady's hand.

"'As a pledge of true love she gave it to me,
Full seven years ago as I sail'd o'er the sea;
But now that the diamonds are chang'd in their hue,
I know that my love has to me proved untrue.'"

I never saw a prettier picture of sweet, tremulous womanhood, a more enchanting breathing image of fidelity, than Francesca looked as Mr. Beresford read:

"'Oh, I will cast off my gay costly gown,
And follow thee on from town unto town,
And I will take the gold kaims from my hair
And follow my true love for ever mair.'"

Whereupon Young Hynde Horn lets his beggar weed fall, and shines there the foremost and noblest of all the king's companie as he says: —

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"'You need not cast off your gay costly gown,
To follow me on from town unto town;
You need not take the gold kaims from your hair,
For Hynde Horn has gold enough and to spare.'

"Then the bridegrooms were chang'd, and the lady re-wed
To Hynde Horn thus come back, like one from the dead."

There is no doubt that this tableau gained the success of the evening, and the participants in it should have modestly and gratefully received the choruses of congratulation that were ready to be offered during the supper and dance that followed. Instead of that, what happened? Francesca drove home with Miss Deeyell before the quadrille d'honneur, and when Willie bade me goodnight at the gate in the loaning he said, "I shall not be early to-morrow, dear. I am going to see Macdonald off."

"Off! Where is he going?"

"Only to Edinburgh and London, to stay till the last of the week."

"But we may have left Pettybaw by the last of the week."

"Of course; that is probably what he has in mind. But let me tell you this, Penelope: my friend Macdonald is madly in love with Miss Monroe, and if she plays fast and loose with him she shall know what I think of her!"

"And let me tell you this, sir: my friend Miss Monroe is madly in love with Ronald Macdonald, and if he plays fast and loose with her he shall know what I think of him!"

XXIII.

"He set her on a coal-black steed,
Himsel lap on behind her,
An' he 's awa' to the Hieland hills
Whare her frien's they canna find her."
Rob Roy.

The occupants of Bide-a-Wee Cottage awoke in anything but a Jubilee humor, next day. Willie had intended to come at nine, but of course did not appear. Francesca took her breakfast in bed, and came listlessly into the sitting-room at ten o'clock, looking like a ghost. Jean's ankle was much better, — the sprain proved to be not even a strain, — but her wrist was painful. It was drizzling, too, and we had promised Miss Ardmore and Miss Macrae to aid with the last Jubilee decorations, the distribution of medals at the church, and the children's games and tea on the links in the afternoon.

We had determined not to desert our beloved Pettybaw for the metropolis on this great day, but to celebrate it with the dear fowk o' Fife who had grown to be a part of our lives.

Bide-a-Wee Cottage does not occupy an imposing position in the landscape, and the choice of art fabrics at the Pettybaw draper's is small, but the moment it should stop raining we were intending to carry out a dazzling scheme of decoration that would proclaim our affectionate respect for the "little lady in black" on her Diamond Jubilee. But would it stop raining? — that was the question. The draper wasna certain that so licht a shoo'r could richtly be called rain; the chemist remarked, as he handed me a bottle of arnica early in the morning, "Won'erful blest in weather we are, ma'm." The village weans were yearning for the hour to arrive when they might sit on the wet golf-course and have tea; manifestly, therefore, it could not be a bad day for Scotland; but if it should grow worse, what would become of our mammoth subscription bonfire on Pettybaw Law, — the bonfire that Brenda Macrae was to light, as the lady of the manor?

There were no deputations to request the honor of Miss Macrae's distinguished services on this occasion; that is not the way the self-respecting villager comports himself in Fifeshire. The chairman of the local committee, a respectable gardener, called upon Miss Macrae

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at Pettybaw House, and said, "I 'm sent to tell ye ye 're to have the pleesure an' the honor of lightin' the bonfire the nicht! Ay, it 's a grand chance ye 're havin', miss; ye 'll remember it as long as ye live, I 'm thinkin'!"

When I complimented this rugged soul on his decoration of the triumphal arch under which the schoolchildren were to pass, I said, "I think if her Majesty could see it, she would be pleased with our village to-day, James."

"Ay, ye 're richt, miss," he replied complacently. "She 'd see that Inchcawdy canna compeer wi' us; we 've patronized her weel in Pettybaw!"

Truly, as Stevenson says, "he who goes fishing among the Scots peasantry with condescension for a bait will have an empty basket by evening."

At eleven o'clock a boy arrived at Bide-a-Wee with an interesting-looking package, which I promptly opened. That dear foolish lover of mine (whose foolishness is one of the most adorable things about him) makes me only two visits a day, and is therefore constrained to send me some reminder of himself in the intervening hours, or minutes, — a book, a flower, or a note. Uncovering the pretty box, I found a long, slender — something — of sparkling silver.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, holding it up. "It is too long and not wide enough for a paper-knife, although it would be famous for cutting magazines. Is it a baton? Where did Willie find it, and what can it be? There is something engraved on one side, something that looks like birds on a twig, — yes, three little birds; and see the lovely cairngorm set in the end! Oh, it has words cut in it: '*To Jean*' — Goodness me! I 've opened Miss Deeyell's package!"

Francesca made a sudden swooping motion, and caught box, cover, and contents in her arms.

"It is mine! I know it is mine!" she cried. "You really ought not to claim everything that is sent to the house, Penelope, — as if nobody had any friends or presents but you!" and she rushed upstairs like a whirlwind.

I examined the outside wrapper, lying on the floor, and found, to my chagrin, that it did bear Miss Monroe's name, scrawled faintly and carelessly; but if the box was addressed to her, why was the silver thing inscribed to Miss Deeyell? Well, Francesca would explain the mystery within the hour, unless she was a changed being.

Fifteen minutes passed. Salemina was making Jubilee sandwiches at Pettybaw House, Miss Deeyell was asleep in her room, I was being devoured slowly by curiosity, when Francesca came down without a word, walked out of the front door, went up to the main street, and entered the village post-office without so much as a backward glance. She was a changed being, then! I might as well be living in a Gaboriau novel, I thought, and went up into my little painting and writing room to address a programme of the Pettybaw celebration to Lady Baird, watch for the first glimpse of Willie coming down the loaning, and see if I could discover where Francesca went from the post-office.

Sitting down by my desk, I could find neither my wax nor my silver candlestick, my scissors nor my ball of twine. Plainly, Francesca had been on one of her borrowing tours; and she had left an additional trace of herself — if one were needed — in a book of old Scottish ballads, open at Young Hynde Horn. I glanced at it idly while I was waiting for her to return. I was not familiar with the opening verses, and these were the first lines that met my eye: —

"Oh, he gave to his love a silver wand,
Her sceptre of rule over fair Scotland;
With three singing laverocks set thereon
For to mind her of him when he was gone.

"And his love gave to him a gay gold ring
With three shining diamonds set therein;

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Oh, his love gave to him this gay gold ring,
Of virtue and value above all thing."

A light dawned upon me! The silver baton, then, was intended for a wand, — and a very pretty way of making love to an American girl, too, to call it a "sceptre of rule over fair Scotland;" and the three birds were three singing laverocks "to mind her of him when he was gone."

But the real Hynde Horn in the dear old ballad had a true-love who was not captious and capricious and cold, like Francesca. His love gave him a gay gold ring, —

"Of virtue and value above all thing."

Yet stay: behind the ballad book flung heedlessly on my desk was — what should it be but a little morocco case in which our Francesca keeps her dead mother's engagement ring, — the mother who died when she was a wee child. Truly a very pretty modern ballad to be sung in these unromantic, degenerate days!

Francesca came in at the door behind me, saw her secret reflected in my tell-tale face, saw the sympathetic tears in my eyes, and, flinging herself into my willing arms, burst into tears.

"Oh, Pen, dear, dear Pen, I am so miserable and so happy; so afraid that he won't come back, so frightened for fear that he will! I sent him away because there were so many lions in the path, and I did n't know how to slay them. I thought of my f-father; I thought of my c-c-country. I did n't want to live with him in Scotland, and I knew that I could n't live without him in America! I did n't think I was s-suited to a minister, and I am not; but oh! this p-particular minister is so s-suited to me!" and she threw herself on the sofa and buried her head in the cushions.

She was so absurd even in her grief that I could hardly help smiling.

"Let us talk about the lions," I said soothingly. "But when did the trouble begin? When did he speak to you?"

"After the tableaux last night; but of course there had been other — other — times — and things."

"Of course. Well?"

"He had told me a week before that he should go away for a while, that it made him too wretched to stay here just now; and I suppose that was when he got the silver wand ready for me. It was meant for the Jean of the poem, you know."

"You don't think he had it made for Jean Deeyell in the first place?" I asked this, thinking she needed some sort of tonic in her relaxed condition.

"You know him better than that, Penelope! I am ashamed of you! We had read Hynde Horn together ages before Jean Deeyell came; but I imagine, when the lines were to be acted, he thought it would be better to have some other king's daughter; that is, that it would be less personal. And I never, never would have been in the tableau, if I had dared refuse Lady Ardmore, or could have explained; but I had no time to think. And then, naturally, he thought by my being there as the king's daughter that — that — the lions were slain, you know; instead of which they were roaring so that I could hardly hear the orchestra."

"Francesca, look me in the eye! Do — you — love him?"

"Love him? I adore him!" she exclaimed in good clear decisive English, as she rose impetuously and paced up and down in front of the sofa. "But in the first place there is the difference in nationality."

"I have no patience with you. One would think he was a Turk, an Eskimo, or a cannibal. He is white, he speaks English, and he believes in the Christian religion. The idea of calling such a man a foreigner!"

"Oh, it did n't prevent me from loving him," she confessed, "but I thought at first it would be unpatriotic to marry him."

"Did you think Columbia could not

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spare you even as a rare specimen to be used for exhibition purposes?" I asked wickedly.

"You know I am not so conceited as that! No," she continued ingenuously, "I feared that if I accepted him it would look as if the home supply of husbands was of inferior quality; and then we had such disagreeable discussions at the beginning, I simply could not bear to leave my nice new fresh country, and ally myself with his æons of stirring history. But it came to me in the night, a week ago, that after all I should hate a man who did n't love his own country; and in the illumination of that new idea Ronald's character assumed a different outline in my mind. How could he love America when he had never seen it? How could I convince him that American women are the most charming in the world better than by letting him live under the same roof with a good example? How could I expect him to let me love my country best unless I permitted him to love his best?"

"You need n't offer so many apologies for your love, my dear," I answered dryly.

"I am not apologizing for it!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Oh, if you could only keep it to yourself, I should like to tell you how I trust and admire and reverence Ronald Macdonald! I know very well what you all think: you think he is mad about me, and has been from the first. You think he has gone on and on loving me against his better judgment. You believe he has fought against it because of my unfitness, but that I am not capable of deep feeling, and that I shall never appreciate the sacrifices he makes in choosing me! Very well, then, I announce that if I had to live in a damp manse the rest of my life, drink tea and eat scones for breakfast, and — and buy my hats of the Inchcaldy milliner, I should still glory in the possibility of being Ronald Macdonald's wife, — a possibility hourly growing more uncertain, I am sorry to say!"

"And the extreme aversion with which you began," I asked, — "what has become of that, and when did it begin to turn in the opposite direction?"

"Aversion!" she cried, with derisive and unblushing candor. "That aversion was a cover, clapped on to keep my self-respect warm. The fact is, — we might as well throw light upon the whole matter, and then never allude to it again; and if you tell Willie Beresford, you shall never visit MY manse, nor see me preside at my mothers' meetings, nor hear me address the infant class in the Sunday-school, — the fact is I liked him from the beginning at Lady Baird's dinner. I liked the bow he made when he offered me his arm (I wish it had been his hand); I liked the top of his head when it was bowed; I liked his arm when I took it; I liked the height of his shoulder when I stood beside it; I liked the way he put me in my chair (that showed chivalry), and unfolded his napkin (that was neat and businesslike), and pushed aside all his wineglasses but one (that was temperate); I liked the side view of his nose, the shape of his collar, the cleanness of his shave, the manliness of his tone, — oh, I liked him altogether, the goodness and strength and simplicity that radiated from him to me. And when he said, within the first half-hour, that international alliances presented even more difficulties to the imagination than others, I felt, to my confusion, a distinct sense of disappointment. Even while I was quarreling with him I said to myself, 'You poor darling, you can't have him even if you should want him, so don't look at him much!'"

"Then you are really sure this time, and you have never advised him to love somebody more worthy than yourself?" I asked.

"Not I!" she replied. "I would n't put such an idea into his head for worlds! He might adopt it!"

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XXIV.

"Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat doun."
Glenlogie.

Just then the front door banged, and a manly step sounded on the stair. Francesca sat up straight in a big chair, and dried her eyes hastily with her poor little wet ball of a handkerchief; for she knows that Willie is a privileged visitor here. The door opened (it was ajar), and Ronald Macdonald strode into the room. I hope I may never have the same sense of nothingness again! To be young, pleasing, gifted, and to be regarded no more than a fly upon the wall, is death to one's self-respect.

He dropped on one knee beside Francesca and took her two hands in his without removing his gaze from her speaking face. She burned, but did not flinch under the ordeal. The color leaped into her cheeks. Love swam in her tears, but was not drowned there; it was too strong.

"Did you mean it?" he asked.

She looked at him, trembling, as she said, "I meant every word, and far, far more. I meant all that a girl can say to a man when she loves him, and wants to be everything she is capable of being to him, to his work, to his people, and to his — country."

Even this brief colloquy had been embarrassing, but I knew that worse was still to come and could not be delayed much longer, so I left the room hastily and with no attempt at apology; not that they minded my presence in the least or observed my exit, though I was obliged to leap over Mr. Macdonald's feet in passing.

I found Mr. Beresford sitting on the stairs, in the lower hall.

"Willie, you angel, you idol, where did you find him?" I exclaimed.

"When I went into the post-office, an hour ago," he replied, "I met Francesca. She asked me for Macdonald's Edinburgh address, saying she had something that belonged to him and wished to send it after him. I offered to address the package and see that it reached him as expeditiously as possible. 'That is what I wish,' she said, with elaborate formality. 'This is something I have just discovered, something he needs very much, something he does not know he has left behind.' I did not think it best to tell her at the moment that Macdonald had not yet left Inchcaldy."

"Willie, you have the quickest intelligence and the most exquisite insight of any man I ever met!"

"But the fact was that I had been to see him off, and found him detained by the sudden illness of one of his elders. I rode over again to take him the little parcel. Of course I don't know what it contained; by its size and shape I should judge it might be a thimble, or a collar-button, or a sixpence; but, at all events, he must have needed the thing, for he certainly did not let the grass grow under his feet after he received it! Let us go into the sitting-room until they come down, — as they will have to, poor wretches, sooner or later; I know that I am always being brought down against my will. Salemina wants your advice about the number of her Majesty's portraits to be hung on the front of the cottage, and the number of candles to be placed in each window."

It was a half-hour later when Mr. Macdonald came into the room, and walking directly up to Salemina kissed her hand respectfully.

"Miss Salemina," he said, with evident emotion, "I want to borrow one of your national jewels for my Queen's crown."

"And what will our President say to lose a jewel from his crown?"

"Good republicans do not wear gems, as a matter of principle," he argued; "but in truth I fear I am not thinking of her Majesty — God bless her!

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'I would wear it in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.'

It is the crowning of my own life rather than that of the British Empire that engages my present thought. Will you intercede for me with Francesca's father?"

"And this is the end of all your international bickering?" Salemina asked teasingly.

"Yes," he answered; "we have buried the hatchet, signed articles of agreement, made treaties of international comity. Francesca stays over here as a kind of missionary to Scotland, so she says, or as a feminine diplomat; she wishes to be on hand to enforce the Monroe Doctrine properly, in case her government's accredited ambassadors relax in the performance of their duty."

"Salemina!" called a laughing voice outside the door. "You will be a prood woman the day, for I am now Estaiblished!" and Francesca, entering, clad in Miss Grieve's Sunday bonnet, shawl, and black cotton gloves, curtsied demurely to the floor. She held, as corroborative detail, a life of John Knox in her hand, and anything more incongruous than her sparkling eyes and mutinous mouth under the melancholy bonnet cannot well be imagined.

"I am now Estaiblished," she repeated. "Div ye ken the new asseestant frae Inchcawdy pairish? I 'm the mon" (a second deep curtsy here). "I trust, leddies, that ye 'll mak' the maist o' your releegious preevileges, an' that ye 'll be constant at the kurruk. Have you given papa's consent, Salemina? And is n't it dreadful that he is Scotch?"

"Is n't it dreadful that she is not?" asked Mr. Macdonald. "Yet to my mind no woman in Scotland is half as lovable as she!"

"And no man in America begins to compare with him," Francesca confessed sadly. "Is n't it pitiful that out of the millions of our own countrypeople we could n't have found somebody that would do? What do you think now, Ronald, of these dangerous international alliances?"

"You never understood that speech of mine," he replied, with audacious mendacity. "When I said that international marriages presented more difficulties to the imagination than others, I was thinking of your marriage and mine, and I knew from the first moment I saw you that that would be extremely difficult to arrange!"

XXV.

"And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
. . . . . .
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid."
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The rain continued at intervals throughout the day, but as the afternoon wore on the skies looked a trifle more hopeful. It would be "saft," no doubt, climbing the Law, but the bonfire must be lighted. Would Pettybaw be behind London? Would Pettybaw desert the Queen in her hour of need? Not though the rain were bursting the well-heads on Cawdor; not though the swollen mountain burns drowned us to the knee! So off we started as the short midsummer night descended.

We were to climb the Law, wait for the signal from Cawdor's lonely height, and then fire Pettybaw's torch of loyalty to the little lady in black; not a blaze flaming out war and rumors of war, as was the beacon-fire on the old gray battlements of Edinburgh Castle in the days of yore, but a message of peace and good will. Pausing at a hut on the side of the great green mountain, we looked north toward Helva, white-crested with a wreath of vapor. (You need not look on your map of Scotland for Cawdor and Helva, for you will not find them any more than

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you will find Pettybaw and Inchcaldy.) One by one the tops of the distant hills began to clear, and with the glass we could discern the bonfire cairns upbuilt here and there for Scotland's evening sacrifice of love and fealty. Cawdor was still veiled, and Cawdor was to give the signal for all the smaller fires. Pettybaw's, I suppose, was counted as a flash in the pan, but not one of the hundred patriots climbing the mountain side would have acknowledged it; to us the good name of the kingdom of Fife and the glory of the British Empire depended on Pettybaw fire. Some of us had misgivings, too, — misgivings founded upon Miss Grieve's dismal prophecies. She had agreed to put nine lighted candles in each of our cottage windows at ten o'clock, but she had declined to go out of her kitchen to see a procession, hear a band, or look at a bonfire. She had had 'a sair sickenin' day, an amount of work too wearifu' for one person by her lane. She hoped that the bonfire wasna built o' Mrs. Sinkler's coals nor Mr. Macbrose's kindlings, nor soaked with Mr. Cameron's paraffine; and she finished with an appropriate allusion to the exceedingly nice family with whom she had lived in Glasgy.

And still we toiled upward, keeping our doubts to ourselves. Jean was limping bravely, supported by Robin Anstruther's arm. Mr. Macdonald was ardently helping Francesca, who can climb like a chamois, but would doubtless rather be assisted. Her gypsy face shone radiant out of her black cloth hood, and Ronald's was no less luminous. I have never seen two beings more love-daft. They act as if they had read the manuscript of love, and were moving in exalted superiority through a less favored world, — a world waiting impatiently for the first number of the story to come out. Still we climbed, and as we approached the Grey Lady (a curious rock very near the summit) somebody proposed three cheers for the Queen.

How the children hurrahed, — for the infant heart is easily inflamed, — and how their shrill Jubilee slogan pierced the mystery of the night, and went rolling on from glen to glen to the Firth of Forth itself! Then there was a shout from the rocketmen far out on the open moor, — "Cawdor 's clear! Cawdor 's clear!" Back against a silver sky stood the signal pile, and signal rockets flashed upward, to be answered from all the surrounding hills.

Now to light our own fire. One of the village committee solemnly took off his hat and poured on oil. The great moment had come. Brenda Macrae approached the sacred pile, and, tremulous from the effect of much contradictory advice, applied the torch. Silence, false prophets of disaster! Who now could say that Pettybaw bonfire had been badly built, that its fifteen tons of coal and twenty cords of wood had been unphilosophically heaped together!

The flames rushed toward the sky with ruddy blaze, shining with weird effect against the black fir-trees and the blacker night. Three cheers more! God save the Queen! May she reign over us, happy and glorious! And we cheered lustily, too, you may be sure! It was more for the woman than the monarch; it was for the blameless life, not for the splendid monarchy; but there was everything hearty, and nothing alien in our tone, when we sang God Save the Queen with the rest of the Pettybaw villagers.

The land darkened; the wind blew chill. Willie, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Anstruther brought rugs, and found a sheltered nook for us where we might still watch the scene. There we sat, looking at the plains below, with all the village streets sparkling with light, with rockets shooting into the air and falling to earth in golden rain, with red lights flickering on the gray lakes, and with one beacon-fire after another gleaming from the hilltops, till we could count more than fifty answering one another

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from the wooded crests along the shore, some of them piercing the rifts of low-lying clouds till they seemed to be burning in mid-heaven.

Then, one by one the distant fires faded, and as some of us still sat there silently, far, far away in the gray east there was a faint, faint rosy flush where the new dawn was kindling in secret. Underneath that violet bank of cloud the sun was forging his beams of light. The pole-star paled. The breath of the new morrow stole up out of the rosy gray. The wings of the morning stirred and trembled; and in the darkness and chill and mysterious awakening, eyes looked into other eyes, hand sought hand, and cheeks touched each other in mute caress.

XXVI.

"Sun, gallop down the westlin skies.
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!"
The Gentle Shepherd.

Every noon, during this last week, as we have wended our way up the loaning to the Pettybaw inn for our luncheon, we have passed three magpies sitting together on the topmost rail of the fence. I am not prepared to state that they were always the same magpies; I only know there were always three of them. We have just discovered what they were about, and great is the excitement in our little circle. I am to be married to-morrow, and married in Pettybaw, and Miss Grieve says that in Scotland the number of magpies one sees is of infinite significance: that one means sorrow; two, mirth; three, a marriage; four, a birth. (We now recall the fact that we saw one magpie, our first, on the afternoon of her arrival.)

Mr. Beresford has been cabled for, and must return to America at once on important business connected with the final settlement of his mother's estate. He persuaded me that the Atlantic is an ower large body of water to roll between two lovers, and I agreed with all my heart.

A wedding was arranged, mostly by telegraph, in six hours. The Reverend Ronald and the Friar are to perform the ceremony; a dear old painter friend of mine, a London R. A., will come to give me away; Francesca will be my maid of honor; Elizabeth Ardmore and Jean Deeyell, my bridemaidens; Robin Anstruther, the best man; while Jamie and Ralph will be kilted pages-in-waiting, and Lady Ardmore will give the breakfast at the castle.

Never was there such generosity, such hospitality, such wealth of friendship! True, I have no wedding finery; but as I am perforce a Scottish bride, I can be married in the white gown with the silver thistles in which I went to Holyrood.

Mr. Anstruther took a night train to and from London, to choose the bouquets and bridal souvenirs. Lady Baird has sent the veil, and a wonderful diamond thistle to pin it on,—a jewel fit for a princess! With the dear Dominie's note promising to be an usher came an antique silver casket filled with white heather. And as for the bride-cake, it is one of Salemina's gifts, chosen as much in a spirit of fun as affection. It is surely appropriate for this American wedding transplanted to Scottish soil, and what should it be but a model, in fairy icing, of Sir Walter's beautiful monument in Princes Street! Of course Francesca is full of nonsensical quips about it, and says that the Edinburgh jail would have been just as fine architecturally (it is, in truth, a building beautiful enough to tempt an æsthete to crime), and a much more fitting symbol for a wedding-cake; unless, indeed, she adds, Salemina intended her gift to be a monument to my folly.

Pettybaw kirk is trimmed with yellow broom from these dear Scottish banks and braes; and waving their green fans and plumes up and down the aisle where I shall walk a bride are tall ferns and

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bracken from Crummylowe Glen, where we played ballads.

As I look back upon it, the life here has been all a ballad, from first to last. Like the elfin Tam Lin,

> "The queen o' fairies she caught me
> In this green hill to dwell,"

and these hasty nuptials are a fittingly romantic ending to the summer's poetry. I am in a mood, were it necessary, to be "ta'en by the milk-white hand," lifted to a pillion on a coal-black charger, and spirited "o'er the border an' awa'" by my dear Jock o' Hazledean. Unhappily, all is quite regular and aboveboard; no "lord of Langley dale" contests the prize with the bridegroom, but the marriage is at least unique and unconventional, — no one can rob me of that sweet consolation.

So "gallop down the westlin skies," dear Sun, but, prythee, gallop back to-morrow! "Gang soon to bed," an you will, but rise again betimes! Give me Queen's weather, dear Sun, and shine a benison upon my wedding morn!

[*Exit Penelope into the ballad-land of maiden dreams.*]

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*The end.*)

A FIRST PERFORMANCE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

[The young Govaert, at his London lodgings, sits down to the composition of a letter to his countryman. Date, 1599.]

You will recall, my dear Martyn, that in a previous letter, which so barely escaped the depths of ocean, I claimed to have discovered a *man*. Like Diogenes, I had searched for him since my unhappy departure from Holland. You know me for a fanatic on prejudice and convention, on religious irreligion and the general inversion of nature in mankind. I shall not repeat my eulogy on William Shakespeare, to which you hardly assented. It is my present purpose, in accordance with the promise of writing you all my experiences, to describe a visit to an English theatre; for to-day I witnessed one of my friend's plays. It was a novel experience, and I presume it will interest you.

Leaving my lodgings at about two in the afternoon, I made my way toward Shoreditch, the northernmost playground of London. Northward I trudged through crooked Holywell High Street, with its dingy shops and dwellings. I observed but a few straggling pedestrians, as the hour was yet early for theatre-goers. Halting a little short of the Old Street Road, which strikes Holywell High Street and a toper's tavern simultaneously, and then lurches tipsily off in another direction, I turned to the left into Holywell Lane. It is short and narrow. On the north side is the previous location of Holywell Priory, named from a sacred spring. Defiantly glaring at it from the south side, in token of the rising religious warfare against places of amusement, stands the Curtain Theatre, named from the ground it covers.[1] It was in quest of this, the second resort of its kind in England, that I had wandered forth.

It consists of a circular outside wall three stories high. On entering (as a privileged person, I entered early), I found myself still in the open air, on a dirt floor from fifty to seventy feet in diameter. This is called "the pit." Against the wall are arranged three galleries. The lowest is slightly elevated,

[1] Hence not from anything resembling the modern veil to scenic transformations.

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and joined to the ground by steps. Over the top tier a shedlike roof projects inward from the main wall, while the floors of the upper tiers serve as roofs to the lower. These galleries are partitioned off into so-called "boxes." As I entered the door, I faced the square, rush-covered stage directly opposite, the galleries being there discontinued to make room for it. Part of it recedes under the roof and part projects into the pit, exposed on three sides and covering about a quarter of the ground. The front is removable, and rests on stilts as high as your knees. The onepenny spectators stand about it during performances. Doors at the back communicate with the actors' dressing-room. Above is an actors' balcony, on a line with the second gallery. Still higher, the roof over the uppermost gallery is carried further in, to protect the forward part of the platform; and directly under this projection, supported by two oaken pillars, is a diminutive house, from which boards are suspended, from time to time, explaining whether a palace or a forest is represented as the place of action.

These London resorts are the response to an increasing public desire for amusement. The people were formerly satisfied with sitting in the galleries about an inn court, and watching the grotesque performance of a body of strolling clowns, who used a cart at one end of the yard for their stage. This explains the shape and equipment of the present theatre.

With considerable time at my disposal, I stepped out. Strolling on some distance, I reached the former site of the Curtain's forerunner, called "The Theatre." It was recently removed to Bankside. In the field beyond, I divided my attention between some boisterous fellows charging the quintain and the motley throng which was gathering from all quarters toward the playhouse. The majority of the latter were low idlers, and idling dandies jingling their polished rapiers. The dandies were promenading in flaming silken hose of endless shades, with short cloaks thrown loosely over their shoulders to exhibit the expensive linings and reveal the fantastic slashes in their doublets. Of these fops, many cannot read, more are in hourly dread of creditors, and all are dissolute. You might have heard one on a prancing palfrey discoursing loudly to a companion about his "friend Lord So-and-So" (probably fictitious), or expounding the superiority of R. Allen over Will Shakespeare. Some of the crowd around the entrance view the ostentatious exhibition with open-mouthed wonder, while others express their admiration in shouts, or disapproval in jeers.

With upturned noses, the bloods were entering to occupy their twelvepenny stools on the sides of the stage, where they can be seen to best advantage. I followed, for by this time, as the hour of three was approaching, the audience was assembling within. The boys in the field were deserting their football and quintain, and those fortunate enough to possess pennies made for the theatre. Passing the doorkeeper with a wink in lieu of a fee, I joined the groundlings.

You have already inferred that the theatre is disreputable. However, it is improving. Occasionally some honest John Tugby entered one of the twopenny boxes with his family. Under Shakespeare's influence, the more refined are gradually becoming interested in dramatic amusements. There is that element in his plays which appeals to the intellectual while retaining the interest of the lower classes. Indeed, since last you heard from me, I fear my admiration for Shakespeare the dramatist has outstripped my admiration for Shakespeare the man. What I then called a clever accomplishment I now call a wonderful "art." I shall define it later. The drama scheduled for to-day was a history of the military achievements of

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Henry V., a sequel to Henry IV., whose story I told you. My friend has made better plays, but none which has met such unqualified success as this. To appreciate it, turn Englishman; assume that astonishing national pride that has filled England's breast since a certain Spanish fool became the self-appointed champion of the Deity — and came to grief.

But to return to the pit. It was rapidly filling with the rabble, which crowded me forward to the stage. A cloud in the summer sky, which at first made my unsheltered neighbors uneasy, had cleared away. Vying with the din of voices and shuffling of feet in the galleries were heard the loud tongues of the dandies. Some of them, in lower tones, were plotting to disconcert the company by stalking out in the midst of the performance. This is their method of wreaking vengeance for personal slurs of playwright or actor. I failed to catch the cause of their present wrath, for, on either side of me, an apple-woman and a tobacco-vender were screeching and bellowing respectively in my already deafened ears. Finding me no buyer, they essayed to flounder, porpoise-like, through the assembled mass, calling down imprecations from sundry persons who fancied their toes had some rights.

The unusual restlessness of the audience, which now packed the house six or seven hundred strong, at last called my attention to the fact that the appointed hour was past. Five minutes, ten, fifteen, went by, and no change in the situation. Evidently something had gone amiss, for the Burbage and Shakespeare Company are famous for punctuality. An impatient scuffling began, which developed into a steady tramp, tramp, tramp, in the galleries, shaking the building to its foundations. Twice Shakespeare's anxious face appeared from the loft under the stage-roof. His glance was directed toward an empty box near the stage. Presently it was entered by three masked ladies, attended. Their elaborate angular head-gear and extensive ruffs, their open skirts, exposing brilliant underdresses and hung on gigantic farthingales which spread in a circular shelf from the hips, betrayed high degree. One of the visitors, who seemed to excel the others in rank, wore at her girdle a gorgeous pendant of diamonds.

Before a derisive murmur could result in a hiss, a loud striking together of two boards heralded the opening of the play. There was silence in a moment. The surrounding wall of faces in the galleries and the sea of faces in the pit turned by common impulse toward the stage. These countenances were universally heavy-featured, but wore a variety of expressions, anywhere on the graded scale between enormous grins and jaws dropped in a rapture of expectancy. A youthful chorus stepped forth, and, with a familiar smile and conversational ease which won his audience immediately, recited a few preliminary lines. Apologizing for the farce of representing two armies "within this wooden O," he besought us to use our imaginations for lack of adequate imagery.

After he had withdrawn, the signboard was hung out denoting a part of the palace. Two solemn archbishops entered, robed in fourteenth-century style. In lavish terms they praised the regal virtues of the young Henry, marveling at his apparently sudden reform. They then began plotting to urge, with great offers of money, his expedition after the French crown. This was to divert him from a bill of the commons taxing the Church treasuries.

The dignitaries retire, and the signboard announces the presence chamber. Henry enters in state, attended by the nobility in sumptuous costumes. This is what the audience has been awaiting. "There a' comes!" "There 's our Harry!" are the gleeful whispers about me. Before anything can proceed, the

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bishops are summoned, and a debate on the French adventure is held. There are a few dissenting voices, which simply serve to offset the subtle persuasion and scriptural misinterpretation of the astute churchmen. The dispute settled, ambassadors from the Dauphin tell the monarch, in view of his claims,

> "there 's naught in France
> That can be with a nimble galliard won,"

presenting him with a tun of tennis-balls in contemptuous reference to his past life. This calls out a scornful reply from Henry, making the Dauphin appear a puerile trifler, and eliciting the huzzas of the crowd.

Thus ended the first act with a flourish. After the storm of clapping had subsided, the multitude began like a flock of magpies, and soon the theatre was a confusion of sound and tobacco smoke. The masked ladies were the target of many surmises. As to the play, I discerned a tone of disappointment. "Ah, but Harry 's changed, man," muttered a beetling-browed giant near me; "a' cares no more for poor tavern-folk, stuck up on his throne there!" Yet no inclination to leave was manifest among these dissenters. The adroit introduction of the Dauphin's insult had aroused their ire and their curiosity about the upshot. They were well rewarded in remaining, for Henry the king soon captivated them more completely than had Harry the prince.

Forget that this ruler, as a matter of history, had no better claim to the British throne than you or I; believe his still more atrocious assumption that he owned France was just: then you can perhaps view him as the London public does, without that insinuating suspicion that his religious fervor is more conceited than humble. Shakespeare represents him as the ripe product resulting from sterling character after a youth of folly. Touched by his father's sorrows, he has assumed the responsibility of atoning for a parent's guilt. He is hence deep and reverent, full of compassion, and by nature open and warm as the sun. His wild youth has given him a splendid personal knowledge of people. He is quick to recognize hypocrisy in the great, and greatness in the lowly. He is businesslike, yet sincere and wholehearted in love; full of sentiment, yet not sentimental. But Henry is king. It is a king's greatness that these qualities especially enhance, because so seldom found in a king. His pure humanness and sense of humor, the hale fellow often shining through his seriousness, echo the people's sentiments without lowering his dignity. His sympathy with plebeian nature is accepted as the gracious condescension of a higher order of being. In the fourth act he played a joke on a private soldier, and then rewarded the honest man's courage and loyalty with a glove of money. After that, the audience would have deemed any humiliation at the royal hands a privilege.

The other characters of interest were those introduced to amuse. They succeeded. The gloomiest of misanthropes could not resist the merriest of laughs at the hot-headed yet warm-hearted general in the last acts, with his extraordinary way of expressing pride at sharing Welsh blood with Henry: "I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not pe ashamed of your majesty, praised pe Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man."

The great fat man of Henry IV. fame was reported to have died "babbling[1] of green fields." The news was a disappointment. The audience wanted more of him; but Shakespeare never overdoes a good thing. However, Bardolph of the fiery face, with Nym and Mistress Quickly's new husband Pistol, appeared in a street in the first scene

[1] The Dutch of the young Govaert gave "babbelende," thus substantiating Theobald's famous emendation.

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of Act II. These apologies for men prove to be bound for the war; but Nym and Pistol quarrel with drawn swords; Bardolph acts as peacemaker; and as all three are unconscionable cowards, the situation provoked shrieks of laughter from these Britons, who love nothing better than a good fight. Pistol, ranting in doggerel blank verse laden with alliteration, slays his foe with such lines as these: —

> "O braggart vile and damnèd furious wight!
> The grave doth gape and doting death is near;
> Therefore exhale!"

— whatever that means. After Bardolph, seconded by the genuine disinclination of the wranglers, has made reconciliation, Nym says at Pistol's concession, "Well, then, that's the humor of 't," and the encounter ends. This is Nym's most solemn and ever recurring sentiment. On Pistol's touching farewell to his spouse he invited Nym to kiss her, but that worthy replied, "I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it," — tickling the spectators by his squeamishness.

"What a pox would sir Nym say, an the hostess were a woman," remarked a fop, who was greeted with a coarse guffaw. The boys in the female parts, unencumbered by the self-consciousness of their elders, serve so well that there would really be little need for woman, even should she ever take such a freak as to appear on the stage.

In the rest of Act II., which is a sort of second preliminary, we are introduced to both sides of the situation, — the flippant French camp and Henry's departure from Southampton. After his really powerful rebuke of three traitors, their absolutely unfeigned gratitude at the privilege of dying is a bit of improbability which panders to the people's furious admiration for the king. It is an infrequent flaw in my ideal; but I am only astounded at the loftiness of his work when I consider the baseness of his audience.

The remainder of the play I need not detail. You know its history. Several things which befell me and others during its progress, however, are worth relating.

On one of my sojourns in the pit, a soliloquizing boy actor attacked the trade of thieves. A fellow at my elbow was so obstreperous in his approval of the youngster's sentiments that I thought best to put my hand to my belt. I found his already there. I got not his wrist nor he my purse, for the next instant I saw a pair of heels disappearing under the stage. The scamp is but one of an enterprising guild.

At a compliment to the "Gracious Empress," dropped by the chorus, the chief of the masked ladies attracted notice. Her mask suddenly dropped, revealing a damsel of sixty-six, — Elizabeth of England! The look of consternation that fell like a shadow across the flirting bloods, at sight of that wrinkled visage, at first amused me. A second thought dampened my spirits; for, as her Majesty readjusted her mask, a few tried to raise the shout, "Long live the Queen!" But the attempt was abortive, partly because all were not awake to her presence, but in some measure because the nation is just beginning to show signs of coldness toward this lonely old woman. Her childish frivolity is with reason not relished. Yet she has been England's greatest monarch.

The drama concluded with Henry's engagement to Katherine, after the starved condition of the British host had magnified its glory at Agincourt. We were, in most cases, introduced to a part of the field where fighting was not in progress. This averted a farce, while it kept us informed. But during the verbal assault on Harfleur (the besieged in the balcony) a wooden horse, mounted by an English knight, keeled over with an unearthly racket, — probably struck by a stray word. It caused the stage to tremble like a weak-kneed actor, and the king to lose his vocal ammunition.

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This was restored to him with gallant courtesy by a foe on the wall, who prompted him; and England victoriously entered the town, marching through the stage door.

It was nearly six o'clock when, after thunders of applause, the audience finally poured out. Even the fops had been entertained and had attempted no premature exodus, although they had occasionally pelted each other with apples across the stage.

You have been wondering why I call Shakespeare's pursuit an "art." I claim not merely an analogy, but an identity in all but materials. An artist understands the technical necessities, as the laws of symmetry; he must have, besides, a sense of fitness, a fruitful imagination, a spontaneous intuition which may be called the spark of genius, and above all must follow nature. You and I were never interested by those flights of imagination, absurd because unnatural, over which shallow seekers for sensation rave. We agreed to call him the true artist who is always natural, yet abounds in calculated effects. If a sculptor, for instance, is to place a group of animals over a portal, he is careful to make the attitudes and arrangement appear a mere accident; yet the great essence of his art is to choose an accident in conformity with the outlines of the building, — in careless symmetry, so to speak. It would be a poor sculptor who fixed his figures haphazard, — one horse with his tail toward you, another his head; it would be an equally poor sculptor who fixed them in exact symmetry, — the outside horses the same distance below the central one, and each with his head at the same angle in reference to the others.

Now, all these functions belong to the particular class of literature which Shakespeare professes. Nature is his keynote; but the thought, the circumstance, the character, are suited to some central conception, like the building with the sculptor. The plot of his play, for instance, possesses what you may call the technical element of symmetry: the imaginary events unfold a story in a manner calculated to attract particular attention, falling in, nevertheless, with natural experience. By seeming chance the actor drops the remark which is found, at the climax, to pertain most vitally to the revelation we are awaiting.

Everything, indeed, is studied to appear unstudied. This fact was subtly exemplified by a detail in Act I. Henry was delaying to admit the French embassy till he could settle on a course. As his last scruple against the exploit was removed by his reverend adviser, he said, with emphatic satisfaction,

> "Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin,"

instead of first formally stating his conviction to the court. Nothing could more strikingly proclaim the victory of the bishop's arguments; yet such was not the king's intent. His act was so spontaneous that no one realized how carefully the author had planned it. This is the consummation of art.

Shakespeare's humor, as broad and good-natured as Sir John Falstaff himself, is also as natural. But, contrary to shallow notions, its art is vastly more difficult than that of abstruse wit. It is most appropriate when it expresses the inappropriate, as an inadvertent remark, a rubbing of incongruous characters.

Not the least of my friend's gifts is his fine taste in seasoning his work with this spice of fun. He told me that, before a production, he knew just when and what would be the demonstrations of his audience. This is but one phase of his preëminent quality, namely, his deep and universal knowledge of human nature, and his power to express it.

Doubtless you have observed that peasants can often better understand each other than the higher classes. They have small vocabulary, but an intuition which puts them in touch with one another. They are natural, — not buried

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under the paraphernalia of estranging convention nor fossilized by the scholar's reclusion. They are apt, under strong feeling, to use figurative expressions deriving some special force from the circumstances, as Henry did, when he threatened the Dauphin with his tennis-balls, to

> "play a set
> Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard,"

and said,

> "Many a thousand widows
> Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
> Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down."

These, with Henry's rebuke to the traitors, are the best lines in the drama. Shakespeare resembles the peasant, but, in addition, has some of the education and all of the intelligence of the scholar. Hence his faultless interpretations of his own and others' thoughts. He is the perfect Son of Nature. Fancy my learned acquaintance Francis Bacon in a tavern with a jolly crowd of Falstaff's calibre! Shakespeare would be equally at home here and in the court of the Queen.

And so, human experience and human character are for him a keyboard. He is familiar with every resource of his instrument, from the deepest notes of tragedy to the lightest tinklings and ripplings of mirth. He can produce all effects, from the seething ferment of mental distress to the crystal harmonies of faith and contentment; from the wild melodies of exhilaration to the soft, sweet cooing of love. The note springs to being in perfect touch with the thought: his words in the poetic passages roll forth with an epic grandeur all his own; we forget the sham of the stage, disparaged through his chorus, and are borne away on the billows of his imagination, on the stream of his diction, on the wings of his genius, or what you will! Your indulgent smile will broaden at what follows: this rival of the bear-gardens — this "clever Will," as the Queen called him after her visit to-day — is to be numbered among the immortals.

Your objection is known to me as well as if you spoke it. You believe plays are trivial and transitory amusements, while the writings of the essayist, philosopher, statesman, aim at some worthy object — as a reform — which will make their books eternal. Your distinction should be reversed. These works are the transitory things: the objects they attain simply fall in line with the progress of man, and are forgotten by future generations, which have not the same *external* evils to contend with; while man's *internal* nature, which alters not with the ages, is the muse of this poet. Mankind may cease to take interest in the dominion of England over Ireland, but the time will never come when it will cease to be interested in itself. The law of love and the humanness of humanity are as enduring as the world. Great is that writer whose work is twined with absolute success about these subjects, for it will live as long as they. Such a writer is William Shakespeare. Seeks he to teach a lesson? None — other than that vague one inherent in a thing of beauty. You cannot define the teaching in a strain of music or the silent eloquence of the stars; but will you deny their exalting influence?

Well-a-day! I must cease if this is to reach to-morrow's packet-vessel. My candlelight waxes feeble. The rattle of this rickety old table under the scribbling quill has arrested the attention of an errant mouse, who sits up in the middle of the room and eyes me suspiciously. I'll to bed, and yield the realm to him. Good-night!

Your exiled theorist, GOVAERT.

Herbert Wescott Fisher.

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CALEB WEST.

XX.

A TIGHT FIT.

If The Pines was a refreshing rest to Sanford after the daily anxieties at the Ledge, an enchanted castle to Helen and Jack, and a mine of luxury to Smearly and the other good Bohemians who followed in Mrs. Leroy's train, to the major it was a never ending source of pure delight.

Until that day on which he had stepped within its portals, his experience of Northern hospitality had been confined to Jack's and Sanford's bachelor apartments, for years ideal realms of elegance and ease. These now seemed to him both primitive and meagre. Where Jack had but one room to spare for a friend, and Sanford but two, The Pines had whole suites opening into corridors terminating in vistas of entrancing lounging-places, with marvelous fittings and draperies. Where Sam and Jefferson, in their respective establishments, performed unaided every household duty, from making a cocktail to making a bed, The Pines boasted two extra men who assisted Buckles at the sideboard, to say nothing of countless maids, gardeners, hostlers, stable-boys, and lesser dependents.

Moreover, the major had come upon a most capacious carriage-house and outbuildings, sheltering a wonderful collection of drags, coupés, and phaetons of patterns never seen by him before, particularly a most surprising dog-cart with canary-colored wheels; and a stable full of satin-skinned horses with incredible pedigrees, together with countless harnesses mounted in silver, saddles, bridles, whips, and blankets decorated with monograms. Last, but by no means least, he had discovered, to his infinite joy, a spick-and-span perfectly appointed steam yacht, with sailing-master, engineer, firemen, and crew constantly on board, and all ready, at a moment's notice, to steam off to the uttermost parts of the earth in search of booty or adventure.

The major had found, in fact, all that his wildest flights and his most mendacious imaginings had pictured. The spacious piazzas, velvet lawns, and noble parks of which he had so often boasted as being "upon the estate of a ve'y dear friend of mine up No'th, suh, where I spend so many happy days;" the wonderful cuisine, fragrant Havanas, crusty port and old Hennessy, — the property as well of this diaphanous gentleman, — had at last become actual realities. The women of charming mien and apparel, so long creations of his brain, — "Dianas, suh, clothed one hour in yachtin' jackets, caps, and dainty yellow shoes, and the next in webs of gossamer, their lovely faces shaded by ravishin' pa'asols and crowned by wonderful hats," — now floated daily along the very gravel walks that his own feet pressed, or were attended nightly by gay gallants in immaculate black and white, whose elbows touched his own.

Of all these luxuries had he dreamed for years, and about all these luxuries had he lied, descanting on their glories by the hour to that silent group of thirsty Pocomokians before the village bar, or to the untraveled neighbors who lightened with their presence the lonely hours at Crab Island; but never until Mrs. Leroy had opened wide to him the portals of The Pines had they been real to his sight and touch.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, with the flavor of all this magnificence steeping his soul, a gradual change took place in his tone and demeanor. Before a week had passed he had some-

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how persuaded himself that although the lamp of Aladdin was exclusively the property of Mrs. Leroy, the privilege of rubbing it was unquestionably his own. Gradually, and by the same mental process, he had become convinced not only that he was firmly installed in the Leroy household as High Rubber-in-Chief, the master of the house being temporarily absent, and there being no one else to fill his place, but that the office, if not a life position, at least would last long enough to tide him over until cold weather set in.

Mrs. Leroy at first looked on in amazement, and then, as the humor of the situation dawned upon her, gave him free rein to do as he would. Months before she had seen through his harmless assumptions, and his present pretensions amused her immensely.

"My dear madam," he would say, "I see the lines of care about yo'r lovely eyes. Let me take you a spin down the shell road in that yaller cyart. It will bring the roses back to yo'r cheeks." Or, "Sanford, my dear fellow, try one of those Reina Victorias; you 'll find them much lighter. Buckles, open a fresh box."

It is worthy of note, too, that when once the surprise at the novelty of the situation had passed away, his hostess soon realized that no one could have filled the post of major-domo to better satisfaction. The same qualities that served him at Crab Island, making him the best of company when off on an outing with the boys, were displayed in even greater perfection at The Pines. He was courteous, good-humored, unselfish, watchful of everybody's comfort, buoyant as a rubber ball, and ultimately so self-poised that even Buckles began to stand in awe of him, — a victory, by the way, which so delighted Jack Hardy that he rolled over on the grass with shouts of laughter when he discussed it with Sanford and Smearly.

Nor were the greater duties neglected. He was constantly on the lookout for various devices by which his hostess might be relieved in the care of her guests. Tennis tournaments, fishing parties, and tableaux followed in quick succession, each entertainment the result of his ingenious activity and his untiring efforts at making everybody happy.

This daily routine of gayety was interrupted by the important announcement that a committee of engineers, headed by General Barton, would inspect the work at Shark Ledge in the morning.

This visit of the engineers meant to Sanford a possible solution of his embarrassment. Carleton still withheld the certificate, and the young engineer had had the greatest difficulty in tiding over his payments. A second and last section of the work was nearly completed, thanks to the untiring efforts of Captain Joe and his men and to the stability of the machinery, and there was every probability that everything included in these two sections would be finished before the snow began to fly. This had been the main purpose of Sanford's summer, and the end was in sight. And yet, with all that had been accomplished, Sanford knew that a technical ruling of the Board in sustaining Carleton's unjust report when rejecting the work might delay his payments for months, and if prolonged through the winter might eventually ruin him.

The inspection, then, was all the more important at this time; for while the solidity of the masonry and the care with which it was constructed would speak for themselves, the details must be seen and inspected to be appreciated. If the day, therefore, were fine, and the committee able to land, Sanford had no fear of the outcome; provided, of course, that Carleton could be made to speak the truth.

There was no question that parts of the work as they then stood were in open violation of the plans and specifications of the contract. The concrete

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base, or disk, was acknowledged by Sanford to be six inches out of level. This error was due to the positive orders of Carleton against the equally positive protest of Sanford and Captain Joe. But the question remained whether the Board would sustain Carleton's refusal to give a certificate in view of the error, and whether Carleton could be made to admit that the error was his own, and not Sanford's.

So far as the permanence of the structure was concerned, this six inches' rise over so large an area as the base was immaterial. The point — a vital one — was whether the technical requirements of the contract would be insisted upon. Its final decision lay with the Board.

To Mrs. Leroy the occasion was one of more than usual importance. She sent for the sailing-master, ordered steam up at an early hour, gave Sam — Buckles had assigned Sam certain duties aboard the yacht — particular directions as to luncheon the following day, and prepared to entertain the whole committee, provided that august body could be induced to accept the invitation she meant to extend. She had already selected General Barton as her especial victim, while Helen was to make herself agreeable to some of the younger members.

The value of linen, glass, cut flowers, dry champagne, and pretty toilettes in settling any of the affairs of life was part of her social training, and while she did not propose to say one word in defense or commendation of Sanford and his work, she fully intended so to soften the rough edges of the chief engineer and his assistants that any adverse ruling would be well-nigh impossible.

If Mrs. Leroy lent a cheerful and willing hand, the presiding genius of the weather was equally considerate. The morning broke clear and bright. The sun silvered the tall grass of the wide marsh crossed by the railroad trestle and draw, and illumined the great clouds of white steam puffed out by the passing trains. The air was balmy and soft, the sky a turquoise flecked with sprays of pearl, the sea a sheet of silver.

When the maid opened her windows, Mrs. Leroy stepped to the balcony and drank in the beauty and freshness of the morning. Even the weather powers, she said to herself, had ceased hostilities, declared a truce for the day, restraining their turbulent winds until the council of war which was to decide Sanford's fate was over.

As her eye roamed over her perfectly appointed and well kept lawns, her attention was drawn to a singular-looking figure crossing the grass in the direction of the dock where the yacht was moored. It was that of a man dressed in the jacket and cap of a club commodore. He bore himself with the dignity of a lord high admiral walking the quarter-deck. Closer inspection revealed the manly form of no less distinguished a personage than Major Thomas Slocomb of Pocomoke.

Subsequent inquiries disclosed these facts: Finding in his room, the night before, a hitherto unsuspected closet door standing partly open, the major, in harmless curiosity, had entered the closet and inspected the contents, and had come upon some attractive garments. That these clothes had evidently been worn by, and were then the sole property of his host, Morgan Leroy, Commodore N. Y. Y. C., a man whom he had never seen, only added to the charm of the discovery. Instantly a dozen thoughts crowded through his head, each more seductive than the one before it. Evidently, this open door and the carefully hung jacket and cap meant something out of the ordinary! It was the first time the door had been left open! It had been done purposely, of course, that he might see the garments! Everything in this wonderful palace of luxury was free, — cigars, brandy, even the stamps on the writing-

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table before him; why not, then, these yachting clothes? To-morrow was the great day for the yacht. His age and position naturally made him the absent commodore's rightful successor. Had Leroy been at home, undoubtedly he would have worn these clothes himself. The duty of his substitute, therefore, was too plain to admit of a moment's hesitation. He must certainly wear the clothes. One thing, however, touched him deeply, — the delicacy of his hostess in putting them where he could find them, and the exquisite tact with which it had all been done. Even if every other consideration failed, he could not disappoint that queen among women, that Cleopatra of modern times.

As he squeezed his arms into the jacket — Leroy was two thirds the major's size — and caught the glint of the gilt buttons in the mirror, his last lingering doubt faded.

This, then, was the figure Mrs. Leroy saw from her balcony.

When the major boarded the yacht the sailing-master saluted him with marked deference, remembering the uniform even if he did not the wearer, and the sailors holystoning the decks came up to a half present as he passed them on his way to the saloon to see if Sam had carried out his instructions about certain brews necessary for the comfort of the day.

"Where the devil did you get that rig, major?" roared Smearly, when he and Sanford came down the companion-way, half an hour later. "You look like a cross between Dick Deadeye and Little Lord Fauntleroy. It 's about two sizes too small for you."

"Do yo' think so, gentlemen?" twisting his back to the mirrors to get a better view. His face was a study. "It 's some time since I wore 'em; they may be a little tight. I 've noticed lately that I am gaining flesh. Will you sit down here, gentlemen, or shall I order something coolin' on deck?" — not a quaver in his voice. "Here, Sam," he called, catching sight of that darky's face, "take these gentlemen's orders!"

When Helen and Mrs. Leroy appeared, followed by several ladies, with Hardy as escort, the major sprang forward to meet them with all the suppressed exuberance of a siphon of Vichy. He greeted Helen first.

"Ah, my dear Helen, you look positively charmin' this mornin'; you are like a tea-rose wet with dew; nothing like these Maryland girls, — unless, my dear madam," he added, turning to Mrs. Leroy, bowing as low to his hostess as the grip of his shoulders would permit, "unless it be yo'r own queenly presence. Sam, put a cushion behind the lady's back, — or shall I order coffee for you on deck?"

But it was not until the major came up on the return curve of his bow to a perpendicular that his hostess realized in full the effect of Morgan Leroy's nautical outfit. She gave a little gasp, and her face flushed.

"I hope none of these ladies will recognize Morgan's clothes, Henry," she whispered behind her fan to Sanford. "I must say this is going a step too far."

"But did n't you send them to his room, Kate? He told me this morning he wore them out of deference to your wishes. He found them hanging in his closet." Sanford's face wore a quizzical smile.

"I send them?" Then the whole thing burst upon her. With the keenest appreciation of the humor of the situation in every line of her face, she turned to the major and said, "I must congratulate you, major, on your new outfit, and I must thank you for wearing it to-day. It was very good of you to put it on. It is an important occasion, you know, for Mr. Sanford. Will you give me your arm and take me on deck?"

Helen stared in complete astonishment as she listened to Mrs. Leroy. This last addition to the major's constantly increasing wardrobe — he had

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a way of borrowing the clothes of any friend with whom he stayed — had for the moment taken her breath away. It was only when Jack whispered an explanation to her that she too entered into the spirit of the scene.

Before the yacht had passed through the draw of the railroad trestle, on her way to the Ledge, the several guests had settled themselves in the many nooks and corners about the deck, or on the more luxurious cushions of the saloon. Mrs. Leroy, now that her guests were happily placed, sat well forward, out of immediate hearing, where she could talk over the probable outcome of the day with Sanford, and lay her plans if Carleton's opposition threatened serious trouble. Helen and Jack were as far aft as they could get, watching the gulls dive for scraps thrown from the galley, while Smearly in the saloon below was the centre of a circle of ladies, — guests from the neighboring cottages, — who were laughing at his stories, and who, thus early in the day, had voted him the most entertaining man they had ever met, although a trifle cynical.

As for the major, he was as restless as a newsboy, and everywhere at once: in the galley, giving minute directions to the chef regarding the slicing of the cucumbers and the proper mixing of the salad; up in the pilot-house, interviewing the sailing-master on the weather, on the tides, on the points of the wind, on the various beacons, shoals, and currents; and finally down in the pantry, where Sam, in white apron and immaculate waistcoat and tie, was polishing some pipe-stemmed glasses, intended receptacles of cooling appetizers composed of some ingredients of the major's own selection.

"You lookin' mighty fine, major, dis mornin'," said Sam, his mouth stretched in a broad grin. "Dat 's de tip-nist, top-nist git-up I done seen fur a coon's age," detecting a certain — to him — cake-walk cut to the coat and white duck trousers. "Did dat come up on de train las' night, sah?" he continued, walking round the major, and wiping a glass as he looked him over admiringly.

"Yes, Sam, and it 's the first time I wore 'em. Little tight in the sleeves, ain't they?" he asked, holding out his arm.

"Does seem ter pinch leetle mite round de elbows; but you do look good, fur a fac'."

These little confidences were not unusual. Indeed, of all the people about him, the major understood Sam the best and enjoyed him the most, — an understanding, by the way, which was mutual. There never was any strain upon the Pocomokian's many resources of high spirits, willingness to please, and general utility, when he was alone with Sam. He never had to make an effort to keep his position: that Sam accorded him. But then, Sam believed in the major.

As the yacht rounded the east end of Crotch Island, Sanford made out quite plainly over the port bow the lighthouse tender steaming along from a point in the direction of Little Gull Light.

"There they come," he said to Mrs. Leroy. "Everything is in our favor to-day, Kate. I was afraid they might be detained. We 'll steam about here for a while until the tender lands at the new wharf which we have just finished at the Ledge. The yacht draws a little too much water to risk the wharf, and we had better lie outside of the government boat. It 's as still as a mill-pond at the Ledge to-day, and we can all go ashore. If you will permit me, Kate, I 'll call to your sailing-master to slow down until the tender reaches the wharf."

At this moment the major's head appeared around the edge of the pilot-house door. He had overheard Sanford's remark. "Allow me, madam," he said in a voice of great dignity, and with a look at Sanford as if somehow that gentleman had infringed upon his own especial privileges. The next in-

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stant the young engineer's suggestion to "slow down" was sent bounding up to the sailing-master, who answered it with a touch of two fingers to his cap, an "Ay, ay, sir," and three sharp, quick pulls on the engine-room gong.

Mrs. Leroy smiled at the major's nautical knowledge and quarter-deck air, and rose to her feet to see the approaching tender. Under Sanford's guiding finger she followed the course of the long thread of black smoke lying on the still horizon, unwinding slowly from the spool of the tender's funnel.

Everybody was now on deck. Helen and the other younger ladies of the party leaned over the yacht's rail watching the rapidly nearing steamer, and the older ladies became fully persuaded that the Ledge with its derricks and shanty — a purple-gray mass under the morning glare — was unquestionably the expected boat.

Soon the Ledge loomed up in all its proportions, with its huge rim of circular masonry lying on the water-line like a low monitor rigged with derricks for masts. When the rough shanty for the men, and the platforms filled with piles of cement-barrels, and the hoisting-engine were distinctly outlined against the sky, everybody crowded forward to see the place of which they had heard so much.

Mrs. Leroy stood on one side, that Sanford might explain without interruption the several objects as they came into view.

"Why, Henry," she exclaimed, after everybody had said how wonderful it all was, "how much work you have really done since I saw it in the spring! And there is the engine, is it, to which the pump belonged that nearly drowned Captain Joe and Caleb? And are those the big derricks you had so much trouble over? They don't look very big."

"They are twice the size of your body, Kate," said Sanford, laughing. "They may look to you like knitting-needles from this distance, but that is because everything around them is on so large a scale. You would n't think that shanty, which looks like a coal-bin, could accommodate twenty men and their stores."

As Sanford ceased speaking, the major turned quickly, entered the pilot-house, and almost instantly reappeared with the yacht's spyglass. This he carefully adjusted, resting the end on the ratlines. "Victory is ours. We are getting along splendidly, my dear boy," he said slowly, closing the glass. "I have n't a doubt about the result."

XXI.

THE RECORD OF NICKLES, THE COOK.

The yacht and the lighthouse tender were not the only boats bound for the Ledge. The Screamer, under charge of a tug, — her sails would have been useless in the still air, — was already clear of Keyport Light, and heading for the landing-wharf, a mile away. Captain Bob Brandt held the tiller, and Captain Joe and Caleb leaned out of the windows of the pilot-house of the towing tug.

If Carleton "played any monkey tricks," to quote Captain Brandt, they wanted to be there to see. None of them had had cause to entertain a friendly spirit toward the superintendent. It had often been difficult for Caleb to keep his hands away from that official's throat, since his experience with him under the willows. As for Captain Brandt, he still remembered the day the level was set, when Carleton had virtually given him the lie.

The Screamer arrived first; she made fast to the now completed dock, and the tug dropped back in the eddy. Then the lighthouse tender came alongside and hooked a line into the Screamer's deck-cleats. The yacht came last, lying outside the others. This made it necessary for the passengers aboard the yacht to cross the deck of the tender,

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and for those of both the yacht and the tender to cross the deck of the Screamer, before stepping upon the completed masonry of the lighthouse itself.

Nothing could have suited Mrs. Leroy better than this enforced intermingling of guests and visitors. Interchanges of courtesy established at once a cordiality which augured well for the day's outcome, and added another touch of sunshine to its happiness. Mrs. Leroy relaxed none of her efforts to propitiate the gods, so eager was she to have a favorable decision rendered for Sanford.

It is worthy of note that Carleton played no part in the joyous programme of the day. He sprang ashore as soon as the tender made fast to the Screamer's side (he had met the party of engineers at the railroad depot, and had gone with them to Little Gull Light), and began at once his work of "superintending" with a vigor and alertness never seen in him before, and, to quote Nickles, the cook, who was watching the whole performance from the shanty window, "with more airs than a Noank goat with a hoop-skirt."

The moment the major's foot was firmly planted upon the Ledge a marked change was visible in him. The straight back, head up, rear-admiral manner, which had distinguished him, gave way to one of a thoughtful repose. Engineering problems began to absorb him. Leaving Hardy and Smearly to help the older ladies pick their way over the mortar-incrusted platforms and up and down the rude ladders to the top rim of masonry, he commenced inspecting the work with the eye of a skilled mechanic. He examined carefully the mortar joints of the masonry; squinted his eye along the edges of the cut stones to see if they were true; turned it aloft, taking in the system of derricks, striking one with the palm of his hand and listening for the vibration, to assure himself of its stability. And he asked questions of the men in a way that left no doubt in their minds that he was past grand master in the art of building lighthouses.

All but one.

This doubter was Lonny Bowles, the big quarryman from Noank, whom the Pocomokian had cared for in the old warehouse hospital the night of the explosion. Bowles had quietly dogged the major's steps over the work, in the hope of being recognized. At last the good-natured linéaments of the red-shirted quarryman fastened themselves upon the major's remembrance.

"My dear suh!" he broke out, as he jumped down from a huge coping-stone and grasped Lonny's hand. "Of co'se I remember you. I sincerely hope you 're all right again," stepping back, and looking him over with an expression of real pride and admiration.

"Oh yes, I 'm purty hearty, thank ye," said Bowles, laughing as he hitched his sleeves up his arms, bared to the elbow. "How 's things gone 'long o' yerself?"

The major expressed his perfect satisfaction with life in its every detail, and was about to compliment Bowles on the wonderful progress of the work so largely due to his efforts, when the man at the hoisting-engine interrupted with, "Don't stand there, now, lalligaggin', Lonny. Where ye been this half hour? Hurry up with that monkey-wrench. Do ye want this drum to come off?"

When Lonny, who had instantly turned his attention to the work, had given the last turn to the endangered nut, the man said, "Who 's the duck with the bobtail coat, Lonny?"

"Oh, he 's one o' the boss's city gang. Fust time I see him he come inter th' warehouse when we was stove up. I thought he was a sawbones till I see him a-fetchin' water fur th' boys. Then I thought he was a parson till he began to swear. But he ain't neither one; he 's an out-an'-out ol' sport, he is, every time, an' a good un. He 's struck it rich up here, I guess, from th' way he 's boomin' things with them Le-

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roy folks," — which conviction seemed to be shared by the men around him, now that they were assured of the major's identity. Many of them remembered the nankeen and bombazine suit which the Pocomokian wore on that fatal day, and the generally disheveled appearance that he presented the following morning, and they found the present change in his attire incomprehensible.

During all this time, Sanford, with the assistance of Captain Joe and Caleb, was adjusting his transit, in order that he might measure for the committee the exact difference between the level shown on the plans and the level found in the concrete base. In this adjustment, the major, who had now joined the group, took the deepest interest, discoursing most learnedly, to the officers about him, upon the marvels of modern science; punctuating his remarks every few minutes with pointed allusions to his dear friend Henry, "that Archimedes of the New World," who in this the greatest of all of his undertakings had eclipsed all former achievements. The general listened with an amused smile, in which the whole committee joined before long.

Either General Barton's practiced eye forestalled any need of the instrument, or Carleton had already fully posted him as to which side of the circle was some inches too high.

"Is n't the top of that concrete base out of level, Mr. Sanford?" he asked, with some severity.

"Yes, sir; some inches too high near the southeast derrick," replied Sanford promptly.

"How did that occur?"

"I should prefer you to ask the superintendent," said Sanford quietly.

Mrs. Leroy, who was standing a short distance away on a dry plank that Sanford had put under her feet, her ears alert, stopped talking to Smearly and turned her head. She did not want to miss a word.

"What have you to say, Mr. Carleton? Did you give any orders to raise that level?" The general looked over his glasses at the superintendent.

Carleton had evidently prepared himself for this ordeal, and had carefully studied his line of answers. As long as he kept to the written requirements under the contract he was safe.

"If I understand my instructions, sir, I am not here to give orders. The plans show what is to be done." He spoke in a low, almost gentle voice, and with a certain deference of manner which no one had ever seen in him before, and which Sanford felt was even more to be dreaded than his customary bluster.

Captain Joe stepped closer to Sanford's side, and Caleb and Captain Bob Brandt, who stood on the outside of the circle of officers grouped around the tripod, leaned forward, listening intently. They too had noticed the change in Carleton's manner. The other men dropped their shovels and tools, and edged up, not obtrusively, but so as to overhear everything.

"Is this the reason you have withheld the certificate, of which the contractor complains?" said the general, with a tone in his voice as of a judge interrogating a witness.

Carleton bowed his head meekly in assent. "I can't sign for work that 's done wrong, sir."

Captain Joe made a movement as if to speak, when Sanford, checking him with a look, began: "The superintendent is right as far as he goes, general, but there is another clause in the contract which he seems to forget. I 'll quote it," drawing an important-looking document from his pocket and spreading it out on the top of a cement-barrel: "' Any dispute arising between the United States engineer, or his superintendent, and the contractor, shall be decided by the former, and his decision shall be final.' If the level of this concrete base does not conform to the plans, there is no one to blame but the superintendent himself."

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Sanford's flashing eye and rising voice had attracted the attention of the ladies as well as that of their escorts. They ceased talking, and played with the points of their parasols, tracing little diagrams in the cement dust, preserving a strict neutrality, like most people overhearing a quarrel in which they have no interest, but alert to lose no move in the contest. Sanford would have liked less publicity in the settlement of the matter, and so expressed himself in a quick glance toward the guests. This anxiety was instantly seen by the major, who, with a tact that Sanford had not given him credit for, led the ladies away out of hearing on pretense of showing them some of the heavy masonry.

The engineer-in-chief looked curiously at Carleton, and the awakened light of a new impression gleamed in his eye. Sanford's confident manner and Carleton's momentary agitation, upsetting for an instant his lamblike reserve, evidently indicated something hidden behind this dispute, which until then had not come to the front.

"I 'll take any blame that 's coming to me," said Carleton, his meekness merging into a dogged, half-imposed-on tone, "but I can't be responsible for other folks' mistakes. I set that level myself two months ago, and left the bench-marks for 'em to work up to. When I come out next time they 'd altered them. I told 'em it would n't do, and they 'd have to take up what concrete they 'd set and lower the level again. They said they was behind and wanted to catch up, that it made no difference anyhow, and they would n't do it."

General Barton turned to Sanford and was about to speak, when Captain Bob Brandt's voice rang out clear and sharp, "That 's a lie!"

Everybody looked about for the speaker. If a bomb had exploded above their heads, the astonishment could not have been greater.

Before any one could speak the skipper forced his way into the middle of the group. His face was flushed with anger, his lower lip was quivering. "I say it again. That 's a lie, and you know it," he said calmly, pointing his finger at Carleton, whose cheek paled at this sudden onslaught. "This ain't my job, gentlemen," and he faced General Barton and the committee, "an' it don't make no difference to me whether it gits done 'r not. I 'm hired here 'long with my sloop a-layin' there at the wharf, an' I git my pay. But I been here all summer, an' I stood by when this 'ere *galoot* you call a superintendent sot this level; and when he says Cap'n Joe did n't do the work as he ordered it he lies like a thief, an' I don't care who hears it. Ask Cap'n Joe Bell and Caleb West, a-standin' right there 'longside o' ye: they 'll gin it to ye straight; they 're that kind."

Barton was an old man and accustomed to the respectful deference of a government office, but he was also a keen observer of human nature. The expression on the skipper's face and on the faces of the others about him was too fearless to admit of a moment's doubt of their sincerity.

Carleton shrugged his shoulders, as if it were to be expected that Sanford's men would stand by him. Then he said, with a half-sneer at Captain Brandt, "Five dollars goes a long ways with you fellers." The cat had unconsciously uncovered its claws.

Brandt sprang forward, with a wicked look in his eye, when the general raised his hand.

"Come, men, stop this right away." There was a tone in the chief engineer's voice which impelled obedience. "We are here to find out who is responsible for this error. I am surprised, Mr. Sanford," turning almost fiercely upon him, "that a man of your experience did not insist on a written order for this change of plan. While six inches over an area of this size do not materially

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injure the work, you are too old a contractor to alter a level to one which you admit now was wrong, and which at the time you knew was wrong, without some written order. It violates the contract."

Here, Nickles, who had been craning his neck out of the shanty window so as not to lose a word of the talk, withdrew it so suddenly that one of the men standing by the door hurried into the shanty, thinking something unusual was the matter.

"I have never been able to get a written order from this superintendent for any detail of the work since he has been here," said Sanford in a positive tone, "and he has never raised his hand to help us. What the cause of his enmity is I do not know. We have all of us tried to treat him courteously, and to follow his orders whenever it was possible to do so. He insisted on this change, after both my master diver, Caleb West here, Captain Joe Bell, and others of my best men had protested against it, and we had either to stop work and appeal to the Board, and so lose the summer's work and be liable to the government for non-completion on time, or obey him. I took the latter course, and you can see the result. It was my only way out of the difficulty."

At this instant there came a crash which sounded like breaking china, evidently in the shanty, and a cloud of white dust, the contents of a partly empty flour-barrel, sifted out through the open window.

The general turned his head in inquiry, and, seeing nothing, said, "You should have stopped work, sir, and appealed. The government does not want its work done in a careless, unworkmanlike way, and will not pay for it." His voice had a tone in it that sent a pang of anxiety to Mrs. Leroy's heart.

Carleton smiled grimly. He was all right, he said to himself. Nobody believed the Yankee skipper.

Before Sanford could gather his wits to reply, the shanty door was flung wide open, and Nickles backed out, carrying in his arms a pine door, higher and wider than himself. He had lifted it from its hinges in the pantry, upsetting everything about it.

"I guess mebbe I ain't been a-watchin' this all summer fur nothin', gents," he said, planting the door square before the general. "You kin read it fur yerself, — it 's 's plain 's print. If ye want what ye call an 'order,' here it is large as life."

It was the once clean pine door of the shanty, on which Sanford and the men had placed their signatures in blue pencil the day the level was fixed, and Carleton, defying Sanford, had said it should "go that way," or he would stop the work.

General Barton adjusted his eyeglasses and began reading the inscription. A verbatim record of Carleton's instructions was before him. The other members of the Board crowded around, reading it in silence.

The general replaced his gold-rimmed eyeglasses carefully in their case, and for a moment looked seaward in an abstracted sort of way. The curiously inscribed door had evidently made a deep impression upon him.

"I had forgotten about that record, general," said Sanford, "but I am very glad it has been preserved. It was made at the time, so we could exactly carry out the superintendent's instructions. As to its truth, I should prefer you to ask the men who signed it. They are all here around you."

The general looked again at Captain Joe and Caleb. There was no questioning their integrity. Theirs were faces that disarmed suspicion at once.

"Are these your signatures?" he asked, pointing to the scrawls in blue lead pencil subscribed under Sanford's.

"They are, sir," said Captain Joe and Caleb almost simultaneously; Caleb answering with a certain tone, as if he were still in government service and under oath, lifting his hat as he

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spoke. Men long in government employ have this sort of unconscious awe in the presence of their superiors.

"Make a copy of it," said the general curtly to the secretary of the Board. Then he turned on his heel, crossed the Screamer's deck, and entered the cabin of the tender, where he was followed by the other members of the committee.

Ten minutes later the steward of the tender called Carleton. The men looked after him as he picked his way over the platforms and across the deck of the sloop. His face was flushed, and a nervous twitching of the muscles of his mouth showed his agitation over the summons. The apparition of the pantry door, they thought, had taken the starch out of him.

Mrs. Leroy crossed to Sanford's side, and whispered anxiously, "What do you think, Henry?"

"I don't know yet, Kate. Barton is a gruff, exact man, and a martinet, but he has n't a dishonest hair on his head. Wait."

The departure of the engineers aboard the tender, followed almost immediately by that of the superintendent, left the opposition, so to speak, unrepresented. Those of the ladies who were on sufficiently intimate terms with Sanford to mention the fact at all, and who, despite the major's efforts to lead them out of range, had heard every word of the discussion, expressed the hope that the affair would come out all right. One, a Mrs. Corson, said in a half-querulous tone that she thought they ought to be ashamed of themselves to find any fault, after all the hard work he had done. Jack and Smearly consulted apart. They were somewhat disturbed, but still believed that Sanford would win his case.

To the major, however, the incident had a far deeper and much more significant meaning.

"It 's a part of their infernal system, Henry," he said in a sympathetic voice, now really concerned for his friend's welfare, — "a trick of the damnable oligarchy, suh, that is crushing out the life of the people. It is the first time since the wah that I have come as close as this to any of the representatives of this government, and it will be the last, suh."

Before Sanford could soothe the warlike spirit of his champion, the steward of the tender again appeared, and, touching his cap, said the committee wished to see Mr. Sanford.

The young engineer excused himself to those about him, and followed the steward; Mrs. Leroy looking after him with a glance of anxiety as he crossed the deck of the Screamer, — an anxiety which Sanford tried to relieve by an encouraging wave of his hand.

As Sanford entered the saloon Carleton was just leaving it, his eyes on the floor, his hat in his hand. His face was a blue-white. Little flecks of saliva were sticking in the corners of his mouth, as if his breath were dry.

General Barton sat at the head of the saloon table. The other members of the Board were seated below him.

"Mr. Sanford," said the general, "we have investigated the differences between yourself and the superintendent with the following result: First, the committee has accepted the work as it stands, believing in the truthfulness of yourself and your men, confirmed by a record which it could not doubt. Second, the withheld certificate will be signed and checks forwarded to you as soon as the necessary papers can be prepared. Third, Superintendent Carleton has been relieved from duty at Shark Ledge Light."

XXII.

A BROKEN DRAW.

Carleton's downfall was known all over the Ledge and on board every boat that lay at its wharf, long before either he or Sanford regained the open air.

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The means of communication was that same old silent current that requires neither pole nor battery to put it into working order. Within thirty seconds of the time the ominous words fell from the general's lips, the single word "Dennis," the universal sobriquet for a discharged man our working world over, was in every man's mouth. Whatever medium was used, the meaning was none the less clear and unmistakable. The steward may have winked to the captain in the pilot-house, or the cook shrugged his shoulders, opening his mouth with the gasping motion of a strangling chicken, and so conveyed the news to the forecastle; or one of the crew, with ears wide open, may have found it necessary to uncoil a rope outside the cabin window at the precise moment the general gave his decision, and have instantly passed the news along to his nearest mate. Of one thing there was no doubt: Carleton had given his last order on Shark Ledge.

An animated discussion followed among the men.

"Ought to give him six months," said Captain Bob Brandt, whose limited experience of government inspecting boards led him to believe that its officers were clothed with certain judicial powers. "Had n't 'a' been for old Ham-fats" (Nickles's nickname) "an' his pantry door, he 'd 'a' swore Cap'n Joe's character away."

"Well, I 'm kind o' sorry for him, anyway," replied Captain Joe, not noticing the skipper's humorous allusion. "Poor critter, he ain't real responsible. What 's he goin' to do fur a livin', now that the gov'ment ain't a-goin' to support him no more?"

"Ain't nobody cares; he 'll know better 'n to lie, nex' time," said Lonny Bowles. "Is he comin' ashore here agin, Caleb, er has he dug a hole fur himself 'board the tender in the coal-bunkers?"

Caleb smiled grimly, but made no reply. He never liked to think of Carleton, much less to talk of him. Since the night when he had waylaid Betty coming home from Keyport, his name had not passed the diver's lips. He had always avoided him on the work, keeping out of his way, not so much from fear of Carleton as from fear of himself, — fear that in some uncontrollable moment he might fall upon him and throttle him. No one except Betty, Carleton, and himself had known of the night attack; not even Captain Joe. It was best not to talk about it; it might injure her. Carleton's assault had always caused Caleb, too, a slight twinge about the heart. Was he doing right in letting Betty shift for herself? The world would take its cue from him as to how it should treat her. Had he done his whole duty to the little wife he had promised to protect?

So it was not surprising that Caleb only looked calmly out to sea, and turned away without replying, when Lonny Bowles inquired whether Carleton had covered himself up in the coal-bunkers. No one noticed his abstraction, nor the fact that he did not answer Lonny Bowles. His fellow workmen were accustomed to the moodiness which had come over him since Betty left him. They knew he was thinking of her, but they failed to read in his face the conflict that was raging in him; and they did not know that, besides Betty's face, another's was always haunting him, bringing the hot blood to his cheek and setting his finger-nails deep into the palms of his hands. That was Bill Lacey's. It was only at rare intervals, when Caleb had run into Stonington aboard the Screamer or on one of the tugs short of coal or water, that he had seen Lacey, and then only at a distance. The rigger was at work around the cars on the dock. Caleb had never known whether Lacey had seen him. He thought not. The men said the young fellow always moved away when any of the Keyport boats came in, so that really the two had never met.

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These chance, far-off glimpses, however, left their mark upon Caleb's mind, steeling his heart against Betty for days after. "It ain't my fault she lef' me," he would say bitterly, sitting alone by his fire, "an' for a cur like him!"

These were the thoughts he was carrying in his heart as he went about his work, or listened to the men as they discussed the leading topics of the day.

. . . . . .

If a certain sigh of relief went up from the working force over Carleton's downfall and Sanford's triumph, a much more joyous feeling permeated the yacht. Not only were Jack and Smearly jubilant, but even Sam, with a grin the width of his face, had a little double shuffle of his own in the close quarters of the galley, while the major began forthwith to concoct a brew in which to drink Sanford's health, and of such mighty power that for once Sam disobeyed his instructions, and poured a pint of Medford spring water instead of an equal amount of old Holland gin into the seductive mixture. "'Fo' God, Mr. Sanford, dey would n't one o' dem ladies knowed deir head from a whirlumgig, if dey 'd drank dat punch," he said afterward to his master, in palliation of his sin.

But of all the happy souls that breathed the air of this lovely autumn day Mrs. Leroy was the happiest. She felt, somehow, that the decision of the committee was a triumph for both Sanford and herself: for Sanford because of his constant fight against the elements, for her because of her advice and encouragement. As the words fell from Sanford's lips, telling her of the joyful news, — he had told her first of all, — her face flushed and her eyes lighted with genuine pleasure.

"What did I tell you!" she said, holding out her hand in a hearty, generous way, as a man would have done. "I knew you would do it. Oh, I am so proud of you, you great splendid fellow!"

If she had thought for a moment, she would have known that really the master spirits of the work were Captain Joe and Caleb and Captain Brandt, — men whose pluck, devotion, and personal courage made possible the completion of the work, — a fact which Sanford had never concealed from her. And yet, deep down in her own mind she could never forget his days and nights of anxiety, and could not divest herself of the belief that somehow he had inspired these men to do their best, and hence the credit was his, and in a less degree her own.

As her mind dwelt on these things a sudden inspiration seized her. Before her guests were seated around the well-appointed table in the cabin of the yacht, she darted back again to the Ledge in search of Captain Joe, her dainty skirts raised about her tiny boots to keep them from the rough platforms.

"Do come and lunch with us, Captain Bell," she said in her joyous way. "I really want you, and the ladies would so love to talk to you." She had not forgotten his tenderness over Betty, the morning he came for her; more than that, he had stood by Sanford.

The captain, somewhat surprised, looked down into her eyes with the kindly expression of a big mastiff diagnosing a kitten.

"Well, that 's real nice o' ye, an' I thank ye kindly," he said, his eyes lighting up at her evident sincerity. "But ye see yer vittles would n't do me no good. Only man I know that kin eat both kinds is Mr. Sanford. So if ye won't take no offense, I 'll kind o' grub in with the other men. Cook 's jes' give notice to all hands."

Then Mrs. Leroy, seeing Caleb at a little distance, turned and walked toward him. But it was not to ask him to luncheon.

"I have heard Mr. Sanford speak so often of you that I wanted to know you before I left the work," she said, hold-

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ing out her little gloved hand. Caleb looked into her face and touched the dainty glove with two of his fingers, — he was afraid to do more, it was so small — and, with his eyes on hers, listened while she spoke in a tender, sympathetic tone, lowering her voice so that no one could hear but himself, not even Sanford. "I have heard all about your troubles, Mr. West, and I am so sorry for you both. She stayed with me one night last summer. Poor child, she was very miserable; it 's an awful thing to be alone in the world."

Sanford took the situation with a calmness customary to him when things were going well. His principle in life was to do his level best every time, and leave the rest to fate. When he worried, it was before a crisis. He had not belittled the consequences of a rejection of the work. He knew how serious it might have been. Had the Board become thoroughly convinced that he had openly and without just cause violated both the written contract and the instructions of the superintendent, they might have been forced to make an example of him, and to require all the upper masonry to be torn down and rebuilt on a true level, — a result which would have entailed the loss of thousands of dollars.

His reply to General Barton and the Board had been a grim, reserved "I thank you, gentlemen," with an added hope that the new superintendent might be instructed to give written orders when any departure from the contract was insisted upon, to which the chief engineer agreed.

Later, when he called his men about him on the Ledge and gave them the details of the interview, — he never kept anything of this kind from his working force, — he cautioned one and all of them to exercise the greatest patience and good temper toward the new superintendent, whoever he might be, who was promised in a few days, so that nothing might happen which would incur his ill will; reminding them that it would not do for a second superintendent to be disgruntled, no matter whose fault it was: to which Captain Joe sententiously replied, "All right; let 'em send who they like, — sooner the better. But one thing I kin tell 'em, an' that is that none on 'em can't stop us now from gittin' through, no matter how ornery they be."

And yet, even with the happiness of his triumph, Sanford grew conscious of a strange feeling of disappointment. He began without reason to wonder whether the companionship with Kate would now be as close as before, and whether the daily conferences would end, since he had no longer any anxieties to lay before her.

Something in her delight, and the frank way in which she had held out her hand like a man friend in congratulation, had chilled rather than cheered him. He felt hurt, without knowing why. A sense of indefinable personal loss came over him. In the whirl of contending emotions suddenly assailing him, he began to doubt whether she had understood his motives, that night on the veranda, when he had kissed her hand, — whether, in fact, he had understood her at all. Had she really conquered her feelings as he had his? Or had there been nothing to conquer? Then another feeling rose in his heart, — a vague jealousy of the very work which had bound them so closely together, and which now seemed to claim all her interest.

. . . . . .

Throughout the luncheon that followed aboard the yacht, the major had been the life of the party. He had offered no apology either to Sanford or to any member of the committee for his hasty conclusions regarding "the damnable oligarchy." He considered that he had wiped away all bitterness, when, rising to his feet, and rapping with his knife for order, he had said with great dignity and suavity of manner: —

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"On behalf of this queen among women," — turning to Mrs. Leroy, — "our lovely hostess, as well as these fair young buds" — a graceful wave of his hand — (some of these buds had grandchildren) "who adorn her table, I rise to thank you, suh," — semi-military salute to General Barton, — "for the opportunity you have given them of doing honor to a gentleman and a soldier," — a double-barreled compliment that brought a smile to that gentleman's face, and a suppressed ripple of laughter from the other members of the committee.

In the same generous way he had filled his own and everybody else's bumper for Sanford out of the bowl that Sam had rendered innocuous, addressing his friend as that "young giant, who has lighted up the pathway of the vasty deep." To which bit of grandiloquence Sanford replied that the major was premature, but that he hoped to accomplish it the following year.

In addition to conducting all these functions, the Pocomokian had neglected no minor detail of the feast. He had insisted upon making the coffee after an especial formula of his own, and had cooled in a new way and with his own hands the several cordials banked up on Sam's silver tray. He had opened parasols for the ladies and champagne for the men with equal grace and dexterity; had been host, waiter, valet, and host again; and throughout the livelong day had been one unfailing source of enthusiasm, courtesy, and helpfulness. With all this he had never overstepped the limits of his position, — as High Rubber-in-Chief, of course, — his main purpose having been to get all the fun possible out of the situation, not so much for himself as for those about him. While the general and the committee had several times, in their own minds, put him down for a charlatan and a mountebank, especially when they deliberated upon the fit of his clothes and his bombastic and sometimes fulsome speeches, all the vagaries of the distinguished Pocomokian only endeared him the more to Sanford and his many friends. They saw a little deeper under the veneer, and knew that if the major did smoke his hostess's cigars and drink her cognac, it was always as her guest and in her presence; that, poor and often thirsty as he was, he would as soon have thought of stuffing his carpet-bag with the sheets that covered his temporary bed as of filling his private flask with the contents of the decanter that Buckles brought nightly to his room. It was just this delicate sense of honor that saved him from pure vagabondage.

. . . . . .

When coffee and cigars had been served, the general and his party again crossed the gangplank to the tender, the mooring-lines were thrown off, and the two boats, with many wavings of hands from yacht and Ledge, kept on their respective courses. The tender was to keep on to Keyport, where the committee were to board the train for New York, and the yacht was to idle along until sundown, and so on into Medford Harbor. Captain Joe and Caleb were to follow later in the tug that had towed out the Screamer, they being needed in Keyport to load some supplies.

As the tender steamed away, the men on the Ledge looked eagerly for Carleton, that they might give him some little leave-taking of their own, — it would have been a pleasant one, — but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Buried up in the coal-bunkers, jes' 's I said," laughed Lonny Bowles.

With the final wave of a red handkerchief, the property of the major, toward the fast disappearing tender, a salute returned by the general standing in the stern of the boat, Mrs. Leroy's party settled themselves on the forward deck of the yacht to enjoy the run back to Medford. The ladies were made comfortable with cushions from the saloon below, while some of the men threw

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themselves flat on the deck cushions, or sat Turkish fashion in those several sprawling positions possible only under like conditions, and most difficult for an underbred man to learn to assume properly. Jack Hardy knew to a nicety how to stow his legs away, and so did Sanford. Theirs were always invisible. Smearly never tried the difficult art. He thought it beneath his dignity; and then, again, there was too much of him in the wrong place. The major wanted to try it, and no doubt would have done so with decorum and grace but for his clothes. It was a straight and narrow way that the major had been walking all day, and he could run no risks.

Everything aboard the yacht had been going as merry as a marriage or any other happy bell of good cheer, — the major at his best, Smearly equally delightful, Helen and Jack happy as two song-birds, and Mrs. Leroy with a joyous word for every one between her confidences to Sanford.

It was just when the gayety was at its height that two quick, sharp rings in the engine-room below were heard, and almost at the same moment one of the crew touched Sanford on the shoulder and whispered something in his ear.

Sanford sprang to his feet and looked eagerly toward the shore.

The yacht, at the moment, was entering the narrow channel of Medford Harbor, and the railroad trestle and draw could be plainly seen from its deck. Sanford's quick eye had instantly detected a break in the outlines. The end of the railroad track placed on the trestle, and crossing within a few hundred feet of Mrs. Leroy's cottage, was evidently twisted out of shape, while, across the channel, on its opposite end rested an engine and two cars, the outer one derailed and toppled over. On the water below were crowded small boats of every conceivable kind, hurrying to the scene. They filled the space under the draw, they blocked up the broken ends of the structure, while the surrounding banks were black with people looking anxiously at a group of men on board a scow, who were apparently trying to keep above water a large object which looked like a floating house.

It was clear that something serious had happened.

A panic of apprehension immediately seized the guests on the yacht. Faces which but a few moments before had been rosy with smiles became suddenly anxious and frightened. Some of the ladies spoke in whispers; could it be possible, every one asked, that the train with General Barton and the committee on board had met with an accident?

Sanford, followed by Mrs. Leroy, hurried into the pilot-house, to search the horizon from that elevation and see the better. One moment's survey removed all doubt from his mind. A train had gone through the draw; whether passenger or freight he could not tell. One thing was certain: some lives must be in danger, or the crowd would not watch so intently the group who were working with such energy aboard the rescuing scow. At Sanford's request, two quick, short bells sounded again in the engine-room, and the yacht quivered along her entire length as she doubled her speed. When she came within hailing distance of the shore, a lobster-fisherman pulled out and crossed the yacht's bow.

"What 's happened?" shouted Sanford, waving his hat to attract attention.

The fisherman stopped rowing, and the yacht slowed down.

"Train through the draw," came the answer.

"Passenger or freight?"

"'T ain't neither one. It 's a repair train from Stonin'ton, with a lot o' dagos an' men. Caboose went clean under, an' two cars piled on top."

Sanford breathed freer; the Board were safe, anyhow.

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"Anybody killed?"

"Yes. Some says six; some says more. None in the caboose got out. The dagos was on the dirt-car, an' jumped."

The yacht sped on. As she neared the railroad draw, Jack took Helen's hand and led her down into the cabin. He did not want her to see any sight that would shock her. Mrs. Leroy stood by Sanford. The yacht was her house, so to speak; some one might need its hospitality and shelter, and she wanted to be the first to offer it. The same idea had crossed Sanford's mind.

"Major," said Sanford, "please tell Sam to get some brandy ready, and bring some of the mattresses from the crew's bunks up on deck; they may be useful."

A voice hailed Sanford. It came from the end of the scow nearest the sunken house, now seen to be one end of a caboose car. "Is there a doctor aboard your yacht?"

"Yes, half a one. Who wants him?" said Smearly, leaning over the rail in the direction of the sound.

"We 've got a man here we can't bring to. He 's alive, but that 's all."

The yacht backed water and moved close to the scow. Sanford jumped down, followed by Smearly carrying the brandy and the major with a mattress, and ran along her deck to where the man lay. The yacht kept on. It was to land the ladies a hundred yards away, and then return.

"Hand me that brandy, quick, major!" said Smearly, as he dropped on one knee and bent over the sufferer, parting the lips with his fingers and pouring a little between the closed teeth. "Now pull that mattress closer, and some of you fellows make a pillow of your coats, and find something to throw over him when he comes to; it 's the cold that 's killing him. He 'll pull through, I think."

The major was the first man in his shirt-sleeves; Leroy's coat was beginning to be of some real service. Two of the scow's crew added their own coats, and then ran to the cabin for an army blanket. The man was lifted upon the mattress and made more comfortable, with the coats placed under his head and the army blanket tucked about him. Smearly's early training in the hospital service during the war had more than once stood him in good stead.

The man gave a convulsive gasp and partly opened his eyes. The brandy was doing its work. Sanford leaned over him to see if he could recognize him, but the ooze and slime clung so thickly to the mustache and closely trimmed beard that he could not make out his features. He seemed to be under thirty years of age, strong and well built. He was dressed in a blue shirt and overalls, and looked like a mechanic.

"How many others?" asked Sanford, looking toward the wreck.

"He 's the only one alive," answered the captain of the scow. "We hauled him through the winder of the caboose just as she was a-turnin' over. He 's broke something, some'ers, I guess, or he 'd 'a' come to quicker. There 's two dead under there," pointing to the sunken caboose, "so the brakeman says. If we had a diver we could git 'em up. The railroad superintendent 's been here, an' says he 'll send for one; but you know what that means, — he 'll send for a diver after they git this caboose up; by that time their bodies 'll be smashed into pulp."

The yacht had now steamed back to the wreck with word from Mrs. Leroy to send for whatever would be needed to make the injured men comfortable. Sam delivered the message, standing in the bow of the yacht. He had not liked the idea of leaving Sanford, when the yacht moved off from the scow, and had so expressed himself to the sailing-master. He was Sanford's servant, — not Mrs. Leroy's, — he had said; and when people were getting blown up and

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his master had to stay and attend to them, his place was beside him, not waiting on ladies.

With the approach of the yacht Sanford looked at his watch thoughtfully, and raising his voice to the sailing-master, who was standing in the pilot-house, his hand on the wheel, said, "Captain, I want you to tow this scow to Mrs. Leroy's dock, so the doctor can get at this wounded fellow. He needs hot blankets at once. Then crowd on everything you 've got and run to Keyport. Find Captain Joe Bell, and tell him to put my big air-pump aboard and bring Caleb West and his diving-dress. There are two dead men down here who must be got up before the wrecking-train begins on the caboose. My colored boy, Sam, will go with you and help you find the captain's house, — he knows where he lives. If you are quick, you can make Keyport and back in an hour."

XXIII.

THE SWINGING GATE.

When the tug landed Caleb at Keyport, this same afternoon, he hurried through his duties and went straight to his cabin. Mrs. Leroy's sympathetic words were still in his ears. He could hear the very tones of her voice and recall the pleading look in her eyes. He wished he had told her the whole truth then and there, and how he felt toward Betty; and he might have done so had not the other ladies been there, expecting her aboard the yacht. He did not feel hurt or angry; he never was with those who spoke well of his wife. Her words had only deepened the conviction that had lately taken possession of his own mind, — that he alone, of all who knew Betty, had shut his heart against her. Even this woman — a total stranger — had taken her out of the streets and befriended her, and still pleaded for her. Would his own heart ever be softened? What did he want her to do for him? Crawl back on her hands and knees, and lie outside his door until he took her in? And if she never came, — what then?

Would she be able to endure this being shut out from everything and everybody? He had saved her from Carleton, but who else would try to waylay and insult her? Maybe his holding out so long against her would force her into other temptations, and so ruin her. What if it was already too late? Lacey had been seen round Keyport lately, — once at night. He knew the young rigger wrote to her. Bert Simmons, the postman, had shown him the letters with the Stonington postmark. Was Lacey hanging round Keyport because she had sent for him? And if she went back to him, after all, — whose fault was it?

At the thought of Lacey the beads of sweat stood on his forehead. Various conflicting emotions took possession of him: haunting fears lest she should be tempted beyond her strength, followed by an almost uncontrollable anger against the man who had broken up his home. Then his mind reverted to Captain Joe, and to the night he pleaded for her, and to the way he said over and over again, "She ain't nothin' but a child, Caleb, an' all of us is liable to go astray." These words seemed to burn themselves into his brain.

As the twilight came on he went upstairs on tiptoe, treading as lightly as if he knew she was asleep and he feared to waken her. Standing by the bed, he looked about him in an aimless, helpless way, his eyes resting finally on the counterpane, and the pillow he had placed every night for her on her side of the bed. It was yellow and soiled now. In the same half-dazed, dreamy way he stepped to the closet, opened the door cautiously, and laid his hand upon her dresses, which hung where she had left them, smoothing them softly. He could easily have persuaded himself,

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had she been dead, that her spirit was near him, whispering to him, leading him about, her hand in his.

As he stood handling the dresses, with their little sleeves and skirts, all the paternal seemed suddenly to come out in him. She was no longer his wife, no longer the keeper of his house, no longer the custodian of his good name. She was his child, his daughter, his own flesh and blood, — one who had gone astray, one who had pleaded for forgiveness, and who was now alone in the world, with every door closed against her but Captain Joe's.

In the brightness of this new light of pity in him a great weight seemed lifted from his heart. His own sorrow and loneliness were trivial and selfish beside hers: he big and strong, fearless to go and come, able to look every man in the face; and she a timid girl, shrinking, frightened, insulted, hiding even from those who loved her. What sort of man was he to shut his door in her face, and send her shuddering down the road?

With these new thoughts there came a sudden desire to help, to reach out his arms toward her, to stand up and defend her, — defend her, out in the open, before all the people.

Catching up his hat, he hurried from the house and walked briskly down the road. It was Betty's hour for coming home. Since the encounter with Carleton there had been few evenings in the week he had not loitered along the road, with one excuse or another, hiding behind the fish-house until she passed, watching her until she reached the swinging gate. Soon the residents up and down the road began to time his movements. "Here comes Caleb," they would say; "Betty ain't far off. Ain't nothin' goin' to touch her as long as Caleb 's round."

This watchful care had had its effect. Not only had Captain Joe and Aunty Bell taken her part, but Caleb was looking after her, too. When this became common talk the little remaining gossip ceased. Better not talk about Betty, the neighbors said among themselves; Caleb might hear it.

When the diver reached the top of the hill overlooking Captain Joe's cottage, his eye fell upon Betty's slight figure stepping briskly up the hill, her shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, her hat low down on her face. She had passed the willows, and was halfway to the swinging gate. Caleb quickened his pace and walked straight toward her.

She saw him coming, and stopped in sudden fright. For an instant she wavered, undecided whether she would turn and run, or brave it out and pass him. If she could only get inside the garden before he reached her! As she neared the gate she heard his footsteps on the road, and could see from under the rim of her hat the rough shoes and coarse trousers cement-stained up as far as his knees. Only once since she had gone with Lacey had she been so close to him.

She gathered all her strength and sprang forward, her hand on the swinging gate.

"I 'll hold it back, child," came a low, sweet voice, and an arm was stretched out before her. "It shan't slam to and hurt ye."

He was so close she could have touched him. She saw, even in her agony, the gray, fluffy beard, and the wrinkled, weather-stained throat within the unbuttoned collar of the flannel shirt. She saw, too, the big brown hand, as it rested on the gate.

She did not see his eyes. She dared not look so high.

As she entered the kitchen door she gave a hurried glance behind. He was following her slowly, as if in deep thought; his hands behind his back, his eyes on the ground.

Aunty Bell was bending over the stove when Betty dashed in.

"It 's Caleb! He 's coming in! Oh, aunty, don't let him see me — please — please!"

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The little woman turned quickly, startled at the sudden interruption.

"He don't want ye, child." The girl's appearance alarmed her. She is not often this way, she thought.

"He does — he does! He spoke to me — Oh, where shall I go?" she moaned, wringing her hands, her whole body trembling like one with an ague.

"Go nowhere," answered Aunty Bell in decided tones. "Stay where ye be. I'll go see him. 'T ain't nothin', child, only somethin' for the cap'n." She had long since given up all hope of Caleb's softening.

As she spoke, the diver's slow and measured step could be heard sounding along the plank walk.

Aunty Bell let down her apron and stepped to the door. Betty crept behind the panels, watching him through the crack, stifling her breath lest she should miss his first word. Oh, the music of his voice at the gate! Not his words, but the way he spoke, — the gentleness, the pity, the compassion of it all! As this thought surged through her mind she grew calmer; a sudden impulse to rush out and throw herself at his feet took possession of her. He could not repel her when his voice carried such tenderness to her heart. A great sob rose in her throat. The measured, slow step came closer.

At this instant she heard the outer gate swing to a second time with a resounding bang, and Captain Joe's voice calling, "Git yer dress, Caleb, quick as God 'll let ye! Train through the Medford draw an' two men drownded. I 've been lookin' fur ye everywhere."

"Who says so?" answered Caleb calmly, without moving.

"Mr. Sanford 's sent the yacht. His nigger 's outside now. Hurry, I tell ye; we ain't got a minute."

Betty waited, her heart throbbing. Caleb paused for an instant, and looked earnestly and hesitatingly toward the house. Then he turned quickly and followed Captain Joe.

Aunty Bell waited until she saw both men cross the road on their way to the dock. Then she went in to find Betty.

She was still crouched behind the door, her limbs trembling beneath her. On her face was the dazed look of one who had missed, without knowing why, a great crisis.

"Don't cry, child," said the little woman, patting her cheek. "It 's all right. I knowed he did n't come for ye."

"But, Aunty Bell, Aunty Bell," she sobbed, as she threw her arms about the older woman's neck, "I wanted him so!"

XXIV.

CALEB TRIMS HIS LIGHTS.

The purple twilight had already settled over Medford Harbor when the yacht, with Captain Joe and Caleb on board, glided beneath the wrecked trestle with its toppling cars, and made fast to one of the outlying spiles of the draw. As the yacht's stern swung in toward the sunken caboose which coffined the bodies of the drowned men, a small boat put off from the shore and Sanford sprang aboard. He had succeeded in persuading the section boss in charge of the wrecking gang to delay wrecking operations until Caleb could get the bodies, insisting that it was inhuman to disturb the wreck until they were recovered. As the yacht was expected every moment, and the services of the diver would be free, the argument carried weight.

"Everything is ready, sir," said Captain Joe, as Sanford walked aft to meet him. "We 've 'iled up the cylinders, an' the pump can git to work in a minute. I 'll tend Caleb; I know how he likes his air. Come, Caleb, git inter yer dress; this tide 's on the turn."

The three men walked along the yacht's deck to where the captain had been oiling the air-pump. It had been

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lifted clear of its wooden case and stood near the rail, its polished brasses glistening in the light of a ship's lantern slung to the ratlines. Sprawled over a deck settee lay the rubber diving-dress, — body, arms, and legs in one piece, like a suit of seamless underwear, — and beside it the copper helmet, a trunkless head with a single staring eye. The air-hose and life-line, together with the back-plate and breast-plate of lead and the iron-shod shoes, lay on the deck.

Caleb placed his folded coat on a camp-stool, drew off his shoes, tucked his trousers into his stocking legs, and began twisting himself into his rubber dress, Sanford helping him with the arms and neckpiece. Captain Joe, meanwhile, overhauled the plates and loosened the fastenings of the weighted shoes.

With the screwing on of Caleb's helmet and the tightening of his face-plate the crowd increased. The news of the coming diver had preceded the arrival of the yacht, and the trestle and shores were lined with people.

When Caleb, completely equipped, stepped on the top round of the ladder fastened to the yacht's side, the crowd climbed hurriedly over the wrecked cars to the stringers of the trestle, to get a better view of the huge man-fish with its distorted head and single eye, and its long antennæ of hose and life-line. Such a sight would be uncanny even when the blazing sun burnished the diver's polished helmet and the one eye of the face-plate glared ominously; but at night, under the wide sky, with only a single swinging lamp to illumine the gloomy shadows, the man-fish became a thing of dread, — a ghoulish spectre who prowled over foul and loathsome things, and rose from the slime of deep bottoms only to breathe and sink again.

Caleb slowly descended the yacht's ladder, one iron-shod foot at a time, until the water reached his armpits. Then he swung himself clear, and the black, oily ooze closed over him.

Captain Joe leaned over the yacht's rail, the life-line wound about his wrist, his sensitive hand alert for the slightest nibble of the man-fish below; these nibbles are the unspoken words of the diver to his "tender" above. His life often depends on these being instantly understood and answered.

For the diver is more than amphibious; he is twice-bodied, — one man below, one man above, with two heads and four hands. The connecting links between these two bodies — these Siamese twins — are the life-line and signal-cord through which they speak to each other, and the air-hose carrying their life-breath.

As Caleb dropped out of sight the crew crowded to the yacht's rail, straining their eyes in the gloom. In the steady light of the lantern they could see the cord tighten and slacken, as the diver felt his way among the wreckage or sank to the bottom. They could follow, too, the circle of air-bubbles floating on the water above where he worked. No one spoke; no one moved. An almost deathly stillness prevailed. The only sounds were the wheezing of the air-pump turned by the sailor, and the swish of the life-line cutting through the water as the diver talked to his tender. With these were mingled the unheeded sounds of the night and of the sea, — the soft purring of the tall grasses moving gently to and fro in the night-wind, and the murmuring of the sluggish water stirred by the rising tide and gurgling along the yacht's side on its way to the stern.

"Has he found them yet, Captain Joe?" Sanford asked, after some moments, under his breath.

"Not yet, sir. He 's been through one car, an' is now crawlin' through t'other. He says they 're badly broke up. Run that air-hose overboard, sir; let it all go; he wants it all. Thank ye. He says the men are in their bunks at t'other end, if anywheres. That 's it, sir."

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There came a quick double jerk, answered by one long pull.

"More air, sir, — *more air!*" Captain Joe cried in a quick, rising voice. "So-o, that 'll do."

The crew looked on in astonishment. The talk of the man-fish was like the telephone talk of a denizen from another world.

Not a single tremor had been felt along the life-line for a quarter of an hour, nor had Captain Joe moved from his position on the rail. His eye was still on the circle of bubbles that rose and were lost in the current. Sanford grew uneasy.

"What 's he doing now, captain?" he asked in an anxious voice.

"Don't know, sir; ain't heard from him in some time."

"Ask him."

"No, sir; better let him alone. He might be crawlin' through somewheres; might tangle him up if I moved the line. He 's got to feel his way, sir. It 's black as mud down there. If the men warn't in the caboose, he would n't never find 'em at night."

A quick jerk from under the surface now sent the life-line swishing through the water, followed by a series of rapid pulls, — strong seesaw pulls, as if some great fish were struggling with the line.

"He 's got one of 'em, sir," said the captain, with sudden animation. "Says that 's all. He 's been through two cars an' felt along every inch o' the way. If there 's another, he 's got washed out o' the door."

As he spoke, the air-hose slackened and the life-line began to sag.

Captain Joe turned quickly to Sanford. "Pull in that hose, Mr. Sanford," hauling in the slack of the life-line himself. "He 's a-comin' up; he 'll bring him with him."

These varied movements on the yacht stirred the overhanging crowd into action. They hoped the diver was coming up; they hoped, too, he would bring the dead man. His appearing with his awful burden would be less terrible than not knowing what the man-fish was doing. The crew of the yacht crowded still closer to the rail; this fishing at night for the dead had a fascination they could not resist. Some of them even mounted the ratlines, and others ran aft to see the diver rise from the deep sea.

In a moment more the black water heaved in widening circles, and Caleb's head and shoulders were thrust up within an oar's length of the yacht.

The light of the lantern fell upon his wet helmet and extended arm.

The hand clutched a man's boot. Attached to the boot were a pair of blue overalls and a jacket. The head of the drowned man hung down in the water. The face was hidden.

Captain Joe leaned forward, lowered the lantern that Caleb might see the ladder, reeled in the life-line hand over hand, and dragged the diver and his burden nearer.

Caleb placed his foot on the ladder and drew himself up until his waist was clear of the water. Captain Joe dropped the life-line, now that Caleb was safe, called for a boat-hook, and, reaching down, held the foot close to the yacht's side; then a sailor threw a noose of marline twine around the boot. The body was now safe from the treacherous tide.

Caleb raised himself slowly until his helmet was just above the level of the deck. Captain Joe removed the lead plates from his breast and back, unscrewed his glass face-plate, letting out his big beard, and letting in the cool night-air.

"Any more down there?" he cried, his mouth close to Caleb's face as he spoke.

Caleb shook his head inside the copper helmet. "No; don't think so, Cap'n Joe. Guess ye thought I was a-goin' to stay all night, did n't ye? I had ter crawl through two cars 'fore I

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got him; when I found him he was under a tool-chest. One o' them lower cars, I see, has got its end stove out."

"Jes' 's I told ye, Mr. Sanford," said Captain Joe in a positive tone; "t'other body went out with the tide."

. . . . . .

The yacht, with the dead man on board, steamed across the narrow channel, reversed her screw, and touched the fender spiles of her wharf as gently as one would tap an egg. Sanford, who after the body was found had gone ahead in the small boat in search of the section boss, was waiting on the wharf for the arrival of the yacht.

"There 's more trouble, Captain Joe," he said. "There 's a man here that the scow saved from the wreck. Mr. Smearly thought he would pull through, but the doctor who 's with him says he can't live an hour. His spine is injured. Major Slocomb and Mr. Smearly are now in Stonington in search of a surgeon. The section boss tells me his name is Williams, and that he works in the machine shops. Better look at him and see if you know him."

Captain Joe and Caleb walked toward the scow. She was moored close to the grassy slope of the shore. On her deck stood half a dozen men, the injured man lying in the centre. Beside the sufferer, seated on one of Mrs. Leroy's piazza chairs, was the village doctor; his hand was on the patient's pulse. One of Mrs. Leroy's maids knelt at the wounded man's feet, wringing out cloths that had been dipped in buckets of boiling water brought by the men servants. Mrs. Leroy and her guests were on the lawn waiting for news from the wounded man. Over by the stable swinging lights could be seen glimmering here and there, as if men were hurrying. There were lights, too, on the lawn and on the scow's deck; one hung back of the sufferer's head, where it could not shine on his eyes.

The wounded man, who had been stripped of his wet clothes, lay on a clean mattress. Over him was thrown a soft white blanket. His head was propped up on a pillow taken from one of Mrs. Leroy's beds. She had begged to have him moved to the house, but the doctor would not consent until the surgeon arrived. So he kept him out in the warm night-air, lying face up under the stars.

Dying and dead men were no new sight to Captain Joe and Caleb. The captain had sat by too many wounded men, knocked breathless by falling derricks, and seen their life-blood ooze away, and Caleb had dragged too many sailors from sunken cabins. This accident was not serious; only three killed and one wounded out of twenty. In the morning their home people would come and take them away, — in cloth-covered boxes or in plain pine. That was all.

Captain Joe walked toward the sufferer, nodded to the Medford doctor sitting beside him, picked up the lantern which hung behind the man's head, and turned the light full on the pale face. Caleb stood at one side talking with the captain of the scow.

"All broke up, ain't he?" said Captain Joe, as he turned to the doctor. "He ain't no dago. Looks to me like one o' them young fellers what 's" — He stopped abruptly. Something about the face attracted him.

Then he dropped on one knee beside the bed, pushed back the matted hair from the man's forehead, and examined the skin carefully.

For some moments he remained silent, scanning every line in the face. Then he rose to his feet, folded his arms across his chest, his eyes still fastened on the sufferer, and said slowly and thoughtfully to himself, "Well, I 'm damned!"

The doctor bent his head in expectation, eager to hear the captain's next words, but the captain was too absorbed to notice the gesture. For some minutes he continued looking at the dying man.

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"Come here, Caleb!" he called, beckoning to the diver. "Hold the lantern close. Who 's that?" His voice sank almost to a whisper. "Look in his face."

"I don't know, cap'n; I never see him afore."

At the sound of the voices the head on the pillow turned, and the man half opened his eyes and groaned heavily. He was evidently in great pain, — too great for the opiates wholly to deaden.

"Look agin, Caleb; see that scar on his cheek; that 's where the Screamer hit 'im. It 's Bill Lacey."

Caleb caught up the lantern as Captain Joe had done, and turned the light full on the dying man's face. Slowly and carefully he examined its every feature, — the broad forehead, deep-sunk eyes, short curly hair about the temples, and the mustache and close-trimmed beard which had been worn as a disguise, no doubt, along with his new name of Williams. In the same searching way his eye passed over the broad shoulders and slender, supple body outlined under the clinging blanket, and so on down to the small, well-shaped feet that the kneeling maid was warming.

"It 's him," he said quietly, stepping back to the mast, and folding his arms behind his back, while his eyes were fixed on the drawn face.

During this exhaustive search Captain Joe followed every expression that swept over the diver's face. How would the death of this man affect Betty?

He picked up an empty nail-keg and crossing the deck with it sat down again beside the mattress, his hands on his knees, watching the sufferer. As he looked at the twitching muscles of the face and the fading color, the bitterness cherished for months against this man faded away. He saw only the punishment that had come, its swiftness and its sureness. Then another face came before him, — a smaller one, with large and pleading eyes.

"Ain't no chance for him, I s'pose?" he said to the doctor in a low tone.

The only answer was an ominous shake of the head and a significant rubbing of the edge of the doctor's hand across the waist-line of the captain's back. Captain Joe nodded his head; he knew, — the spine was broken.

The passing of a spirit is a sacred and momentous thing, an impressive spectacle even to rough men who have seen it so often.

One by one the watchers on the scow withdrew. Captain Joe and the doctor remained beside the bed; Caleb stood a few feet away, leaning against the mast, the full glow of the lantern shedding a warm light over his big frame and throwing his face into shadow. What wild, turbulent thoughts surged through his brain no one knew but himself. Beads of sweat had trickled down his face, and he loosened his collar to breathe the better.

Presently the captain sank on his knee again beside the mattress. His face had the firm, determined expression of one whose mind has been made up on some line of action that has engrossed his thoughts. He put his mouth close to the dying man's ear.

"It 's me, Billy, — Cap'n Joe. Do ye know me?"

The eyes opened slowly and fastened themselves for an instant upon the captain's face. A dull gleam of recognition stirred in their glassy depths; then the lids closed wearily. The glimpse of Lacey's mind was but momentary, yet to the captain it was unmistakable. The brain was still alert.

With a sigh of relief he leaned back and beckoned to Caleb.

"Come over 'ere," he said in a low whisper, "an' git down close to 'im. He ain't got long ter live. Don't think o' what he done to you, — git that out o' yer head; think o' where he 's a-goin'. Don't let him go with that on yer mind; it ain't decent, an' it 'll haunt ye. Git down close to 'im, an'

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tell 'im ye ain't got nothin' agin 'im; do it for me. Ye won't never regret it, Caleb."

The diver knelt in a passive, listless way, as one drops in a church to the sound of an altar-bell. The flame of the lantern fell on his face and shaggy beard, lighting up the earnest, thoughtful eyes and tightly pressed lips.

"Pull yerself together, Billy, — jes' once, fur me," said Captain Joe in a half-coaxing voice. "It 's Caleb bendin' over ye; he wants to tell ye something."

The sunken, shriveled lids parted quickly, and the eyes rested for a moment on the diver's face. The lips moved, as if the man were about to speak. But no words came. Over the cheeks and nose there passed a convulsive twitching, the neck stiffened, the head straightened back upon the pillow. Then the jaw fell.

"He 's dead," said the doctor, laying his hand over Lacey's heart.

Captain Joe drew the blanket over the dead face, rose from his knees, and, with his arm in Caleb's, left the scow and walked slowly toward the yacht. The doctor gathered up his remedies, gave some directions to the watchman, and joined Mrs. Leroy and the ladies on the lawn.

Only the watchman on the scow was left, and the silent stars, — stern, unflinching, terrible, like the eyes of many judges.

. . . . . .

Caleb and Captain Joe sat on the yacht's deck, on their way back to Keyport. The air-pump had been lifted into its case, and the dress and equipment had been made ready to be put ashore at the paraphernalia dock.

The moon had risen, flooding the yacht with white light and striping the deck with the clear-cut, black shadows of the stanchions. On the starboard bow burned Keyport Light, and beyond flashed Little Gull, a tiny star on the far-off horizon.

Caleb leaned back on a settee, his eyes fixed on the glistening sea. He had not spoken a word since his eyes rested on Lacey's face.

"Caleb," said Captain Joe, laying his hand on the diver's knee, "mebbe ye don't feel right to me fur sayin' what I did, but I did n't want ye to let 'im go an' not tell 'im ye had n't no hatred in yer heart toward 'im. It 'd come back to plague ye, and ye 've had sufferin' enough already 'long o' him. He won't worry you nor her no more. He 's lived a mean, stinkin' life, an' he 's died 's I allus knowed he would, — with nobody's hand ter help 'im. Caleb," — he paused for an instant and looked into the diver's face, — "you 'n' me 's knowed each other by an' large a many a year; ye know what I want ye to do; ye know what hurts me, an' has ever sence the child come back. He 's out o' yer hands now. God 's punished him. Be good to yerself an' to her, an' forgive her. Take Betty back."

The old man turned, and slipped his hand over Captain Joe's, — a hard, horny hand, with a heart-throb in every finger-tip.

"Cap'n Joe, I know how ye feel. There ain't nothin' between us; but yer wrong about him. As I stood over him to-night I fit it all out with myself. If he 'd 'a' lived long 'nough I 'd 'a' told him, jes' 's ye wanted me to. But yer ain't never had this thing right; I ain't a-blamin' him, an' I ain't a-blamin' her."

"Then take 'er home, an' quit this foolish life ye 're leadin', an' her heart a-breakin' every day for love o' ye. Ain't ye lonely 'nough without her? God knows she is without you."

Caleb slowly withdrew his hand from Captain Joe's and put his arms behind his head, making a rest of his interlocked fingers.

"When ye say she 's a-breakin' her heart for me, Cap'n Joe, ye don't know it all." His eyes looked up at the sky

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as he spoke. "'T ain't that I ain't willin' to take 'er back. I allus wanted to help her, an' I allus wanted to take care of her, — not to have her take care o' me. I made up my mind this mornin', when I see how folks was a-treatin' 'er, to ask 'er to come home. If I 'd treat 'er right, they 'd treat 'er right; I know it. But I warn't the man for her, an' she don't love me now no more 'n she did. That 's what hurts me an' makes me afraid. Now I 'll tell ye why I know she don't love me, tell ye something ye don't know at all," — he turned his head as he spoke, and looked the captain full in the eyes, his voice shaking; "an' when I tell ye, I want to say I ain't a-blamin' 'em." The words that followed came like the slow ticking of a clock or the measured dropping of water. "He 's — been — a-writin' — to 'er — ever sence — she left 'im. Bert Simmons — showed me the letters."

"Ye found that out, did ye?" said Captain Joe, a sudden angry tremor in his voice. "Ye 're right; he has! Been a-writin' to her ever sence she left 'im, — sometimes once a month, sometimes once a week, an' lately about every day."

Caleb raised his head. This last was news to him.

"And that ain't all. Every one o' them letters she 's brought to me, jes' 's fast as she got 'em, an' I locked 'em in my sea-chest, an' they 're there now. An' there 's more to it yet. *There ain't nary seal broke on any one of 'em.* Whoever 's been a-lyin' to ye, Caleb, ain't told ye one half o' what he ought to know."

. . . . . .

Captain Joe swung back his garden gate and walked quickly up the plank walk, his big, burly body swaying as he moved. The house was dark, except for a light in the kitchen window, and another in Betty's room. He saw Aunty Bell in a chair by the table, but he hurried by, on his way upstairs, without a word. When Caleb, who had followed him with slow and measured steps, reached the porch, Aunty Bell had left her seat and was standing on the mat.

"Why, Caleb, be ye comin' in, too?" she said. "I 'll git supper for both o' ye. Guess ye 're tuckered out."

"I don't want no supper," he answered gravely, without looking at her. "I 'll go into the settin'-room an' wait, if ye 'll let me."

She opened the door silently for him, wondering if he was in one of his moods. The only light in the room came from the street-lamp, stenciling the vines on the drawn shades.

"I 'll fetch a light for ye, Caleb," she said quietly, and turned toward the kitchen. In the hall she paused, her knees shaking, a prayer in her heart. Captain Joe and Betty were coming down the stairs, Betty's face hidden on his shoulder, her trembling fingers clinging to his coat.

"Ain't nothin' to scare ye, child," the captain said, patting the girl's cheek as he stopped at the threshold. "It 's all right. He 's in there waitin'," and he closed the door upon them.

Then he walked straight toward Aunty Bell, two big tears rolling down his cheeks, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said, "Caleb 's got his lights trimmed, an' Betty 's found harbor. The little gal 's home."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(*The end.*)

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PITY.

Along the dawn the little star went singing,
Low-poised and clear to see,
Shaking the light, like drops of May-dew, clinging
Her bright locks mistily.
Like any snowflake faded in the winging,
Her voice fell white to me.

"O winds of Earth, that sorrow as ye fly
And take no rest,
Why go ye ever seeking, with that cry,
Some ruined nest?

"Why weep, my world? Ah, strange and sad thou art,
Thou far-off one,
The saddest wanderer that hath warmed her heart
At yonder sun.

"And I would give thee comfort if I might,
That know not how;
Haply I see not far, for all the light
About my brow.

"But who shall be thy sister, sorrowing?
Ah me! Not I
That wander in a bond of joy and sing,
And know not why, —

"Along the dawn, across unfathomed deep,
Unspent, unbowed,
Through shallows of the moonlight thin as sleep,
Through fields of cloud.

"Poor world, thou agèd world, I only know
That I am led
A songful journey: art not thou? Nay, so,
Be comforted."

Along the dawn the little star went, winging
Glad ways across the wild,
Shaking the light that clung to her, enringing, —
An unremembering child.
Wide arms of morning gathered her, still singing:
And the Earth saw, and smiled.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

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BACCHYLIDES AND HIS NATIVE ISLE.

As long as men shall prize the things of the mind, pilgrim feet will turn fondly to the shrines of song. From Concord to Colonus, and from Lesbos back again to Weimar and Windermere, every haunt of the Muses, however long forsaken, is always holy ground. For an old nest may break forth into singing anew; and this miracle has even now befallen. Across the silence of uncounted centuries trills out again the liquid note of "the honey-tongued nightingale of Keos," and that "vine-clad isle" springs once more into the foreground of men's imagination.

The return of Bacchylides, not now in time-worn tatters, but in his singing-robes unsoiled, brings back with peculiar vividness a pilgrimage I made to Keos five years ago, and one I would fain live over again in the resurgent poet's company. Possibly, some, who can never make the pilgrimage in fact, may like to go with me in fancy to look at the poet's isle as it is to-day, to recall the great features of its past, and to meet the old singer himself in the atmosphere which first quivered with his songs. We shall find him in illustrious society, for the fame of Keos was not bound up in a single voice. After Athens, no soil was richer than hers in the harvest of Hellenic genius. For an isolated rock, barely five-and-twenty miles in circuit, Keos bore no common crop. Her tiny territory was quartered by four cities, each with its own laws and treaties, its own mint, and, we may almost say, its own religion; and a single one of those cities gave to the great age of Greece four of its great names, — one of them among the very greatest. Before Bacchylides and beyond him in fame was his mother's brother, Simonides, the laureate of Hellas in her victorious conflict with the East; and both were sons of Ioulis, as were Prodikos, the teacher of Socrates, and that great master of ancient medicine, Erasistratos.

Yet to-day the little isle is left to its past, cut off from the world of modern men. Not absolutely; for there is a faint hebdomadal circulation. Five days out of every seven the circuit is broken, but on Wednesdays the Piræus steamer calls there on its way to Syra, as it does again on its return, twenty-four hours later. Hence, if he would not retire from the world for eight days, or some multiple thereof, the pilgrim must do Keos between noon and noon, which is short shrift for an old Hellenic tetrapolis. Such were perforce the narrow limits of my own pilgrimage, and I should hesitate to write the meagre record of it if the actual pilgrimage were all. But for four years Keos had been pretty constantly in my mind's eye, and I had sought out every scrap of literature, ancient or modern, that bore upon it; more than that, the island itself, with its solitary town perched like an eyrie at the summit, had become familiar to my eyes from every point of view, as I sailed among the Cyclades or gazed upon it day by day from my summer home on Andros. Thus, when I did set foot upon Keos I was already at home there, and twenty-four hours sufficed to steep with local color my accumulated Keian lore.

It was high noon of a perfect June day when we dropped anchor at Koressia, which is the port of Ioulis, and were rowed ashore; for this spacious land-locked harbor is as innocent of a pier as it was when Nestor put in here on his return from Troy. Of the harbor town which flourished here in Bacchylides' time, but had been absorbed by Ioulis long before Strabo came in the first century B. C. to take notes for his geography, there are but slight remains;

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and its modern successor is limited to half a dozen summer cottages in one bend of the bay, and as many mean warehouses and cafés in another. It is a grateful solitude in which the Past asserts itself; and one is free to try his mind on the wealth of matter which the ancient geographer has packed into half a dozen sentences. Strabo himself is primarily concerned with the lay of the land, the four towns, the quartette of great names hailing from Ioulis, and the unique hemlock habit, to all of which we shall attend in good time; but on this spot and in the mood of the moment it is a fact postponed by him that most appeals to me. The unique landmark of Koressia was a temple of Apollo Smintheus, whose pestilent arrows are forever raining on us as we open the Iliad. We know not how the Mouse-god came to Keos, unless old Nestor carried him away captive from the flames of Troy. Anyway, the Gerenian knight did build here a shrine to his own Athene, — possibly that she might watch the exiled Sminthian and keep him out of mischief.

Like most of these "isles of Greece," Keos is simply a mountain rock springing from the sea, with now and then a bit of level border to offer foothold. About Koressia this border may be half a mile wide at the mouth of the Elixos, which has cut itself a deep channel from the top of the island. On the right of the gorge thus formed our road winds aloft, — a road "made with hands." Broad, paved, wall-guarded on the side of the precipice, it was built some fifty years ago by a Keian engineer, and is the pride of the Keian community. Far beneath the Elixos tumbles in its winding way, — like the Helisson and the Ilissos it seems to have got its name from its sinuous course, — and leads with it a band of greenery that charms the eye. Halfway up we come upon a marble fountain beset with spouting dolphins, and, hard by, a little marble belvedere, — an octagon with five door and window ways framing glorious views of the glen and harbor to the west, the Myrtoan main to the north, and the town above. These are public benefactions of a good burgomaster, who has gone on — "in the prime of life and fortune," as he says in the inscription — to build himself a marble tomb on the same sightly terrace. So far as I know, the tomb is still waiting for its tenant; but the demarch must be fond of traveling this road, and reflecting how handy the water will come by and by.

As our cavalcade sets forth again, we have above us the town, looking like a flock of seagulls lit on a beetling cliff, and the long line of whirling windmills in the still higher distance; and just without the gates we halt at another fountain, neighbored by a spreading plane-tree. It is rather more archaic, and the stone pavement before it is relieved by a basis of old gold Pentelic, inscribed, "The people [have erected this statue of] Livia wife of the Imperator Cæsar." Thus, what time our new era was dawning on the world, the poor Keians were paying court on this spot to the imperial consort of Augustus; and the marble record of the fact now does duty as a paving-stone!

The wide road, here cut down in the sheer cliff, leads across the saddle of the two-hilled city, now and then dodging round a corner and threatening to run into people's houses. For here, as in Naxos and Tenos, the houses often straddle the street, and the street becomes an arcade. Making our way through the labyrinth, we dismount at a café whose back balcony looks down upon a deep gorge, — the fellow of that by which we had entered, — while over against us on the southeast rises to a height of some two thousand feet the real apex of the island, now named for the Prophet Elias.

While a lamb is roasting for our luncheon, we follow the same great road a half mile or so around the head of the defile to the Lion, still couchant on the steep over against Ioulis on the east, as

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he may have been when Simonides was singing here, — some would even say, when Nestor put in here. There are lions and lions, but the Lion of Ioulis is the Lion of Hellas. The lions on guard above the gate of Mycenæ may be older, but they have lost their heads, and therewith their main majesty. The lion sentinel over Leonidas' grave at Thermopylæ disappeared ages ago, though we still possess the inscription written for it by Simonides: —

"Of beasts the bravest I, of mortals he,
Upon this mound of stone now watched by me."

The Lion of Chæroneia commemorates a great and definite event, but he has been broken to pieces. Better luck has attended the Lion of Keos. Couched here on his flank in the living rock, with reverted head, twenty-eight feet from tip to tail, every feature perfect, full of life and majesty, it is hard to think of him as a mere image made with hands. He looks rather as if in some prehistoric age — the colossus of his kind — he might have lain down here alive, and turned to stone, possibly after clearing the island of its first occupants. For there is a myth handed down to us by an old writer that Keos was originally inhabited by the nymphs, until they were scared away by a lion and fled to Karystos, leaving to the "jumping-off place" the name of Lion Point. At all events, the monument and the myth make a perfect fit: our lion is the very beast to strike terror into nymphs or any other unwelcome neighbors. He lies just under the great road, with the mountain rising terrace on terrace above, and sloping down to the gorge below. The terrace patches yield a scant growth of barley, and the sheaves, already gathered under the Lion's nose, afford good sitting for the rest of us, while Dr. Quinn takes a camera-shot at the Lion, and catches a panorama of the Castle Hill and the town, with the whirling windmills on the lofty ridge beyond.

The identification of the present town of Keos — bearing, as usual in the Cyclades, the island name — with the ancient Ioulis is placed beyond a doubt by Strabo's precise topography. "The city," he says, "is pitched upon a mountain some five-and-twenty stadia from the sea, and its seaport is the place where Koressia once stood, though that town has ceased to be even a village settlement. . . . And near Koressia is the river Elixos." Mountain site, stream, distance, seaport, all answer to a dot; and yet, as we shall see, old Tournefort (*circa* 1700) had removed Ioulis to Karthaia, and Karthaia to Ioulis. As Strabo found the four towns merged in two, we find today substantially the entire island population packed in one; yet the greater Ioulis counts less than five thousand souls. They have the repute of manly mountaineers, inclined to soldiering and seafaring, and zealous of good works as a community: witness their fine roads and bridges and frequent fountains.

Nor is public spirit any new thing under the Keian sun. In the Holy Struggle for liberty (1821–28) the men of Keos bore a leading and constant part, thus emulating the example of a greater age. For in the Persian wars, when most of her island neighbors gave earth and water to the Mede, Keos stood stoutly for the good cause from first to last; and her name may still be read on the glorious muster roll of Salamis and Platæa that was set up at Delphi four-and-twenty centuries ago, and which now, by the irony of fate, adorns the Sultan's public square. Time has spared one jewel, three words long, of Simonides, which finds its proper setting in all we know of Keian history: πόλις ἄνδρα διδάσκει (the state moulds the man). Keos was a school of that larger patriotism which found an organ voice in Simonides, while Pindar was dumb for very shame of his faithless "Mother Thebes." It was the good fortune of Simonides to be bred in this mountain air of the sea, aloof from

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the provincial feuds that kept the mainland in ferment, and in a society famed for that perfect poise which the old Greeks styled *sophrosyne*.

Physically, it was a rare climate. The fig-trees bore thrice a year, Theophrastus says, and the honey rivaled that of Hymettus and Hyblæa. The silkworm flourished, and it was a Keian dame (Pamphile, Latoös' daughter) who first turned its labor to account by weaving those diaphanous webs which later found their way to Rome, and gave Lucretius a handle against his degenerate countrywomen. Morally, the air was pure. Young men and maidens refrained from wine, and of courtesan and flute-girl the island was innocent. This physical and moral wholesomeness, strange to say, had its drawback: it induced excessive longevity and consequent over-population. With the economic question thus raised Keos dealt in an original way, for which, I think, Malthus never gave her credit. Where other Greek states relieved their congestion by the colonial route, Keos chose what we may call the hemlock route.

The Keian hemlock was a very drastic article, and the draught it brewed (as Theophrastus tells us) was one "of swift and easy release." In the exercise of their distinctive virtue, the aged Keians numbered their own days, and, before infirmity and dotage overtook them, sought this euthanasy; and Menander, whose plays the sands of Egypt are now giving up piecemeal along with the lyrics of Bacchylides, applauded the practice:

"Noble the Keian fashion, Phanias;
Who cannot nobly live spurns life ignoble."

They bade their friends as to a festival, and, with garlands on their brows, pledged them in the deadly cup. If Theramenes was (as Plutarch avers) a Keian, his dying pleasantry in pledging "dear Kritias" in the hemlock draught was as homely as it was grim.

The facts are certified by writers as early as the fourth century, who speak of the hemlock habit as already in the established order of things; and one historical instance of this blessed "taking off" is recorded by a Roman eye-witness, Valerius Maximus, who visited Keos in the suite of Pompey on his way to Asia. Here at Ioulis, a noble dame of ninety winters, but of sound mind and body, was setting forth on this free-will journey, and nothing loath to have her departure dignified by Pompey's presence. Unlike a Roman he would have detained her, but she would not stay; and, having deliberately set her house in order, she drained the mortal draught and expired with circumstance, as Socrates before her, while the Romans looked on awestruck and bathed in tears.

Thus the Ionian stock of Keos had a Doric strain, — a sort of iron in the blood, — which we feel in the monumental lines of Simonides, "calm, simple, terse, strong as the deeds they celebrate, enduring as the brass or stone which they adorned." Still, in the grain it was Ionian, in cult Apolline. It was Apollo, not in his malign Sminthian manifestation, but in the person of his benign son Aristæus, who was the fountain-head of Keian culture; and where Apollo moves the Muses follow.

It was this unique blend that made Keos at once a theatre of strenuous action, a school of high thinking, and a nest of song. And it was in song that Keos won enduring fame. When Æschylus was born at Eleusis, and Pindar at Thebes, this isle was already ringing with the chorals of Simonides. Up to thirty the man and his Muse were home-bred; but even then his fame had gone abroad in Greece. Athens, ever quick to hear a great voice, wooed him; and to their brilliant court the Pisistratids welcomed him with open arms. There he met Anacreon, and loved him well, as he mourned him melodiously at last. There he must have witnessed the early plays of Thespis; and, above all, he watched from its very cradle the growth

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of the generation that was to make its mark at Marathon and Salamis. He saw the overthrow of the tyrants whose praises he had sung, and the rise of the Athenian democracy whose laureate he became. Withal the Keian was broadening into the Hellene, as in the society of Thessalian princes and in the courtly circles of Syracuse — where his last days were passed with such comrades as Æschylus and Pindar — he was to attain his full stature as an all-round man of the world. Courtier and diplomat; in the largest sense a patriot, but no puritan; illustrious at thirty, and still winning Athenian choral crowns at eighty; at ninety going down to the grave with princely pomp, and leaving behind a fame that "filled antiquity as rich wine fills a golden urn," few singers have been happier in their day and lot. A modern parallel has been sought in Voltaire; but for a truer heredity of genius, partial though it be, we need only look to our own Lowell. Wide as was Simonides' range, we have but scant salvage of a precious freight, and that chiefly in one kind. All things considered, it is the kind we would have chosen, for in these forty odd epigrams all the glory of Greece in its most glorious age finds fit utterance. From the day that Athens chose his elegy on the heroic dead of Marathon in preference to that of their own comrade Æschylus, Simonides was the "God-gifted organ voice" of Hellas: and this is perhaps his loftiest organ note: —

"Of those who at Thermopylae were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot:
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives."[1]

[1] The translation is John Sterling's.

That goes beyond word-painting, — his own definition of poetry; and this is antique sculpture, majestic as the Lion of his native isle: —

"To those of Lacedæmon, stranger, tell
That as their laws commanded here we fell."

Bacchylides was born too late to partake the glow of battle and the wine of victory; and, compared with his great kinsman, he must seem an idle singer of an empty day. Yet, in his minor key, what poet ever sang a sweeter note? One's lyric standard need not make him prefer Bacchylides to Pindar, but even in the eagle's presence the nightingale is not to be scorned. It is the shadow of greater names — the odious comparison — that has obscured the real worth of the younger Keian. Taking its cue from the author of the De Sublimitate (doubtless but half understood), modern criticism has made him out a mere echo of his uncle, — learned and painstaking, flawless and ornate, but languid and without any breath of divine inspiration. Yet if Pindar himself, in his eagle flights, deigned time and again to swoop down and peck at Bacchylides, his must have been a genius to be reckoned with by the highest; and even our fragments, footing up one hundred and seven lines all told, and the longest of them not a sonnet's length, go far to justify the appeal which Mahaffy had already taken from the traditional judgment.

If Simonides was the master voice of his own strenuous day, the serener day that followed found a voice as true in Bacchylides. Witness the familiar Pæan of Peace, and that other genial fragment, where fancy, warmed by the wine-cup, builds castle above castle in the air, — of love and glory, of regal state and opulence and

"Laden ships with Egypt's grain
Wafting o'er the glassy main."

Conning these lines on his native isle, how little we dreamed that another ship from Egypt was about to fetch us a richer freight than the wheat-laden argosies he

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sang,—even his own songs! More than once he had spoken well of Egypt, as in the flotsam line,

"Memphis unvisited by storm and reed-grown Nile;"

and Egypt has repaid him well in safeguarding for two thousand years a volume of his verse tenfold greater than all we had before, and in giving it up at a moment when the world is ripe as it never was before to test and treasure it.

And since this must be but an earnest of richer gifts to come, we may dwell for a moment on the manner of its coming. Antiquity had its own strange ways of handing down its wealth, — ways so strange that we recover our legacies only by robbing its tombs. The sepulchres of Mycenæ, furnished forth as dwellings for the dead, have at last told us the actual life-story of Homer's idealized Achaians; while the tombs of Egypt are found to be the archives, sacred and secular, of uncounted generations. True, their illuminated texts do not much appeal to us; but it is to their funereal etiquette that we owe the recovery of our poet, and of many another precious scroll, notably the Athenian Constitution of Aristotle. The old Egyptian thought to while away eternity with his favorite authors, and so took with him to the long home not only his Book of the Dead, but a stock of light reading, — tales, love stories, and the like. When Egypt became a province of Alexander's Greater Greece, and Alexandria the literary capital of the world, Greek books must have speedily asserted their supreme charm, and crowded the stiff old picture-writings to the wall. The Muses, indeed, in their captivity on the Nile, could not sing the old songs of Helicon and Castaly, — it is but for a moment we catch the pipe-notes of Theocritus above the stifling sands, — but all the harvest of Hellenic genius was garnered there. Not alone in the vast library that flames were to devour, but in countless homes of affluence and culture, Hellenic and Hellenized, Greek letters found loving study. And, no doubt, following the time-honored fashion of the country, Hellene and Hellenist alike would indulge the "ruling passion, strong in death." Thus Flinders Petrie could have thought it nothing strange when he found the mummy of a young girl with a papyrus roll of the Iliad to pillow her head; and he may yet light upon some bookworm's tomb with all its treasures intact.

Such a "bursting forth of genius from the dust" was looked for when the buried cities of Campagna came to light; and Wordsworth, musing by Rydal Mount, uttered this prophetic note: —

"O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides."

If "haughty Time" has failed as yet to grant the letter of the poet's wish, the essence of it is taking shape in accomplished fact. Instead of a single scroll of the elder Keian, the younger is now restored to us in a full score of his sweetest songs. Some eighteen centuries ago there died at Luxor a man who loved Bacchylides so well that the poet must needs bear him company beyond the bourne.[1] That the dead man thumbed the precious volume in the tomb we cannot say; but it was in safekeeping. Meantime, every copy aboveground would seem to have perished within the four centuries following. At least, for any trace we can get of Bacchylides beyond the hundred-odd lines that had lodged here and there, as other ancients quoted them to point a moral or adorn a tale, the poet had been lost

[1] Even such was Schliemann's love for Homer; and when we buried him at Athens, seven years ago, it was with his precious poet on his breast. Had a papyrus text been chosen, who knows but it might have turned up two thousand years hence, the sole copy of a long-lost Homer!

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to the world for fourteen hundred years, until the tomb at Luxor gave up its treasure a year or so ago.

We may turn, then, from the tatters of the anthology to an *editio princeps*, on which the learning of Britain assisted by Germany has labored for a year, and which has but now reached these shores. Rash as it would be to pass judgment at sight, the first reading of these twenty poems, aggregating ten hundred and seventy lines, bears out our best prepossessions. If Bacchylides still misses the splendor of the poet militant, he sings with a clear, true note — at times in lofty strain — the mimic wars beside wide-whirling Alpheos and the springs of Castaly. Fitly enough, these new odes of victory begin at home. It is a Keian compatriot, Melas, returning crowned from the Isthmus, and again from Nemea, to whom the first two odes are dedicated; and the sixth and seventh celebrate another Keian, Lachon, who has won the stadion at Olympia. The first ode is of peculiar interest because it gives the setting and correction of a familiar fragment: "I declare, and will declare, that highest glory waits on worth, while wealth even with craven men doth dwell." For the elegant trifler the poet has been reputed, the ode is a noble tribute to virtue, — that strenuous virtue, which once won "leaves behind an imperishable crown of glory." The sixth ode, of sixteen short lines, has a delicious flavor. Lachon, crowned with the Olympian olive, has returned to "vine-clad Keos," and this is his welcome home, — an offhand serenade ending thus: —

"And now song-queen Urania's hymn by grace of Victory doth honor thee, O wind-fleet son of Aristomenos, with songs before thy doors, for that thou hast won the course and brought good fame to Keos."

But these are minor strains, and may well mark the poet's homelier days. He is but preening his wings for flights yet to be tried with the Theban eagle. Of the fourteen triumphal odes three celebrate events sung also by Pindar; and one of these — the fifth in Kenyon's arrangement — is a poem of two hundred lines, substantially intact, which may be fairly regarded as giving the best measure of the poet's powers. It is addressed to his royal patron, Hiero of Syracuse, on the same occasion that called out Pindar's First Olympian; and it opens with a challenge that may well have made the Theban wince. Bacchylides is an eagle, too, and he asserts the claim in a lyric flight that goes far to justify it: —

"With tawny pinions cleaving swift the azure deep on high, the eagle, wide-ruling and loud-crashing Zeus' herald, relying on his mighty strength, is bold, while shrill-toned birds crouch in affright. Him nor wide earth's mountain crests nor rugged billows of the unwearied deep restrain, but in the unmeasured Void with Zephyr's blasts apace he plies his delicate plumes, — a shining mark for men to see. Even so have I a boundless range all ways to hymn your worth, proud scions of Deinomenes,[1] by grace of Nike azure-tressed and Ares of the brazen front."

I had already ventured with some misgiving to speak of our poet as a nightingale; and it was not a little gratifying to find he had owned up to the soft impeachment in advance by speaking of himself as "the honey-tongued nightingale of Keos" (Ode iii. end). But this eagle claim, supported by an eagle flight, goes farther, and must give the critics much concern.

It could not be expected, and certainly it cannot be said, that this lyric elevation is sustained throughout this or any other ode. Indeed, we can only be glad that it is so rarely essayed. For the charm of Bacchylides is that of sweetness and light. From Pindar we turn to him, as we turn from Browning to Tennyson. Ætna in eruption is sublime, but an Attic dawn delights us more. If Bacchylides rarely soars, he is never lurid, he

[1] The royal house of Hiero.

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never gives the sense of strain. He is as lucid as the noonday, his verse as crystal clear as the prose of Lysias. This quality it may well have been that won the heart of his Luxor votary, assuming that the latter was a barbarian whose Greek had come hard; and it is bound to make Bacchylides a reigning favorite, in school and out. Then he is never dull, never languid; and more than once we catch a fresh breeze that literature had missed, — notably in the precious seventeenth ode. There, young Theseus, challenged by that bloody old Turk of his day, Minos, leaps from the dark-prowed ship as it bears the tribute-youth to the Minotaur, and dolphins conduct him down to the deep-sea halls of Amphitrite, who robes and crowns him as the sea-god's true-born son; so that, returning in triumph to the ship, the hero confounds old Minos, and puts new heart into his hapless company. Of this charming pæan Louis Dyer has well said that "there is not in all literature a lyric more saturated with the magic of the sea;" and indeed, the smell of the sea is on all the poet's works. How could it be otherwise with one who had forever ringing in his ears those two voices of the mountain and the sea, blending here of all places in that perfect unison as dear to song as it ever was to liberty!

Of all this, to be sure, the Lion gave no sign, — no more than the Sphinx, — as he crouched in his native rock and gazed over his shoulder on the eagle's nest of men above him. No voice broke the stillness of the ancient hillside stadium, where (as we now know) island athletes had trained for victories at Olympia and the Isthmus; nor did the deserted streets of the town even suggest an Olympian serenade. Still, as we ate our lamb and washed it down with good Keian wine, we had enough to think of; and more yet as we rode for three hours over the mountain whereon Aristæus had built his altar to Ikmaian Zeus, and which is now clothed to the crest with oak plantations, at once the beauty and the wealth of Keos. The acorn crop, prized of all good tanners, yields more than half the total island revenue, and the abundant rich green foliage against the mountain background makes a charming blend of English and Alpine scenery. For the most part it is a solitary way, but as we approach Karthaia the solitude is broken. From a little glen far below our feet come up the bleat of lambs and notes of articulate-speaking men; it is a harvest group of men, women, and children reaping barley, and keeping time to the sickle with the song. What more pleasing scene or sounds could have signalized our sunset entry into the place where Simonides kept his chorus school four-and-twenty centuries ago?

Ioulis was a good place to be born in, as Plutarch avers; and perched aloft in the teeth of the north wind it doubtless offered good breeding for a laureate of storm and stress. But Karthaia is a poet's dream. Full on the southern sea opens a little vale, mountain-walled on the other three sides, and bisected nearly all its length by a ridge whose seaward extremity bears the ancient acropolis. Into this we enter by a gateway carved out of the living rock, to find ourselves in a litter of marble ruins eloquent of a great past. At its extreme point the acropolis spur rises twenty feet higher in a symmetrical oval block some two hundred feet in diameter, and still bearing traces of a vast building. Bröndsted believed it to be the *choregeion* of Simonides, and the poet could have found no more fitting spot. At its foot by the sea are the ruins of Apollo's temple, and a little to the west, under the acropolis wall, the theatre, with the lower rows still left to define the semicircle. There we have the essential features of the poet's place of business, if we may use the phrase; and that the business was a good one we have his own word in an epigram scoring six-and-fifty choral victories. There are famous old tales told of chor-

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istry and temple, but we cannot stay to tell them over.

At sunset, in a stillness broken only by the gentle plashing of the sea and the tinkle of sheep-bells, Karthaia is indeed a poet's dream. Here, and at such an hour, Simonides may well have conceived that exquisite threnody whose pure pathos has hardly been approached in all the ages since. It is Danaë's lullaby to the babe Perseus, adrift with her in a tiny ark upon this very sea; and in Symonds' rendering we have its beauty and its pathos unimpaired: —

"When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
And said: O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep, —
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;
Therefore I cry, Sleep, babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!"

Indeed, it is a poem of place; for the choristry looks out over the very waters that bore the carven chest, and toward Seriphos, where the sea gave up its precious charge.

We are nowhere expressly told that the nephew succeeded the uncle as choirmaster at Karthaia, though it is a fair inference from an epigram of his own as emended by Bergk, and would have been in the due order of things. In any case, we cannot doubt that he was himself trained here, and that he sang in many a chorus, and so bore a part in earning not a few of the six-and-fifty victories which the elder poet gloried in. Hence we might well believe that it was in this serene air, on the morrow of some sweet festival, — after the stout struggle with the Mede was over, and Hellas was launched upon her great career, — that Bacchylides tuned his lyre to that exquisite Pæan of Peace or that deep-sea idyl of Theseus and Amphitrite.

But we linger too long about this ghost of a city; for in all its domain there is to-day but one visible tenant who pays a rent of fifty drachmæ a year, and keeps a donkey, five head of cattle, and as many black sheep, — all penned in a bit of pasture which covers the ancient theatre. There is, indeed, a tiny field-chapel with three or four huts up the vale to the west, which is watered by a little brook. That way we would have taken to visit the last of the Keian towns, Poiëessa, on our return; but our Keian escort would not budge an inch out of the beaten track, and we had to countermarch on Keos. It was near midnight when we sat down to dinner there, — in an upper room with an earthen floor; the ground-floor, as usual, being reserved for other livestock. We had not chosen our inn, — in fact, there is no such thing on the island, — but lodgings had been chosen for us in a household innocent of the hemlock habit. The grandmother with all her tribe — for the house was hers — had waited up for us, and a smoking dinner was at once served. It was not bad, and went far to put us in good humor again before we sought our bed. The bedroom floor was only beaten earth, and windows there were none; but we found a pair of slippers provided for each of us, and the bed was a luxury. On our midnight dinner we slept deliciously for four hours, and were off again at five for a second try at Poiëessa.

It was a new kind of day for Keos, as we rode straight up the steep street

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to the southwest, and past the line of windmills whose vanes were fairly flying in the stiff west wind. To the old Keian Zephyr was the "fattening" wind, because it filled the corn in the ear, — a process which went on even after the reaping, as Theocritus well knew; and no doubt the merry reapers among the oaks by our roadside were alive to this philosophy. But at the moment the whirling windmills recalled Zephyr's function as winnower of the grain, — an office the ancient husbandman would requite with votive shrines. Indeed, the last word we hear of Bacchylides in the old anthology is on this text: —

"To Zephyr, fattest wind that fans the air,
Eudemos dedicates this rustic fane,
Who instant, as he poured the votive prayer,
Came winnowing from its husk the golden grain."

All Greece still employs the open threshing-floor, with no "power" save the trampling hoof and the winnowing wind; but Keian husbandry offers a more quaint survival. Instead of storing the grain in bins aboveground the Keians bury it in spherical pits. On the island of Karpathos, it is said, these pits are dug in the form of narrow-necked jars and cemented, exactly as we find their prehistoric prototypes about the Pnyx at Athens. When the Western farmer "buries" his potatoes, he is in grand old company.

A two hours' ride brought us to the site of the fourth town of the old tetrapolis, only to find peasants reaping and cattle grazing where the ancient city-state had coined its money, and made its laws, and reared its temples. Poïëessa, like Karthaia, has reverted to nature, and of its old-time glory naught is left but the outlook on the Saronic Gulf and Sunium.

In twenty-four hours we had made the round of Keos and were on board again. As we watched the receding shore and the lonely harbor, once a city-state, I found my mind dwelling on a document I had recently spelled out in a dusky crypt of the Museum at Athens. It was a battered marble slab, and it bore the text of a decree of the Senate and Demos of the Koressians granting to Athens the exclusive right to export the red ochre or vermilion of their mines. The decree, which some close-fisted Athenian might have written for them, not only grants this monopoly, but it fixes the duty and the freight-rates, and forbids the carriage in any but duly licensed vessels. This under stringent penalties, — the informer to take half the confiscated cargo; *if he be a slave* and the chattel of the illicit exporter, to get his freedom to boot. And the decree ends, as usual, by inviting the Athenian envoys to dinner at the Prytaneion on the morrow! Recorded with it is a decree of the same tenor by the Senate and Demos of Ioulis, and a fragment of a third by the Karthaians.

The interest of the document is manifold. It attests the autonomy of the several Keian towns in making treaties as well as in coining money. It lights up Athens' way with the weak. In the sixth century Keos was a commercial power, as her abundant silver coinage on the Æginetan standard attests; under Athenian hegemony, the Attic standard, of course, comes in, and the Keian mints coin nothing but copper. In her vermilion — the best in the known world, as Theophrastus tells us — the island had one unique resource, indispensable to every architect and artist. Athens could afford the potter's clay, but not his colors; the pure Pentelic, but not the skyey tints to light it up. If she were to enjoy a monopoly in art, she must mount guard over the ochre veins of Keos. The treaties still extant date only from the middle of the fourth century, but they are simply renewals of earlier ones; the monopoly may have been in force when Pheidias' painters were laying their brilliant colors on the marbles of the Par-

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thenon, if not when Polygnotos was frescoing the Stoa Poikile.

The vermilion mines are worked out; and, commercially, Keos now concerns the tanner, not the artist. But, with her poet son rising in his singing-robes again, we may ask with the old Athenian player ἐν Κέῳ τίς ἡμέρα; (What day on Keos?)

Whatever Krates meant by the rub, it is a good day for Keos and a good day for the world that sees this old song-centre recovering its voice.

J. Irving Manatt.

TO THE DELIGHT OF THE MANDARIN.

"TELL me, dear, when shall it be?"

"In the spring."

"Spring? That is a very indefinite time. My spring, for instance, begins in March. Shall we set it for the first of March? Or why not advance our spring this year, be a law unto ourselves, and begin our spring with the new year?"

"Oh no! People pay bills and settle obligations on that date; don't let us mix ourselves up so early in those matters. Not till May."

"May! Why, that is midsummer, not spring."

"You don't remember that last year, when we decided to go into the country on the first of May, you exclaimed, 'The first of May! Why, that is midwinter!'"

"Circumstances alter seasons, says the old proverb. You promise, then, that it shall be in January?"

"No, in May; May or nothing, you bad boy."

"As *you* will, and as *I* must. March is not a bad month."

"I said May."

"April?"

"Not March, not April, but May."

"Thank you, dear, for so much," said he, kissing her hand. He had been playing with her rings as he had stood pleading with her for an earlier date. It had begun with his trying to measure her finger for a plain band; afterwards he had slipped her rings on and off the smooth fingers.

She had said May or never, and he acquiesced reluctantly. He kissed her hand as a tribute to her power as arbiter of his destinies; then he drew her to him, placing the seal of his love on hair, eyes, and mouth.

And so the date was settled.

"I suppose we are to accept the dinner invitation at cousin Fanny's to-morrow, and the other one from the Glenharts for Friday?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It is nice of them, and we must be victimized a little for society's sake."

"Yes, and in turn next year we shall be doing our duty to other young engaged folk, who will accept as 'victims;' shall we not, Mrs." —

"Sh-h-h! Not till May, you know," said she, putting her hand lightly before his face; and he did tender homage to it again.

"Good-night, and God keep you," and Tom Lane went out into the night, with a heart that thumped out an ecstatic rhythm for his feet; and Laura Bracebridge sat down by the fire to spin long thoughts which reached from this moment to the altar, and beyond into misty, indefinite probabilities, dotted here and there with realities. She met dressmakers early on the way to the altar, and then bridesmaids, and then the church, and flowers, and friends, and the wedding march; and she saw a bride walking up the aisle. Then the vision became more diffused — was it Europe, or California, or where? And then —

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She had for some time been slipping her rings up and down her fingers, till gradually they noted some deficiency, and telegraphed it to her brain. She looked at her hand in an abstracted way; half of her mind was still projecting itself into that long future. As her thoughts came back into the present, a pucker gathered between her eyebrows. She looked puzzled. She held her hand stretched out before her, gazing at it in an uncomprehending way; then she glanced at the other hand, and held the two spread out before her. Where was her emerald ring?

She certainly had had it on that evening. Had she been upstairs and taken it off while she had washed her hands? No; she felt sure she had not been up since dinner. Had she dropped it in her lap? She rose and brushed out her dress. The smooth black silk whished under the down-strokes of her hand: the ring was not there. It must have dropped on the rug: she scanned that all over, to its utmost limit; then she rose and rippled a wave across it. The ring did not glisten on its black surface; but the fur was deep, — it may have found its way down into the very depths. She lifted the end of the rug, and held it high over her head and shook it. The pungent odor of the warm fur stifled her, but the ring did not drop out; it was not there. Neither was it on the carpet: she searched carefully from the fireplace to the window where Tom and she had stood while she held out for May against his pleadings. He had then been playing with her rings, she remembered. It *must* be somewhere. All over the room she searched carefully. Could it have dropped into the fire? No; she was sure it could not by any possibility have done so. She had sat down by it only after Tom had left, and the stool she had sat on was fully five feet from the fire. How different the fire looked now to her! It seemed to glow so cruelly, as if it could, given a chance, devour her emerald, — yes, even her engagement ring; but that was still on her finger, — the emerald was gone.

She could not believe it; she again mentally reviewed all that she had done that evening, and brought up at the same place: the ring was gone. She had not been upstairs; she had not dropped it in her lap nor on the rug; she had not dropped it anywhere. Why! *Tom had taken it, of course, as a foolish joke!* But how unlike him! Whimsical he certainly was in his imagination, but a practical joke, — it was n't in him! And what a stupid, vulgar joke! Her face was scornful at the very idea. She would write to him at once — no, she would not write, nor speak of it. She would not lend herself to be a part of so tasteless and trivial a joke. She would say nothing to him about it; let him have the ignominy of explaining it to her and returning the ring.

But had he taken it? Impossible! — and the search began again, from fire to rug, and then to window. She shook the curtains and felt along the window ledge. There was no ring there. She called the maid, and told her to search every corner of the room for the ring early in the morning. What could she say to the servant if it were not found? And then, if Tom *should* return it and say it had been taken for a joke — she would have to fib. How intolerable! She could not sleep for the cruel humiliation of the thing. It had vulgarized the whole evening. The keenest sense of humor could not enjoy such an admixture of sentiment and buffoonery; and up and down, here and there, went her mind, trying to find some lurking-place for the ring, rather than in Tom's keeping.

Tom sent a note the next morning asking her what dress she meant to wear to Fanny's, so that the flowers could bloom to match.

She answered hastily, — she was sorry afterwards: "Please do not send flowers to-night;" and then, after a moment's

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pause, she merely put her initial, "L." He ought to have spoken of the ring, she thought.

Tom came at seven; she was ready to go, but she was not looking very well. Tom was tender and solicitous as he helped her into the coupé, — too kind to ask her if she were not feeling well, for he had that chivalrous sort of nature that could forbear even the showing of his sympathy by words. He had ventured to bring some violets, "just for a whiff of sweetness," he said, as he fastened them to the strap of the carriage. Laura did not wear any flowers that evening: he noticed it with surprise.

The violets filled the little space with perfume. Laura spoke rarely. Tom was puzzled; it hardly seemed like embarrassment, but more like coldness. Laura felt the constraint of her own manner, but she did not mean to help him explain his stupid joke of the evening before.

The dinner was uncommonly dull. Laura scarcely talked, she was so piqued because Tom had not spoken of the ring. Tom did valiantly; but a man cannot do duty for two.

Tom's cousin Fanny said to her husband afterwards that she did n't see why some persons' engagements seemed to make the path to the altar so thorny. "We did n't sulk when we were engaged, did we, Frank, you trump?"

"No," replied Frank. "If you held trumps, why should you have sulked?"

"Egotist!" said Fanny. "Go and see the baby in his crib, but don't you dare to wake him."

Tom was more and more bewildered on the way home. Laura was almost haughty. There was no chance to mention the plans for the wedding; in fact, the wedding spirit was swept away, or wrapped in impenetrable mists. He took her hand for a moment in the hall at parting, and tried to look into her eyes (the eyes are the first fortresses to be stormed); but she turned her head, and said simply, "Good-night."

He was for a second speechless with amazement; then setting aside the ridiculous formality of her manner, he said, "Laura, my beloved, don't condemn me without a hearing."

She turned and looked at him. A smile was beginning to blossom round the corners of her mouth, though under it was a determination to make him feel his want of tact in the manner of his jokes.

He did not speak, but stood smiling at her, thinking now that the ice was broken, she would tell him what had been the matter. Swift messages of love were passing from his eyes to hers.

They stood so for a perceptible space of time, — he expectant, she waiting for him to speak. Then her face began to cloud before his: why *did* n't he speak? She had nursed her grievance till she could not open the subject. He was merely expectant; he looked as if nothing stood between them but the word "come," to be spoken by her.

"Well, dear?" he said at last, with a rising inflection.

"Why don't you explain?" asked she, forcing herself to speak. She would yield that much.

"Explain what? I will explain if you will tell me where your sober thoughts have been straying this evening. I can't follow you without some clue."

"The emerald ring."

"The emerald ring? The — emerald — ring?" repeated he slowly, as if to get some inner meaning from the cabalistic words. "That mystifies me more than ever. You will have to enlarge upon it a little. Is it a game of twenty questions?"

He was still smiling: the atmosphere was clearing; she was going to tell him what had been the matter; and then there would not be any more matter at all.

"How stupid!" exclaimed she impatiently.

Then both were silent. Her voice had been more than impatient; it had been censorious.

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She turned away again, as if for a final good-night, and said, "Unfortunately we do not seem to be gifted with the same sense of humor."

"You shall not leave me," said he, half playfully, half urgently detaining her by taking hold of her wrap. "What is it all about? What is this dreadful thing that I have done? What has come between us? Don't send me off in this way. Tell me, dear one, and don't hold me at arm's length. If I have offended, it has been unwittingly or clumsily, — by way of a joke, as you have intimated. But surely you can pardon me, I can make amends. You do not want to make me suffer for something that I am sure I can set right if you will only give me a chance?"

She was angered at his forcing an explanation on her. She had wrought herself up to the highest nervous tension, feeding her own doubts by construing his silence to be a part of the poor joke, and interpreting his remark, "Don't condemn me without a hearing," as a partial admission of something that could be explained by him after he had won her forgiveness, for he evidently was surprised at the depth of her disapproval.

The whole thing was intolerable. It made her tingle with shame, and being detained by his hand seemed to bring the matter down to the lowest level. It was outrageous! She turned hotly and said, "I wish you would return my emerald ring, and then leave me till I can forget this most unpleasant episode."

The blood leaped to his face, yet still he did not appear to understand her. There was no mistaking the scathing tone of her voice, even if the words had not been insulting. Suddenly he remembered himself as a boy, sitting with the rest of the school before the master, while he had arraigned them all in the name of some boy who had wantonly abstracted the weight from the school clock. At that time his was the only face in the entire bank of upturned physiognomies which had had guilt written plainly on it in red waves of self-consciousness. And yet he had been utterly innocent, never till that moment having heard of the deed.

Tom felt that his face was now carrying the same false impression. The acute moment had passed in a flash. He was stung by this very remembrance into speech. "I have no idea, Laura, what you are talking about; but the matter is too grave to be discussed here, standing where we may be overheard. We must go and talk it out in the drawing-room. It almost seems as if you had placed things now beyond the power of explanation."

He turned the gas up to its fullest as he spoke, and seated her where the light was full on his face and on hers.

There was something rigidly formal in the act. He had thrown back the front of his overcoat and pulled the lapels down, as if to meet some foe all cap-a-pie and without shirking. His mouth was set, and his eyes had a slightly pale look, as if the fire had gone out or deeper down.

The senses of both were keenly alive. The storm at the centre of each being was no longer dissipating itself in flashes; it was gathering into ominous strength. She saw not only his grim, fortified face, but in her curiously alert state she saw behind him, on the table a little to his left, a Chinese mandarin with its delicately balanced head. Tom had hit the mandarin with his arm by chance, and had set it into its monotonous nodding. Its smile and its narrow slits of eyes moved up and down in agonizing placidity. Laura felt as if she should burst into laughter when she saw it, but there was a clutching at her throat that made it ache, and she looked away into the fire.

Tom watched her. She was pale and set of face and attitude. Her very antipathy toward the whole thing had driven her into a tenacious acceptance of the worst construction of everything. She

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felt that all Tom had said had been trifling and quite compatible with the theory that he had taken the ring for a joke, and that now, driven to bay, he was going to deny it.

Possibly no two persons in the whole world had ever woven around themselves a more complete misunderstanding; and certainly, no two were ever more completely unfitted to extricate themselves. And the mandarin went on nodding, nodding, nodding, just beyond Tom, with its eternal smile and glittering eyes.

"Laura, will you tell me what is the matter?"

She looked up. The mandarin maddened her, and brought to her again all the miserable littleness of the circumstances. In a passion of anger she said, "You took my emerald ring off my finger last night . . . and . . . well, that is all." How could she go over with him all the mental agitation? He surely could understand all that. He had the ring; let him set it right — *if it could be set right.*

"You think I have taken your ring, and kept it for a joke these twenty-four hours? You think *that* of me? You believe that I could have been with you and planned with you our future life together, and at that sacred moment I was purloining your ring, *as a joke?* And you do not admire my taste in jokes? You are quite right; it certainly would be unpardonable and in the most execrable taste; even to imagine the thing is beyond my comprehension. May I consider myself dismissed?"

Laura bowed her head, and the mandarin kept on nodding and smiling, while the light glinted on the narrow, slit-like eyes. Tom went out into the night.

After this crisis in their affairs, Tom and Laura both suffered. Each bore the trouble and developed under it characteristically. Tom went grinding on at his life like a machine that has been jolted out of the true, but not demolished. The cog-wheels impinged and made a jarring as the motion of life went on, but the machine worked.

Tom was a lawyer, and had won for himself an Opportunity; and that is so much more than many lawyers ever get that it had justified him in begging Laura to set a day for the wedding. His opportunity was now apparently all that he had left to him out of the wreck of his engagement. He went to work with a dogged determination not to let the machine stop till the opportunity had been hammered into his own particular success.

If he carried about with him galling memories and indignant protests against his lot, he did not ask for sympathy, or reveal to any one the circumstances which had so altered his matrimonial plans. He accepted in silence all the rumored blame that attached to him, and ignored the tacitly proffered sympathy with a grave face and non-committal manner.

Laura broke down for a while after her first full acceptance of the situation. There was a very short time during which she was not seen in society, but this was before any rumors of the broken engagement came out.

She had dismissed Tom that evening with a silent bend of the head, the mandarin with its bland smile and glinting eyes confirming the decision by nodding in continued suave approval. There had been a moment of keen pain as her lover left the room. It was as if she had been struck by a bullet in the midst of a battle; it hardly counted at the time; it was the coming to her senses that racked her and tore her to the very centre. It was the long days of cruel adjustment that counted; the mental convalescence when she took up her life with no heart for it, no work before her, — only the dreary commonplaces of an aimless existence. The only thing she retained unshaken was her belief in Tom's folly.

She had put all the force of her rather limited nature into her love for Tom, — or possibly, to be more accurate, into

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her love of her love for Tom. It had not made her nature any broader, but it had determined its direction. A belief in marriage was her social creed. Her imagination had been satisfied, but not stimulated, by her engagement to Tom; her ambitions had been sufficiently gratified by his opportunity, which his nature made a guarantee of success.

In her love she had never gone outside of herself. It was *her* love, *her* joy; and now it was *her* grief and suffering. She could not see beyond or through or over the blank wall of suspicion she had built around herself. The conviction of his fault grew with her grief, and embittered while it augmented it. She magnified and embellished the flagrant sin of the vulgar joke. Tom had desecrated the holiest moment of her life, and then, driven to bay by the sense of her scorn, he had retreated under a pretended ignorance of the cause.

Of course, never for an instant did the loss of the ring play any part in her tragedy. It was the loss of her ideal, — the violation of her sense of what was fitting, reverential, at a sacred moment in her life. She saw no other solution of the matter. The ring was gone. Tom and she had been the only persons in the room that night. Tom had been slipping the ring off and on, and that was the last that was seen of it. Oh! she knew all this by heart. She had only to start the thought, and on it would go till it brought her round to the standstill conviction: *Tom had taken it, for a joke* — and then he had refused to stand by his act.

Laura's mother had accepted "poor, dear Laura's" version of the affair. Laura had told one friend about it, — only one friend, — and of course, this friend had really never told any one else; but everybody knew that it was something about a ring. Some said that Tom had given Laura a so-called diamond engagement ring; then on investigation, consequent upon adjusting the setting, it had proved to be no diamond, but paste. Some one else had heard that Tom had insisted that the engagement ring should be an opal surrounded by diamonds, and that Laura was so very superstitious that she returned it, and Tom had vowed that he would not allow her to be so weak; and so the opal had justified its evil power, and the engagement was broken. Still another version was that some two weeks after Tom had given Laura the engagement ring, the bill for it had been sent to her, as it could not be collected from him.

In the months following Tom was not invited to the places where Laura was ostentatiously made the heroine. Laura was dropped from the houses where Tom was in high favor. When ignorance or malice brought the two together, Tom withdrew and left Laura in undisputed possession of the field.

Tom changed somewhat during the year. His chin seemed to grow more square and more masterful as success followed upon his indefatigable labors. He was slightly heavier, too, and suggested the thought that he was a man who could order a good dinner at the club, and could also make a good after-dinner speech.

Laura's family had a tendency to grow thin as time went on. Laura began to look like her mother; her cheek-bones were more in evidence; her face had its old vivacity, but the expression was more restless than formerly, and her color had swifter fluctuations. She took tea and toast for two of her meals, also afternoon tea, after which she did not feel the strain of social life so much; and she was always very chatty and entertaining between four and six of an afternoon.

One day, as Tom was sitting down to his dinner at the club, a note was brought to him. He knew the writing, and the machinery of his being labored for a moment, as if the cog-wheels, which had begun to run pretty freely by this time, had received a new jar. He ate his dinner before he opened the note. After reading it he went across to a friend

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who was dining at another table, and asked him to come to his room. To this friend he told for the first time the history of the broken engagement, and then said: "I have received a note this evening. It is a year ago to-day since the affair. I have heard lately that she has engaged herself to a cousin who has always been in love with her, and that they are shortly to be married. I do not know how true the rumor is, but I fancy it is true, and that they are to be married in a few weeks. She sends me this note:

"'Please consider this as a receipt in full for the ring which you took from my finger last spring.

LAURA BRACEBRIDGE.'

"If she were a man, I think I should kill her. One can't strike a woman."

"Go and see her."

Tom went, and was shown into the drawing-room, where Laura and the mandarin were. There had been a mistake on the part of the new maid: Laura had given directions for her cousin Charlie, to whom she was not yet engaged, to be admitted. Tom was shown in, instead.

That afternoon, when Laura had come home, the maid had handed her three boxes, with a message to the effect that the dressmaker had herself left them at the house, and that she had waited an hour to see Miss Laura, as she had an important message for her, and that she would come again at nine in the evening. Two of the boxes contained dresses; the smallest of the three, about six inches square, had still another box inclosed, and within that was her emerald ring. Laura told her mother that Tom had sent back her ring without a word, — probably because he had heard rumors of her engagement to Charlie, — and she had written a note to him immediately, acknowledging the ring, because it was a relief to her to show him that she had been justified in her own attitude, and it seemed to close up all that terrible past year. "I was right," she said. "He was and is unworthy."

She had been *right* through it all.

Now they stood face to face, after a year of strangeness. He held her note in his hand, and said, "Will you kindly explain this note, Miss Bracebridge?"

"It explains itself; it is only a receipt for my emerald ring which you returned to me this morning."

"Your emerald ring!" he repeated again, in the same tone he had used a year ago that night. "*I returned your emerald ring?*"

"Miss Laura," said the maid, parting the curtains that shut off the hallway, "the dressmaker wants very much to speak to you a moment."

"I cannot see her this evening."

"It is important," was heard the voice of the dressmaker, and then it continued beyond the curtains out of their sight like the voice of a fate. "Tell Miss Bracebridge that I found her emerald ring between the dress and the lining, when I ripped up her black silk to-day. It was so valuable I did not want to run the risk of its being lost. So I brought it back to her myself. She will find it in the little square box."

The outer door closed. The maid passed through the hall and disappeared. Tom and Laura stood facing each other. The mandarin's head was still; his eyes gleamed. He was waiting for the next move.

Madelene Yale Wynne.

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THE GREAT GOD RAM.

THE Wellspring of Life, the city of the Sikhs, lay spent beneath the sun, and sick for rain.

Fierce heat dragged out old secret moistures from between her stones, and wrung up fumes of stench from hidden places. And winged pestilence went up and sat upon her gates, and cast death down upon the people, as sowers fling forth grains of wheat at seedtime.

The gods were angry.

Fathers of sons went early in the morning to the temple, bearing gifts, and praying that the priests would earnestly perform their offices, and render honor to the gods for them, and pledge obedience for their children also.

Mothers lay upon their faces before household shrines, quivering with fear, and raining tears till they could weep no more; and then rose up and served their children ceaselessly through all the bitter heat of all the day.

The sacred scripture of the Sikhs lay swathed in rich cloth wrought with gold, upon its dais beneath the great dome of the golden temple in the midst of the still lake. The wall about was deep and high and full of caves where holy men, grown weak by pilgrimage from far, stretched themselves out on damp stones in the dark, to gather strength for bathing in the holy well.

These prayed; and all the priests prayed also; and the people bowed themselves and gave of all they had the utmost they could give, to win the gods back from their anger till they should send rain.

But it was not sufficient.

Then the priests went out at nighttime, along the narrow winding ways within the city walls, and up and down between her gates. And when the morning came, no father rose to go with gifts of grain, or spice, or uncut gem, or fine-wrought fabric, toward the temple gate; but each man lay and beat his brows upon the earth, beside a woman, at the household shrine. For in the night, by all the paths the priests had trod, a word had passed.

The gods required a sacrifice. A Perfect Sacrifice. It would be difficult. The foreign people, who had come to rule the land and hold its many peoples subject to their government by strange relentless power, were ignorant of custom. They had no gods. They gave not gold to gain their souls from death, but sold their souls to death to gain more gold. These could not understand a perfect sacrifice. They would disturb — preventing; and so cause shame.

Therefore those working must move softly, and the gates be kept.

Many children had been pledged unborn against this day. These their fathers knew, but not the women. Women will save one child and lose a race. The gods themselves watched not so tirelessly as did those mothers, bending on the roofs above the slender panting children while they slept, — knowing not that they were yet to work the sacrifice which should appease the gods and save the city, bringing rain.

They were due the gods. Were they not given by the gods, and others also?

These were but one child from every house where any man had loved a woman unto that degree whereby he pledged his third child to the temple service if the gods would give a son to him and her before the time appointed should be passed. So might his house and honor stand, and she remain his wife in peace, alone. And surely it was better to have one son and another child, — which by good fortune might be a son also, — rendering for the safety of these the third, than to have no son at all, but

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only the confusion of another marriage, and a second woman to drive this one, with scornful words, dull-eyed and heavy-footed, into servitude. Also, the gods do only sometimes gather need for children: and if they are not called, the mothers may remain without fear, being ignorant. If, being men, they are called for priesthood, that will be later; and a woman will let her son slip from between her fingers without sorrow if his sinews have grown strong. If, being but women, they are required for temple service, it will save the difficulty of their marriage; and no mother would keep her daughter till she is old, for without early marriage is disgrace.

So, in the evening of the third day, after the word had passed, those fathers who had pledged children which were come to the age of running went up softly to the roofs where they lay, and lifted them from beneath the hands of the women which bare them.

In that hour went up a great cry from the city, — the first cry of the sacrifice. From the lips of many women it went up, on the hot throbbing air, past the temple spires, into the curtainless vastness toward the gods.

But they did not hear.

Priests and messengers who served the temples were out gathering the little children from the hands of their fathers; at the doorways, and at the gates of courtyards, and at the mouths of alleys. These carried them gently, and refreshed them with water, and kept them quietly, and taught them in the night till near the dawn of day.

Before dawn came, all the children had been taught that the gods were angry, and had cursed the city that no rain could fall; that all the offerings of the people had been refused, and now the sons of every house would die, and every name in all the city would perish miserably in death and shame, unless the voices of the little children could reach the gods. But if they could persevere and cry, and not cease, and the gods would hear and send rain, they should be called the children of the gods, and lifted up in honor, and borne in the hands of men, and given rich garments and garlands, and a great feast in the presence of all the people. Their fathers had rendered them up to do this, and their mothers were hidden away from them.

Into their hands were put cymbals and bells and drums, and every manner of instrument to beat with the hands, and they were placed in companies, with those older, such as could run with sure feet, before; and the younger, whose steps were uncertain, behind. And back of each company went four strong men who served the temples, carrying long staffs pointed with sharp steel.

The cry of the children was to the name of the great god Ram: —

"Ai, Ram! Ram!
Hum lok ko pani do!
Hum lok ko pani do!
Hum lok ko pani do!
Ai, Ram! Ram!"

So they were sent forth at the beginning of dawn to go forward through the city up and down, to beat with their hands, and to cry ceaselessly until the gods should hear and save the city for their sakes, sending rain.

They went forth slowly, because their feet were young and not swift. They went bravely, lifting up their faces to the dawn, and beating with their small hands, and crying with their voices, clear and high.

This was the second cry of the sacrifice, which went up at dawn; for the first was smothered against the earth, deep in the houses where the mothers lay.

But the gods heard not.

Then the sun rose, and the children's voices broke and failed in the parching pain of their throats, and they called bitterly for the mothers whose faces were turned away from them upon the

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earth. The heat smote down between the high walls, and wavered in quick quivering waves before their eyes, and struck them on the brow and on the breast, and with shrieks they turned to fly, and met the sharp steel points of the staffs and went back, — forward, toward the sun. Then the knees failed, and they fell; for they could not sit because of the sharp steel; or eat or drink, for there was naught; or cry any more, for they were choked with the pain of the striving blood in their breasts: so they died.

One by one; and each was carried by a messenger softly and laid in the place of sacrifice near some temple. And the place of the dead was filled by a fresh child, that the number should not wane for the gods to see.

The day went over slowly with the stain of blood in its face, and the children of the sacrifice staggered forward so long as they endured to live; and the numbers of the companies were not allowed to wane.

And the cries went up, on into the fierce night heat; and the places of sacrifice near the temples were filled with long rows of the little bodies of children which had cried to the gods in vain.

Then, in the midst of night, after the raging anguish of strong sobbing men was spent, when the spirits of some mothers had gone out after the sacrifices they had given, — out through the pitiless haze of heat, up through the measureless heights of space, toward the gods, — at that time there fell on a roof one drop of rain, and on seven other roofs fell drops of rain.

And a cry went up from the city so mighty that it tore the heavens open, and the rain came.

It was the third cry of the sacrifice.

Men rushed like mad beasts along the streets toward the great temple, each man to see if his own yet lived.

The children which remained were caught up, every one, and carried high with shouts of honor and praise. Some were laid in their fathers' arms alive, and some just before their spirits got away.

Many men stood with their hands empty, and returned so to the women; having no child to give back alive. These went at dawn to the place where the sacrifice was burned.

At the same hour a great feast was made for the children which remained, and they were given rich garments, and garlands of tuberose and marigold and jasmine flowers, and were called the children of the gods before all the people.

Willimina L. Armstrong.

ECHO.

Ah, whither hath it flown?
Alas, the strain
To Memory alone
Shall live again!

Silence, wherever be
Its place of rest,
Keep thou for Love and me
A neighboring nest.

John B. Tabb.

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WINGED FIGURE

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